Tom Wolfe Goes Boom Boom Boom

U.S. $3.00
CANADA $3.25

LIBRARY
OCT 1990

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

NOVEMBER 1990 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Congress's Cult Lobby • *Alternative Fuel Follies*

John Updike Loves America

Thomas Mallon on The Rabbit Quartet

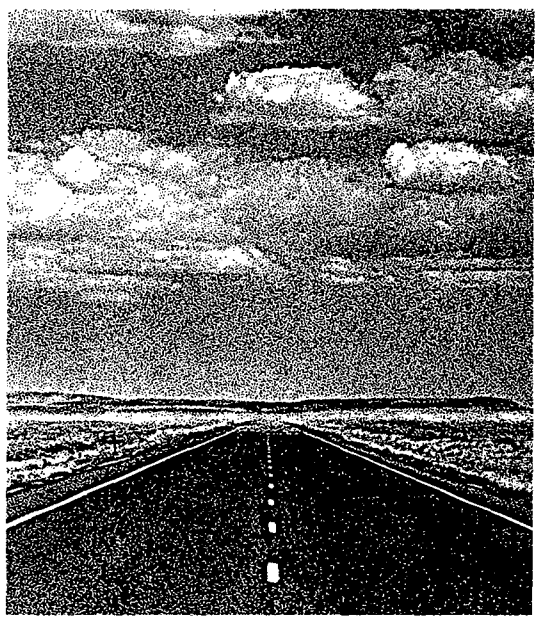
**********3-DIGIT 635
110452 901201 TASLBR 1 51
PICKLER MEMO RIAL LIBRARY
NE MISSOURI STATE UNIV KI
SERIALS-PER
KIRKSVILLE MO 63501

11

0 73361 64590 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Blimp. No Tires. Know How.



We won't be famous as the tire company without the blimp much longer.

Not because we got a blimp.

But because we don't make tires anymore.

When we decided to refocus our company, selling our tire business was just part of our strategy. We also divested many other commodity businesses. And made key acquisitions to diversify our overall business.

We're using our century of technical know-how to give us a competitive edge. We remain focused on higher-growth, higher-return specialty businesses. And we're getting closer to our target business mix—an equal balance of our Geon® vinyl, specialty chemicals, and aerospace business segments that reinforces our commitment to being a solid, long-term investment.

When you consider how far "know-how" has taken our multi-billion dollar company in just five years, it's very exciting to consider where we'll be five years from now.

Even without a blimp or tires.

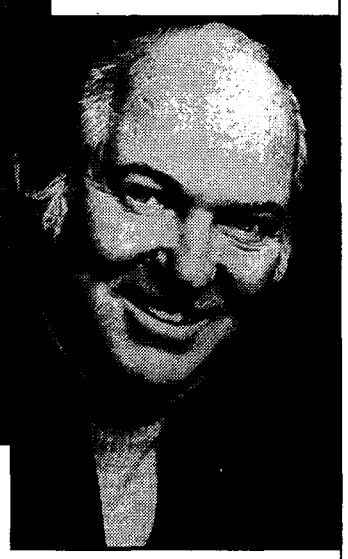
BFGoodrich

Chemicals and Aerospace. Not Tires.

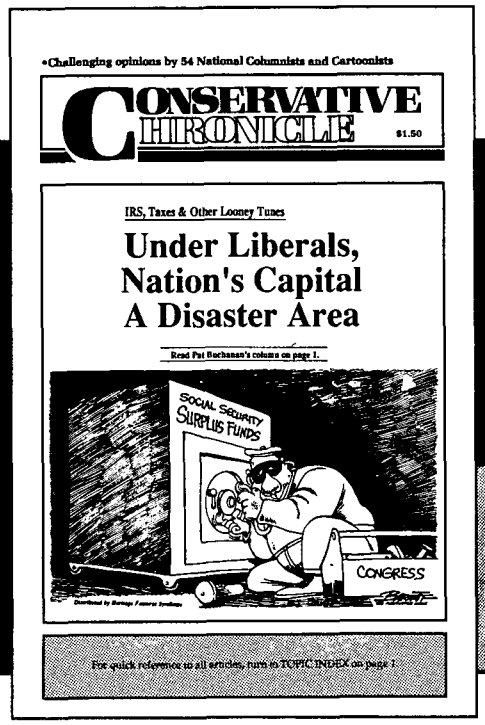
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

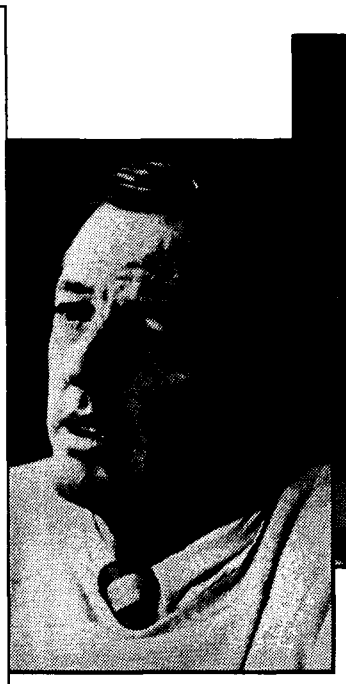
Great Ideas. Great Minds.

Pat Buchanan



James Kilpatrick


•Challenging opinions by 54 National Columnists and Cartoonists
CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
$1.50
IRS, Taxes & Other Looney Tunes
Under Liberals, Nation's Capital A Disaster Area
Read Pat Buchanan's column on page 1.
SOCIAL SECURITY SURPLUS FUNDS
CONGRESS
For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 7



William F. Buckley

William Safire

Over 28 columnists and 24 cartoonists featured weekly in the Conservative Chronicle!

Now, every week read Pat Buchanan, Edwin Meese, William Safire, James Kilpatrick, William Buckley, William Rusher, Charley Reese, Donald Lambro, Joseph Sobran – altogether over 28 nationally-acclaimed columnists and 24 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

The Conservative Chronicle, a 32-page tabloid, is packed with the great opinions of our country's finest conservative minds. Find out what they are saying every week about the nation's economy, morality, foreign affairs and Washington affairs, education, and a host of other topics of timely importance. All columns published in full. **All 52 issues for only $36.00.**

You'll also enjoy the wit and humor of the Conservative Chronicle's featured cartoonists, including Steve Kelley, Mike Shelton, Ranan Lurie, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre, Jeff MacNelly, Henry Payne, Tom Gibb and Dick Wright.

Don't miss this great line-up of conservative leaders. Call toll-free or mail coupon and take advantage of this exceptional value. Handy topic index in each issue. Money back guarantee!

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE

Toll-free service:
800-888-3039
Phone hours: Monday-Friday 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. CT

Conservative Chronicle
Box 11297AS, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

Yes, I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment: ❒ Check ❒ Bill me
❒ VISA ❒ MC ❒ AX Exp. date _____
Card # _____
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. #____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

Iraq, the Arabs, the U.S., and Israel

Is there linkage between Kuwait and the "West Bank"?

Iraqi aggression against Kuwait and its designs on Saudi Arabia have startled the world. When asked to relinquish his conquest. President Saddam Hussein said that he would consider doing so,provided that Israel would withdraw from the administered territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and from the Gaza strip. Is that a proposal that should be considered? Would such linkage be conducive to the welfare of the United States and the rest of the world?

What are the facts?

■ Some believe that the strategic value of Israel had been diminished in the wake of the "luke-warming" of the cold war with the Soviet Union. The aggression by Iraq against Kuwait and its threatening posture against Saudi Arabia show the fallacy of such thinking. The U.S. has committed (so far) over 100,000 personnel and untold military assets in the area. Saudi Arabia having purchased close to $100 billion of the world's most advanced weaponry, has been found to be totally impotent, even before the first lunge of the Iraqi aggressor and has asked for the protection of the United States. Kuwait, overrun in less than 24 hours by a small contingent of the Iraqi military, also had acquired tens of billions of dollars of sophisticated armament. All of it was "liberated" by the Iraqis. The most sensitive military secrets fell into enemy hands.

■ In order not to "offend" the Arabs, the United States Administration has asked Israel to "lie low" in this present conflict. Though highly classified and politically sensitive intelligence is provided by Israel to the U.S., Israel is indeed on the sidelines. It will in all likelihood remain in that posture unless it finds its own security threatened. And, that could very easily come about, because Hussein, feeling cornered, may attempt an attack on Israel. He would do that in the quite justified expectation that those Arab states that are now "allied" with the United States would promptly switch their allegiance. Because even though the Arabs hate each other, they are all united in their greater hatred of the Jews.

■ The U.S. carries most of the financial and military burden of the Middle East action. The Administration has decided that it is politically advisable to involve the Arab nations in this enterprise. We thus find ourselves with such unpleasant associates as, for example, Syria. Its president,Hafez Assad, though the mortal enemy of Saddam Hussein, is equally unsavory. He has slaughtered his own citizens by the tens of thousands, he is a terrorist leader specializing in killing Americans (remember PanAm 103?), and he knows the use and value of hostages. All these Arab countries are likely to ask for a "reward" for their "cooperation" with the United States. And, the world already knows what "reward" will be expected: More pressure on Israel to yield Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank') and the Gaza strip for a Palestinian independent state.

■ It is estimated that the cost of this present conflict is on the order of $50 million per day during the non-shooting stage. The cost is estimated to escalate to $1 billion per day if open hostilities break out. It is well to keep these figures in mind when discussing military aid to Israel. At present , Israel gets $1.2 billion per year in U.S. economic aid, almost all of which is repaid to the United States as service on debt. Israel also gets $1.8 billion per year in military assistance. Virtually every penny of it is spent in the United States. Compared to the cost of the present Mid-East operation, compared to the $130 billion spent each year on the defense of Europe, and compared to the $30 billion spent yearly in Japan/Korea, the contribution to Israel is a defense bargain. And there is an additional "bonus": Over 300,000 American soldiers are stationed with NATO, over 30,000 in the Far East, and close to 100,000 by now in Saudi Arabia. But there is not a single American soldier stationed in Israel and none will be requested. If and when the crunch comes, Israel will know how to inflict intolerable damage to Iraq or to any other enemy of the Judeo-Christian civilization, of which Israel is the only defender in that part of the world.

Israel is America's only reliable ally in the Middle East. Its undiminished strength and ability are of greatest political and military importance to the U.S.. Nothing must be done to diminish Israel's military potential. Yielding the "West Bank" to the hostile "Palestinians", Saddam Hussein's fanatic supporters, would be a suicidal move for Israel and a military catastrophe for the United States. One hundred retired U.S. generals and admirals are agreed that Israel must retain the Jordan River as its defense border. Those who consider Saddam Hussein's preposterous proposition that, in exchange for Iraq's withdrawal form Kuwait, Israel should withdraw from the "West Bank" do not understand the political and military realities of the Middle East.

Yes, I want to help the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ AS /30

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing twenty of the ads that you have published in the national media over the last two years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State ___ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad had been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenues pays for educational work, for these clarifying messages and related direct mail.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 23 Number 11, November 1990

Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1990

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Christopher Caldwell
Copy Editor: Troy P. Gately
Editorial Intern: Mark Miller
Summer Intern: Richard Miniter
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Denise M. Ferguson
Assistant Production Manager: Zoe-Gabrielle Miroy
Business Manager: David P. Shanahan
Circulation Manager: Vanessa A. Bergh
Customer Service Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Subscription Manager: Joseph W. De Bolt, Jr.
Circulation Assistant: Michael E. Tobin
Assistant to the Publisher: Pamela R. Young
Staff Assistant: Michael Y. Sun

Senior Editors: Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
Roving Correspondent: Micah Morrison
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Rocky Mountain Editor: Dave Shiflett
Movie Critic: James Bowman
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, David Brock, Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, Michael Ledeen, Thomas Mallon, William McGurn, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Joe Queenan, Jeremy Rabkin, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Irwin M. Stelzer, George Szamuely, Terry Teachout

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Jean Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $33; outside the United States, $37. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 2020 N. 14th Street, Suite 750, Arlington, Virginia 22216. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $33. Vol. 23, No. 11. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549.

The Audit Bureau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C O N T E N T S

Shoot the Wounded.....P. J. O'Rourke 14
The first annual update of the Joe McCarthy Memorial New Enemies List®

The Rainbow Lobby Storms Congress.....David Brock 21
How a psychotherapeutic cult led by an ex-disciple of Lyndon LaRouche has become the most powerful voice on Africa policy. Its ambitions don't stop there.

What Kind of Fuel Am I?.....Michael Fumento 25
On shaky scientific evidence, Congress is forging ahead to mandate the use of alternative automobile fuels. It's probably going to make no difference in pollution levels. It's definitely going to cost you a bundle. The likes of Bob Dole and Dwayne Andreas will see to it.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 8
Correspondence..... 9
Editorials/The Unfinished Congress/Jesse Who?.....
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 10
Capitol Ideas/A New World Struggling to Be Born.....
..... Tom Bethell 11
The Nation's Pulse/Late Boomers.....Tom Wolfe 32
Presswatch/Desert Air.....Terry Eastland 33
Spectator's Journal/Seoul Long.....Doug Bandow 35
Soviet Presswatch/Suicide Solution.....Cathy Young 37
The Talkies/Wild Metropolitan Fools.....James Bowman 38
The Great American Saloon Series/Dry Run.....Dave Shiflett 48
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 51

BOOK REVIEWS

The Thirteen Keys to the Presidency, by Allan J. Lichtman and Ken DeCell, *See How They Run*, by Paul Taylor, and *Our Country*, by Michael Barone.....Fred Barnes 40
Rabbit at Rest, by John Updike.....Thomas Mallon 42
Preferential Policies, by Thomas Sowell.....Arch Puddington 44
Elvis Don't Like Football, by Jerry Glanville, and *Tom Landry*, by Tom Landry.....Joe Queenan 46
Acts of Recovery, by Jeffrey Hart.....Aram Bakshian, Jr. 47

Cover drawing by Elliott Banfield

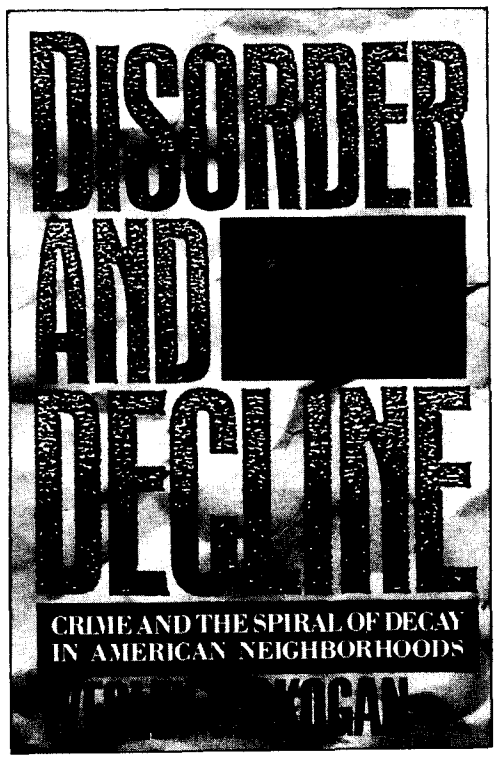
"PANHANDLING, GRAFFITI, PROSTITUTION, ABANDONED CARS AND BUILDINGS,

and junk-filled lots are evidence of neighborhood disorder and decline. In this absorbing and valuable study, Wesley Skogan discusses the implications of disorder and skillfully analyzes experimental efforts undertaken to confront it in several American cities...Marked by a compelling feeling for the plight of slum dwellers and, at the same time, a clear comprehension of the limits under which reform efforts operate...Should be read by anyone concerned with the quality of urban life and the future of our cities."

—GILBERT GEIS,
Professor Emeritus,
University of California,Irvine

"Theoretically acute, methodologically sophisticated, and politically astute. It should be required reading for every urban sociologist, policy planner, and public official."

—JEROME H. SKOLNICK,
author of *The New Blue Line*



218 pages. $22.95. Available at bookstores now or call 800-323-7445 (between 9:OOAM and 5:30PM EST) to place your credit card order.

FP THE FREE PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY SHOULD YOU BE READING FREEDOM DAILY?*

NOVEMBER 1990 FREEDOM DAILY
"The Vietnam War" by Jacob G. Hornberger

"Foreign Policy and Foreign Wars"
by Richard M. Ebeling

"Conscription" by Daniel Webster

DECEMBER 1990 FREEDOM DAILY
"Christianity and Freedom" by Jacob G. Hornberger

"Yes, Virginia, There is No Santa Claus"
by Richard M. Ebeling

"Charity: Biblical and Political" by Russell J. Clinchy

"THE VIETNAM WAR TORE THIS NATION APART. Those who supported the war were accused of being warmongers. Those who resisted the war were accused of being unpatriotic. Who were the patriots and who were the traitors? The American people who supported the war, and the American people who resisted the war, were the patriots. So who were the traitors? The traitors were the American politicians and bureaucrats who waged the war. . . ."

Jacob G. Hornberger, Founder and President, Future of Freedom Foundation,
NOVEMBER 1990 *FREEDOM DAILY*

"THE GLOBAL SOCIAL ENGINEERS IN WASHINGTON ARE BUSY SCRAMBLING for some way to maintain Washington's political control over international affairs and guarantee that America will remain 'in harm's way,' potentially drawn into numerous conflicts around the world. But to follow the path of attempting to set the world straight can lead to nothing but perpetual intervention and war in the name of world peace and global welfare. . . ."

Richard M. Ebeling, Ludwig von Mises Professor of Economics, Hillsdale College,
and Academic Vice-President, Future of Freedom Foundation
NOVEMBER 1990 *FREEDOM DAILY*

"IF, WHILE READY TO OBEY EVERY RIGHTFUL COMMAND OF GOVERNMENT, he is forced from home against right, not to contend for the defense of his country, but to prosecute a miserable and detestable project of invasion, and in that strife he fall, 'tis murder. It may stalk above the cognizance of human law, but in the sight of Heaven it is murder. . . . May God, in his compassion, shield me from any participation in the enormity of this guilt. . . ."

Daniel Webster (1782-1852) American statesman
NOVEMBER 1990 *FREEDOM DAILY*

*WE DON'T COMPROMISE.

THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM FOUNDATION
P.O. Box 9752
Denver, CO 80209
303-777-3588

$10 per year
($15 foreign)
12 issues

FREE BONUSES: Mention *American Spectator* and receive "War for Peace in the Middle East" by Jacob G. Hornberger AND "Down a Slippery Slope of Kuwaiti Oil: American Intervention in the Middle East" by Richard M. Ebeling.

☐ Enclosed is $10 for my one-year subscription to *FREEDOM DAILY.*

☐ Please charge my: Visa # _____ MC # _____ Exp. _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

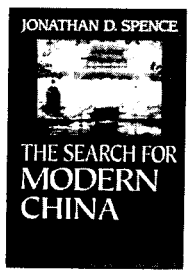
Mail to: FFF, P.O. Box 9752, Denver, CO 80209; (303) 777-3588.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

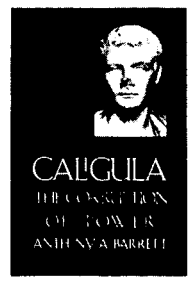
Plus a 4th at the low Members' Price.

NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.



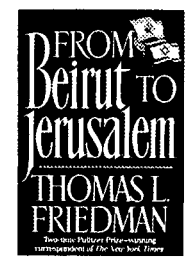
4887. $29.95/**$22.50**

3988. $35/**$22.50**

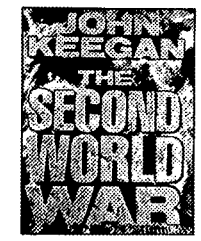


4564. $27.50/**$21.50**

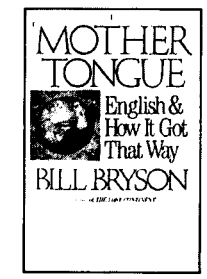
1073. $24.95/**$18.95**



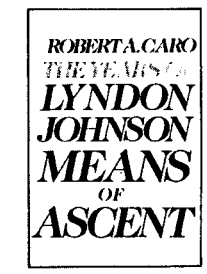
1925. $22.95/**$17.50**



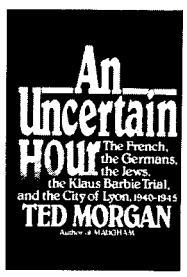
3434. $29.95/**$23.95**



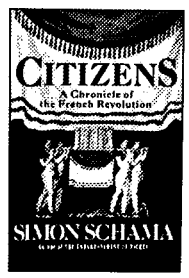
5900. $18.95/**$15.95**



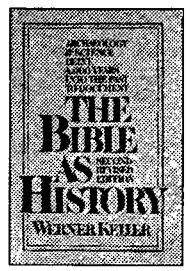
5058. $24.95/**$21.95**



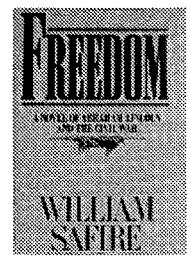
5868. $21.95/**$18.50**



1396. $29.95/**$21.95**

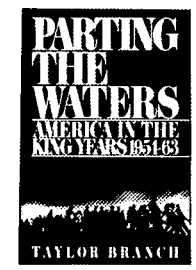


3012. $21.95/**$16.95**

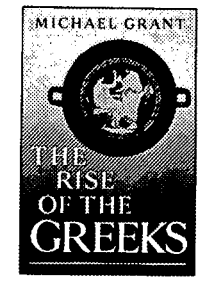


3327. $24.95/**$17.95**

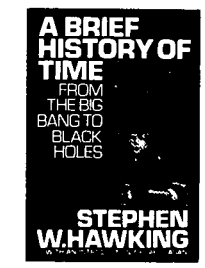
1057. $19.95/**$17.50**



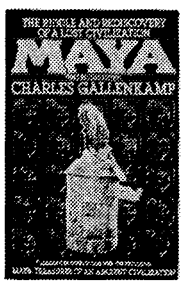
1081. $24.95/**$18.95**



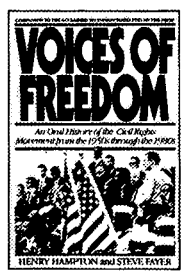
5884. $27.50/**$18.50**



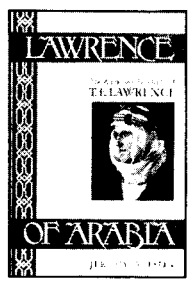
3087. $18.95/**$16.50**



2535. $22.95/**$16.95**

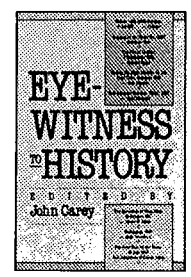


4440. $25.95/**$19.95**

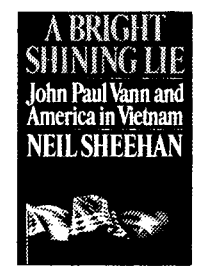


5520. $35/**$26.50**

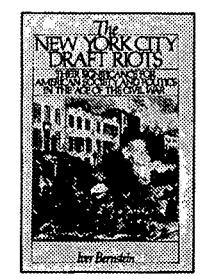
1792. $22.95/**$18.50**



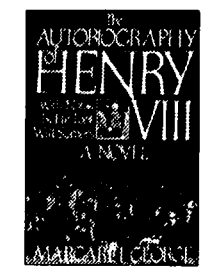
6007. $24.95/**$17.95**



1495. $24.95/**$18.50**



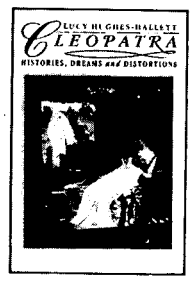
2766. $29.95/**$21.95**



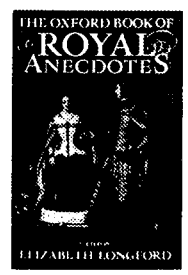
3509. $19.95/**$15.95**

5850. $29.95/**$22.95**

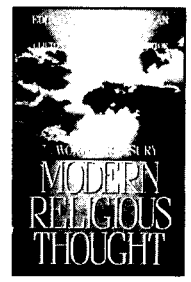
6767. $29.95/**$18.95**



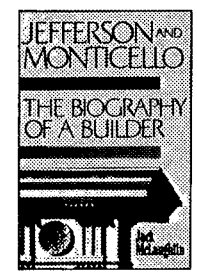
5843. $27.50/**$21.50**



1636. $22.50/**$18.95**

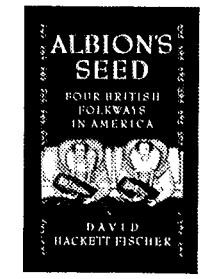


3590. $29.95/**$23.95**

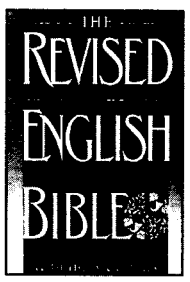


1503. $29.95/**$19.95**

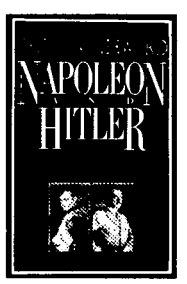
1875. $22.95/**$18.50**



2857. $39.95/**$22.95**

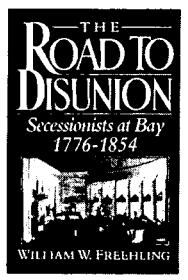


3947. $21.95/**$18.95**



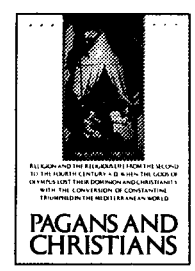
1891. $19.95/**$14.95**

2576. $29.95/**$22.95**

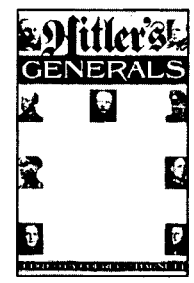


5967. $35/**$22.95**

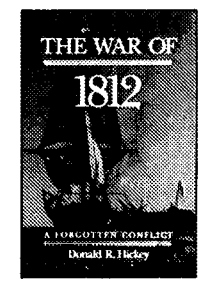
1818. $34.95/**$22.50**



3806. $40/**$23.50**



3673. $24.95/**$18.95**



2741. $32.50/**$22.50**

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** is Members' Price.)

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus shipping and handling. **H487-11-0**

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
0-13

Name_____
(Please print clearly.)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

© 1990 History Book Club, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• September has elapsed, but the war clouds spread. And it is not just war between President Saddam Hussein and the outside world. The American press has found another theater of combat, to wit, the conservative movement. Conservative writers whom the media have not recognized for years are now being sought after to strut their isolationist views on national television and on prestigious op-ed pages. As far as the research department of this magazine has been able to ascertain, there are four such writers, but to hear the American media's ghostly reverberations, conservatism is split right down the middle between those who favor the American military presence in the Middle East and those who want to return to Fortress America. According to the World Society for the Protection of Animals, Iraqi soldiers have dined on over 70 percent of the edible animals in Kuwait's Zoo. Presumably the others are being conscripted into the Iraqi army.

• Justice has been done! At Dartmouth College Mr. William Cole, the infamous music teacher whose imbroglios with the conservative *Dartmouth Review* have brought so much unwanted notoriety to that splendid manifestation of 1980s youthful idealism, has resigned. Mr. Cole's career plans remain unclear, though it is eminently possible that he might be hired by General Motors Corporation to become an air bag. In New York City, Mayor David Dinkins has been slow to act on the recommendation of the Rev. Al Sharpton, a local black reformer, who proposes that the city be renamed New King in honor of deceased civil rights activist Martin Luther King, Jr. Dr. King visited the city often, taking particular delight in the Empire State Building and the piano bar at the Algonquin Hotel. Of course, the Dinkins Administration is usually slow to act, but in this dispute the mayor's languid response may be a sign of statesmanship. The recommendation of the Rev. Sharpton's group is being challenged by another gang of forward lookers led by gubernatorial candidate Miss Lenora Fulani. They urge that the city's new name be Martin Luther King City, because "We want to reclaim the city for our people," whoever they might be.

• In Richmond, Virginia, the Eskimo Pie Corporation unveiled The Fat Freedom Eskimo Pie, America's first fat-free dessert named after a minority group, and the group has yet to sue. Possibly that is because that ambulance-chaser of civil rights sophistries, Mr. William Kunstler, is booked solid for the rest of the year. On September 4, high-level talks were auspicated between North and South Korea; no one was injured. The American Bar Association gave Judge David Souter its highest rating, to the concern of conservatives whose apprehensions were heightened by the judge's September 14 endorsement of Warren Court activism and affirmative action, before a Senate panel that included at least one plagiarist, a sex addict, and several dipsomaniacs, some of whom were probably sober enough to hold him to his testimony. In Pontiac, Michigan, Mr. Richard E. Green was arraigned on six misdemeanor counts of animal cruelty for allegedly burying six live puppies in his back yard when other decent citizens in the neighborhood were planting daffodil and tulip bulbs for the spring epiphanies. Five of the pups survived. Those wishing to assist Mr. Green in his defense may send donations to the "Richard E. Green Defense Fund" care of this magazine. In Canton, Ohio, an unnamed 11-year-old boy was arrested for allegedly breaking into the home of Miss Marlene Stephens, a Humane Society employee, and microwaving Jo Jo, her white Maltese. Race has been ruled out as a motive, Canton being a long way from New York City. Rather the dastardly act appears to have been purely recreational, as Miss Stephens attests, "He did it for kicks. He took my little dog and put her in the microwave." Then, poof.

• On September 8, Miss Marjorie Judith Vincent was chosen as Miss America despite the protests of feminists and Klansmen—Miss Vincent is very pretty and of a non-Aryan race. From Reno, Nevada, comes word of a fresh outbreak of bubonic plague in Calena Creek Park and historic Camp We-Che-Me. Officials have cautioned people to avoid sick or dead animals commonly referred to as "road fare" in the region and much prized when prepared in a proper French sauce. In Tampa, Florida, the mystery that arose when Miss Carina Guillot of New Jersey discovered that a Ken doll purchased in a Tampa toy store was dressed in Barbie's purple tank top and a lace-covered purple-and-turquoise skirt, was cleared up when a store clerk came forward and admitted to committing a tasteless prank, he being the aptly named Mr. Ron Zero. Mr. Zero was duly fired, but what was Miss Guillot doing so far from New Jersey?

• There is more to this—on September 9 President George Herbert Walker Bush met with a wobbly President Mikhail Gorbachev in Helsinki and after a suitable confabulation they issued a joint statement, vowing to reverse Iraq's conquest of Kuwait even if force is required. In the Soviet Union centrifugal forces continued to spin, as yet another dissenting group became unruly, namely urban cigarette smokers. In several cities they rioted over the scarcity of tobacco. Fortunately, capitalism's peacemakers responded—and with characteristic alacrity—when Philip Morris and R. J. Reynolds promised billions of cigarettes to the victims of Dr. Marx's kookery. Shouts of protest resounded from American wowsers, but finally America is on the right side of revolution.

• The Old Order in Massachusetts suffered an unforeseen setback when Mr. John Silber, the president of Boston University, won the Democratic nomination for governor. In London, England, the offbeat historian Mr. A.J.P. Taylor died of Parkinson's disease. He was eighty-four. In Chicago, Illinois, Mr. Ike Sewell, originator of the "Chicago-style" deep-dish pizza died of leukemia. He was eighty-seven. And in New York City, Mr. Fred Munsch passed away. He was fifty. In Alaska the popular sport of moose-watching suffered a setback when two small planes collided after their pilots became recklessly engrossed in the antics of a moose down below. In Poland General Wojciech Jaruzelski announced plans to step down, opening the way for presidential elections in December that will probably pit Mr. Lech Walesa against Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki, a protege. In Bucharest, Rumania, there was more bad news for the Ceausescu family. On September 21, Mr. Nicu Ceausescu, until recently the up-and-coming son of the late Mr. Nicolae Ceausescu, was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment for misjudgments committed by him in the last hours of his father's presidency. Earlier in the month it was divulged that the 39-year-old heir-apparent to the Ceausescu dynasty had come down with cirrhosis of the liver despite his recent spartan diet, and would probably not be able to embark on a nationwide speaking tour that he had been yelling about while under police guard at Fundeni Hospital.

• The regional dissent now threatening the Soviet Union seems to have spread to Madison, Wisconsin, where indigenous females have been demonstrating topless in the streets to protest "outdated" laws that force them to cover their breasts in public. "My breasts are not disorderly," read one of their clever banners, and another pithily stated, "Breasts, not bombs." In Saõ Paulo, Brazil, Mr. Arlindo Barbosa da Silva, a widely respected car mechanic, was acquitted of assault for giving his mother-in-law what the newspapers acclaimed "a nice thrashing." Apparently the mother-in-law tried to break up an argument between Mr. da Silva and his wife, but Judge Antonio Carlos Goncalves found that "the accused acted in the strict fulfillment of his duty, which is to keep outsiders from perturbing conjugal harmony." Mr. da Silva achieved this feat, incidentally, while under the influence of alcohol.

• In Perth, Australia, the state Health Department is paying AIDS-infected prostitutes $80 a week not to practice their scortatory arts. Mr. Jerry Hodge,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vice chairman of the Texas Department of Criminal Justice, came under criticism for bringing along his buddies to watch convicts try to elude prison dogs on the hunt. Mr. Hodge dubbed the event the "ultimate hunt" and gave his pals jackets inscribed classily, "Ultimate Hunt," but now the American Civil Liberties Union is protesting and Mr. Hodge's pals may have to return their jackets. In Sacramento, California, Superior Court Judge David Stirling ruled that a mother who was given custody over her five-year-old boy will have to refrain from smoking in his presence until the child turns eighteen. Then anything goes. • On September 1 the state of Michigan ended its program of allowing Medicaid clients twenty-four free condoms a day, owing to abuse of the program. Pickets appeared in front of Manhattan's left-wing *Village Voice* protesting near sweat-shop conditions at that celebrated organ of progressive sensibility. The Kinsey Report's Dr. June Reinisch flailed at Americans for failing to pass her test of sexual intelligence. Fifty-five percent flunked the report, according to Dr. Reinisch, who has two nicely turned ankles but remains fastidiously nulliparous.—*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Trial Lawyers' Entrails

Congratulations on Robert Stowe England's account of how organized plaintiff's lawyers have succeeded in manipulating Congress and the press ("Congress, Nader, and the Ambulance Chasers," *TAS*, September 1990). The most aggressive contingency-fee operators have made a fortune inflaming public sentiment against every other industry and profession; yet curiously (or not so curiously) they have thus far escaped critical scrutiny of their own dubious conduct. Mr. England's piece, together with the pioneering work of Peter Brimelow and Leslie Spencer in *Forbes*, should help rectify that.

In the deadline crush, unfortunately, the author inadvertently got a quote from me a bit wrong, leaving the impression that the plaintiffs' bar had managed to monopolize Democratic fund-raising completely in some states. The crucial point remains that their funding is extraordinarily influential in making and breaking politicians, and comes with at least as many strings as funding from other sources.

—Walter Olson
Manhattan Institute for Policy Research
New York, New York

Mr. England's article was read with great interest and approval. The term "America Held Hostage" takes on profound new meaning so long as these jackals are permitted to use the judicial system as a form of national lottery.

The first paragraph of Mr. England's article had a few errors that, while slight, will probably cause undue pain and suffering. The bus carried eighty-three souls, not seventy. It was struck by a Dr. Pepper delivery truck, not Coca Cola; and it was near Alton not Alston, Texas. The driver of the bus survived, as did the driver of the truck.

The frothing of the bloody water by the legal sharks was an amazing, disgusting spectacle. Some were even convicted later of misdemeanor business solicitation. Many people in the area were amazed at the level of the settlements and the trial lawyers' share for doing less work than most secretaries do in three days.

In one case, a biological father of one of the children came forward with his lawyer in order to receive his fair share, $900,000. The fact that he was a fugitive from justice, had abandoned his wife and child long before, and had never paid any child support made no difference. For this magnificent contribution to the system of American jurisprudence the trial lawyer received $300,000.

The social impact of the settlements has been predictably troubling. The grieving survivors now cannot be discerned from the ranks of the drug traffickers because of their gold and diamond ornamentation, their flashy expensive automobiles, and consumptive lifestyle. The lawyers live the same way, but some would think with less right to tread upon the graves of the dead children. *—David Christian Newton*
Mission, Texas

Thank you for Robert Stowe England's well-researched look into the hypocritical posturing of Ralph Nader. The only consumer Nader represents is himself. His kow-towing to the trial lawyers serves to promote his Byzantine network of organizations representing Nader's left-wing ideology.

Please note the error on p. 21. Nebraska Senator James Exon is a Democrat, not a Republican.

—Stephen E. Slattery
Falls Church, Virginia

The American Spectator's September article on the plaintiffs' trial bar did not even make a cursory attempt to be even-handed. Surely your readers deserve more than inaccuracies, unreliable anecdotes, and blatant bias.

To cite just one example, the article states that "thousands of American trial lawyers . . . descended on Bhopal . . . " This statement is ludicrous. There aren't thousands of American trial lawyers who would be interested in such despicable conduct. The obvious inference that the trial bar in general condones such activity totally overlooks the resolution by ATLA's Board of Governors strongly condemning solicitation of disaster victims and their families. Why did your publication choose to completely overlook this easily accessible and already well-publicized resolution?

Further, the article includes no mention of ATLA's extensive educational activities, or of our contributions to the health and safety field. We have a program designed to prevent harm to citizens—and we provide support to injury prevention and rehabilitation organizations. We sponsor conferences on toy safety, injury prevention for senior citizens, and farm safety. ATLA is a large, diverse association with numerous interests and many good works. Any image of ATLA as a "single issue" organization is a result of the article's own lack of balance.

Your readers surely deserve reporting that is fair and factual. It's unfortunate that they didn't receive it in this article.

—Thomas H. Henderson, Jr.
Executive Director
The Association of Trial Lawyers of America
Washington, D.C.

Robert Stowe England replies:

Now, now, Mr. Henderson, look who's calling the kettle black. The incidents are not merely single-source anecdotes, as you suggest, but have been corroborated. Both identified sources and those not identified are either leading members of Congress, attorneys on prominent congressional committees, tort reformers and their lobbyists, consumer advocates, and a few of the more forthcoming members of the trial bar. They cut across the political spectrum. They are responsible and credible eyewitnesses. You fail to attack any single major allegation of the story, which appears to suggest you have no major challenge to any of the facts or events as reported. Furthermore, no other party to any of these stories has questioned the facts contained in them. You make no effort to disagree with the conclusion that the trial bar has systematically reduced Congress to a lapdog, and that nothing ever passes Congress that threatens the interests of the trial bar. Far from being unbalanced, the story omits dozens of additional examples of influence-peddling and manipulation of Congress.

As for Bhopal, while no one made a head-count of the hordes of lawyers that flew half-way around the world when a gas leak killed two thousand and injured thousands more, it was commonly observed at the time and has been since that the trial-bar lawyers there numbered in the thousands. Your claim that there are not thousands interested in "such despicable conduct" could not withstand a single cross-examination. Everyone knows that thousands of American trial lawyers chase ambulances and feed off the tragic mishaps of the world every day with relish and gusto. Only one of the many thousands of victims and relatives of the Indian dead would have been a windfall for any of these colorful entrepreneurs. As for your association's so-called educational activities, they are surely a distinctly minor part of this story. They are remarkable only because they appear to be publicity gimmicks to soften the rather unflattering image trial lawyers have earned. If you were really interested in the public, you would encourage trial lawyers to work by the hour at a reasonable fee, payable only after the case is settled, or give tort reform a chance to work. Needless to say, the day after you do either of these will be the day hell freezes over.

I must thank Mr. Newton for the corrections. Unfortunately, I relied on media reports for most of the facts in the case. The *New York Times* erroneously reported that it was a Coca-Cola truck that hit the school bus, and omitted the location of the accident. A tortured sentence in *Time* magazine left the impression that both drivers were killed. News accounts still differ on the number of people on the bus. From now on, I'll have to recheck even the facts and assume that the reporters on the scene may not be reliable.

Mr. Olson, since I did not tape-record the interview with you, I cannot state categorically that you made the statement as quoted, but, according to my notes, the quote is exactly as I heard it. In any case, I'm happy to see the record set straight, and I'm sorry for any trouble it may have caused.

And, Mr. Slattery, the damage Nader does goes beyond that caused by left-

(continued on page 49)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

THE UNFINISHED CONGRESS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The House of Representatives and the Senate are back in session after their month-long holiday. This unfortunate occurrence could not be prevented, as it is mandated by joint resolution of the Congress. On the other hand, were the lawmakers of the 101st Congress never to return, history could confer on it a memorable and significant title. Just as Franz Schubert's B Minor Symphony has been known to generations of music lovers as the "Unfinished Symphony," the 101st Congress could be known to students of American politics as the "Unfinished Congress"—and for good reason. Whether the lawmakers adjourn on time or not, you can be sure that they will leave with their business unfinished.

After all, it has been years since a Congress finished its business. The main business of Congress is to pass a budget that funds the government. Since the 1974 Budget Act, the Congress has not passed a budget on time and usually managed to keep the government going only through a series of blowsy continuing resolutions. In fact, since 1969 it has not even balanced a budget. Now, as the distinguished public servants fly back into Washington, they all are vowing to slay that irksome budget deficit. They will not finish this business and they will not accomplish much else.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

The fact is that the kind of people we elect to Congress all essentially see government from the same perspective. That is to say, they see government as a giant milch cow for feeding their hungry constituents. They do not see it as a potential danger to civil liberties, as did the Founding Fathers. In fact, as the political scientist James Q. Wilson has written, the modern congressman is a breed apart from the pre-New Deal congressman. The older variety arrived in Washington believing that there were things he could not do. The Constitution and good sense barred him from certain undertakings.

Today's lawmaker feels bound by no such restrictions. President George Bush, ever the good guy, has relaxed his strictures against raising taxes in the hope that the congressional Democrats will help him balance the budget by cutting spending. But the congressional Democrat is biologically incapable of cutting spending. Perhaps someday researchers scrutinizing the DNA structure of the common House Democrat will isolate a gene that inclines him toward spending public monies, much as researchers have found genes that incline individuals toward other forms of anti-social behavior. As for now, we can be sure that this Congress is not going to come up with the necessary budget cuts to achieve balance or make headway in cutting the deficit.

Whether we recognize it or not, this is going to be another Unfinished Congress. That is not wholly to be sniffed at. Some of the bills that await the lawmakers' wizardry are best left unfinished. The so-called Civil Rights Bill might better be called the 1990 Lawyers' Employment Act. It will be a boon for ambulance-chasers, who will be able to drag even very small businesses into court to defend hiring practices. The Clean Air Bill will impose a cost on the economy ranging from $35 billion to $45 billion, with no proven benefit whatsoever to the environment.

As the lawmakers of the 101st Congress settle down to work, I find it very heartening to see that a growing number of my fellow Americans share my low opinion of our elected solons and numas. According to a *New York Times*/CBS poll, fully 42 percent believe that half or more of the members of Congress are crooks. Sixteen percent even believe their own congressman is corrupt. Forty-four percent disapprove of how Congress works, and 46 percent believe that the standards of ethics have declined over the past decade. The best news is that 40 percent of us want to see a new person represent our district.

According to the *Economist* magazine, as many as a hundred senior members of the House are contemplating retirement in 1992 so that they can take off with their accumulated campaign contributions in the bank. Now that will be a spectacle of public-spiritedness worthy of Congress. I, for one, am willing to wait two years for it, assuming—in fact, hoping—that no significant business is transacted in the meantime. □

JESSE WHO?

It must give the Rev. Jesse Jackson a very creepy feeling to read the abundant speculation in the press that his days at center stage are ending. After all, it is the press that has made Jesse Jackson the figure that he is. Without headlines, who would know what he has done? And what has he done but attract headlines? That the headlines were few when he took off for the Middle East the other day cannot have allayed his creepy feelings. Without headlines Jesse Jackson does not exist.

He has never written any laws or contributed any memorable ideas to the public discourse. He has never written any books or even a speech that one can recall. For that matter he has not even written an enduring line, aside from some dithyramb about going from an outhouse to a courthouse, thence to . . . I think it was the White House; but by then the words did not matter. I was swaying madly and clapping my hands, and enjoying his show. He has been a swell entertainer, but what else? He has led no historic protests, fought no very well-defined battles, played no unique role. Absent Jesse Jackson, another charlatan would pop up. P. T. Barnum recognized that decades ago, and my guess is that the Rev. Jackson recognizes precisely how fungible he is—hence that creepy feeling.

He is a showman with a splendid knack for attracting attention to himself. Yet until Saddam Hussein's aggression was met by American decisiveness, the Rev. Jackson's capacity to draw attention seemed to be fading. Black political leaders were multiplying, and they were real political leaders, with political offices, constitutional responsibilities, and supporters from all races. The Rev. Jackson's national campaign to drop the term black (adopted but a few years ago as a replacement for Negro) in favor of the hyphenated term African-American (a term very similar to one used several decades ago as a replacement for colored) certainly got him little attention. In fact, the only significant news stories on the Rev. Jackson have all contained bad news.

There was a *Wall Street Journal* story reporting that only the *Journal*'s reporter bothered to attend a Jackson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

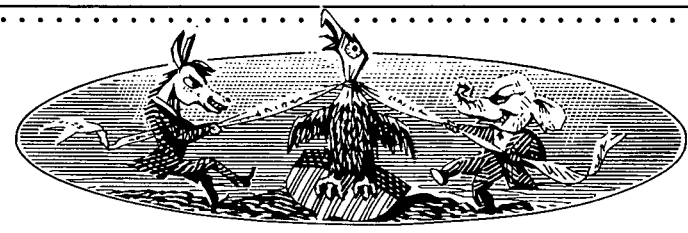
press conference on the savings and loan mess. There was a *Washington Post* story analyzing the Rev. Jackson's complaints that "news media are ignoring his activities." And there was a brief news service report that the Rev's Rainbow Coalition Inc. is being sued in Washington, D.C. Superior Court by Tommy's Limousine Inc. in an attempt to collect $14,586.36—the unpaid remnant of a $22,317.73 bill rung up by the Rev. Jackson in the summer of 1989 when he used a limousine almost daily in pursuit of some arcane goal of his humanitarian hooey. Perhaps the Rev. Jackson can transform that last item into good ink. Perhaps he will cite it as evidence of how he, a man of the people, is exploited by fat cat limousine operators. He has worked other such miracles in the media.

He has fraternized with America's enemies abroad. He has shaken down American businessmen for his various campaigns. He has uttered ethnic slurs that would send a lesser performer into lifetime retirement. He is a media marvel: a preacher with no church or congregation, a political leader who has held no office, and now he is a journalist, though he has no reportorial skills, no literary skills—no qualifications whatsoever to be considered a journalist.

Before heading off to interview Saddam Hussein he attempted to shake down news organizations for as much as half a million dollars to support this nonsensical foray into journalism. He settled for $125,000. He is going to begin a talk show in the fall and that, he says, makes him a journalist. Well, then, maybe Johnny Carson and David Letterman should shove off for Baghdad and broadcast all the happy thoughts of the amusing Mr. Hussein.

Only I doubt that Mr. Carson or Mr. Letterman would be welcome in Baghdad. The flickering career of the Rev. Jackson will now get a boost from another of America's enemies. Is it not curious how frequently America's enemies are instrumental in the Rev. Jackson's advancement? Without the press and without America's enemies, Jesse Jackson might have dropped from view long ago. If the press really has tired of him he may do so soon, and we shall have the opportunity to savor the fall of the national charlatan. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



A NEW WORLD STRUGGLING TO BE BORN

by Tom Bethell

As I write, the probability of war in the Middle East looks very high. Perhaps, in time-honored fashion, Saddam Hussein will be deposed by his own junior officers. But at this juncture it is difficult to visualize either side climbing down. What if we do go to war with Iraq? In the opinion of the more hawkish element among conservatives, such a war can be easily and swiftly won, so great is our technological advantage and so superior the training of our military. This may well be true. If by victory we mean simply the destruction of Iraq's military machine and its nuclear and chemical plants, victory can probably be easily achieved.

What is less clear is the way things will look on the day after the bombing raids. Richard Perle of the American Enterprise Institute, formerly an assistant secretary of defense, argues against those who worry that a U.S. attack on Iraq "would forever alienate the Arab world." To the contrary, he wrote recently, the Arab world is "far more likely to despise us for failing to destroy Saddam Hussein's military power." Perhaps it all depends on how you define the Arab world. If the phrase refers merely to heads of state, then Perle probably has a point. We do enjoy the support of a number of Arab rulers, some of them no less ruthless than Saddam Hussein himself; one or two of them would love to see their rival Hussein destroyed.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

To what extent the "Arab street" would rejoice at the bombing of Baghdad is another matter, of course. My own suspicion is that the festivities in Damascus and Cairo would last for no more than a few hours before the Arab world began to see the U.S. as rather more intrusive and threatening to its interests than Saddam Hussein ever was. But, as I say, war does look likely, so maybe we will have a chance to see who's right here. (A look at my earlier columns shows that I have been wrong in the past, e.g., criticizing an excessively amiable President Reagan for signing pointless arms control agreements, thereby signaling "weakness" to Gorbachev. Amiability worked, it now seems.)

On September 17, the Air Force chief of staff, General Michael J. Dugan, was fired for speaking out on the record about the probable course of U.S. military action against Iraq: "The cutting edge would be in downtown Baghdad," and so on. By all accounts, Gen. Dugan was fired for candor, not for making up his own policy. Of particular interest was the following comment, reported by the *Washington Post*. Having identified three "culturally very important" sites in Iraq—possibly religious centers—that American bombers would avoid, Dugan added: "We're not mad at the Iraqi people, and when this is all over we don't want the Iraqi people to be mad at us and the rest of the allies we've brought together."

Are Americans naive or what? Comment in recent weeks really has been tinged with the suggestion that the Arab world will, on the whole, be grateful to the "international community" (that's us, folks) for punishing the aggressor, restoring the legitimate emir, and upholding the Wilsonian principles of stability, order, and the sanctity of national borders. Warning to American conservatives: they won't feel any such gratitude—even if we display cultural sensitivity and leave two or three of their more highly valued mosques unscathed. Sure, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia will heave a sigh of relief. And Hafez el Assad of Syria will be grateful if we finish off his enemy and rival. Hosni Mubarak of Egypt, having thrown in his lot with the Western powers, will, at least for a short time, feel reassured that he joined the winning side. But Mubarak is in power courtesy of the Egyptian army. How will the Egyptian people feel about bombing raids in Iraq?

The serene confidence of some conservatives has been nowhere more strikingly on display than in a series of *Wall Street Journal* editorials in August. Following a "short and decisive conquest of Iraq," the newspaper says, there would be a need for the permanent reform of Iraq's government, with the installation of "a new, moderate leadership" there. After the removal of Hussein, steps should be taken to ensure that "there are no further crises of this type in the Persian Gulf." (How is such a grandiose goal to be achieved?)

To be sure, this will require "a permanent force of some power in the region." Which can be arranged: "Long after our troops come home, and we all hope it's soon," President Bush told Congress in September, "there will be a lasting role for the United States in assisting the nations of the Persian Gulf . . . " The newspaper seemed to be having second thoughts when it later suggested: "Iraq could be put under the suzerainty of an Arab leader the West and Iraqis trust." But the next day brought the following aperçu: "If we take Baghdad and install a MacArthur regency, that is the optimum." Any snags? Only minor ones. The usual foot-dragging has been detected on the other side of the Atlantic, where "messy things like wars are beneath the dignity of Europeans." On the plus side, though, Syria "will want to reconsider its position" as the player of hostage games, and Iran's Rafsanjani "will have a new reason to press for a rapprochement with the West."

I cut my ideological teeth on *Wall Street Journal* editorials, but I have to dissent from these hawkish views. The paper has long been an admirer of the carrot, but has lately emerged as even more respectful of the stick. Who knows, maybe time will prove them right. Maybe, by the time you read this, Iraq will have been pacified, the new MacArthur will be on his way to the smoldering ruins of Baghdad, and Iranians will be down on their knees, not worshipping Allah but quaking be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore the newly resolute Americans. But the ink was hardly dry on the *Journal*'s comment about Iran's Rafsanjani when the scoundrel seemed to be pressing for rapprochement—with Iraq.

As for Syria, Assad has already been adopted as our latest ally and regional counterweight, and was swiftly awarded "non-megalomaniac" status by Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. No doubt Assad will be treated as deferentially by the State Department as was Saddam Hussein until the day before he invaded Kuwait. How can one have any confidence in a foreign policy bedeviled by such incurable activism? The perennial U.S. search for "stability" abroad resembles nothing so much as an out-of-control 18-wheeler roaring down the highway, slamming into hapless motorists and careening off first one guard rail and then the other. Secretary of State Baker strikes me as an empty figure, one week strutting about from one international conference to another, the next lying low as his policies come under scrutiny.

Foreign policy seems to be based on an inordinate attachment to the old European idea of the balance of power. A decade ago we discovered, no doubt with an abundance of CIA reports and satellite photography, that there was this terrifying fundamentalist in Iran, a kind of Persian Jerry Falwell, the Ayatollah Khomeini. Reliable reports filtered back to Washington that he opposed the separation of church and state—possibly had not even heard of the idea, or of Thomas Jefferson either. Frightening! Obviously, he had to be stopped at all costs—before he spread his fanaticism through the region. Aid, subsidies, technological assistance, and Export-Import Bank credits flowed to our new regional counterweight, Saddam Hussein, who was granted "non-fanatic" status. He had his faults, but at least he wasn't a fundamentalist. He used comfortable socialist rhetoric and dressed in secular attire: our friend the Ayatollah-stopper.

U.S. Ambassador April Glaspie dropped in for deferential visits: "We have no opinion on the Arab-Arab conflicts, like your border disagreement with Kuwait. . . . We have many Americans who would like to see the price go above $25 because they come from oil-producing states." As late as July 27 the administration was pressuring Congress not to oppose a $500 million food-aid package for Iraq, cautioning resisters that it would be a mistake to "micromanage" foreign policy.

A week later Hussein invaded Kuwait and became, almost overnight a megalomaniac Kurd-gassing oil-reserve-controlling Baghdad-bullying media-manipulating chemical-weapon-hoarding nuclear-weapon-seeking . . . monster! Suddenly, there was this very important cause we were expected to go to war for: Regional Stability. Lest we had forgotten about our "shared responsibilities," Maggie Thatcher came across the Atlantic to remind the President. And now we have made ourselves a new friend in the region, Hafez Assad. . . . How will he look next year? Don't ask. Right now we have to "isolate" the Butcher of Baghdad.

How can we have any confidence in politicians and policies that veer so erratically, shifting from alliance to enmity as unpredictably as children choosing sides in a schoolyard? Why can't we just stay home? Because of oil, we are told. Our vital interest, wrote the hawkish Karen Elliott House, is "the free flow of oil at tolerable prices." On this topic, I have more confidence in the analyses of David Henderson (also writing in the *Wall Street Journal*), and the columnists Warren Brookes and Doug Bandow, who point out that Hussein posed little threat to the oil supply. He was certainly planning to sell the oil that we are now preventing from reaching the market.

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR!

CUBAN-SEED-LEAF CIGARS FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!

I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Sterling Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

— "Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years," one new customer wrote me the other day.
— "Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch," wrote another.
— "Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas," wrote H.E.O., of Columbia, SC.
— "I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the sampler you sent," said J.J.M., of Lincoln, IL.

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars–vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

THOMPSON CIGAR CO. Dept. BB43
5401 Hangar Ct., Tampa, FL 33634-5391

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Sterling Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only $10.90.

☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 6% sales tax)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

PLEASE PRINT

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

name _____

street _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY CALLING **TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559**
IN FLORIDA, CALL 1-800-282-0646

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, we are told, we can't just give up on the "international responsibilities" that Mrs. T mentioned. Can't we? I have more confidence in the vision of America that President Reagan liked to use, the "shining city on a hill": America should influence the world by example, not by force. "George Bush's great good fortune," the thoughtful neoconservative columnist Charles Krauthammer wrote four months ago, "is that he is a man utterly incapable of vision at a time when people do not want vision and do not need it." Unfortunately, having been earlier derided for lacking it, the President got vision with a vengeance. It turned out to be a U.N. vision. His New World Order speech was dismaying precisely because it was enunciated with such gusto. Clearly he believed every word of it: "A new world that is struggling to be born, a world quite different from the one that we've known," and so on. But if the U.S., now unrestrained by the Soviets, charges ahead in pursuit of this U.N. goal of "international stability"—which is to say, U.S. taxpayers coming to the rescue of beleaguered foreign governments—it will be a disaster. This is liberal internationalism run amok.

Governments do tend to be beleaguered, because the great problem with the world today, as throughout most of this century, is leviathan government. All over the world, in the vast majority of countries, the citizenry is oppressed by predatory government, which is everywhere staffed to the bursting point by the educated classes. They have found out that it's possible to live very comfortably off the labor of their fellow men by invoking the rhetoric of either compassion or external threat. The U.N. should be perceived as a gang of governments (whose representatives live comfortable tax-free lives in New York) which has pledged to come to the rescue of beleaguered governments. This is called "international stability." What is needed in many of these countries is not stability but revolution. "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing," as Thomas Jefferson said.

Nowhere is the oppressive hand of predatory government more keenly felt than in the countries of the Arab world. For decades, almost all of them have been under the thumb of one or another tyrant. (The Kuwait regime was, it's true, one of the less oppressive.) Socialism has been tried and found impoverishing. The touted oil wealth has done little more than create welfare and enrich an indolent ruling elite who hire outsiders to do the real work.

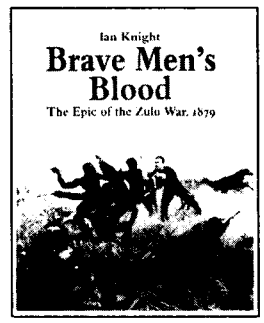
Without the institutions that make the West productive—the rule of law, the freedom of contract, relatively secure private property rights—anything more than family-sized industry is difficult to achieve in the Arab world. Who you know is far more important than what you know. One is not supposed to say this, but since the end of the colonial period, during which the Middle East benefited, if inadvertently, from Western institutions, there has been a vast, unacknowledged material decline in the Arab world, in comparison to the West. For that reason, it may well be possible for us to carry out the "surgical strikes" pressed by the military.

But most Arabs have been at the mercy of their own tyrants and cannot be blamed for their own subjugation. Nor do they feel inferior to the porn- and drug-infested West. In consequence, they feel a rising sense of grievance and despair. Hence, I believe, the rise of Islam—a religion that appeals to people with little to lose. How will they feel if we bomb Baghdad? Will they rejoice because we taught the aggressor Hussein a lesson and restored the "legitimate government of Kuwait"? No. There will be great hatred of the West, and of the U.S. in particular. □

Presidio ★ Press: America's Foremost Publisher of Military History

31 Pamaron Way, Novato, CA 94949-6255. Phone (415) 883-1373. Fax (415) 883-3626 Order Toll-free 1-800-966-5179

❑ **A LONELY KIND OF WAR**
Forward Air Controller, Vietnam
Marshall Harrison
296 pages, $18.95



❑ **BRAVE MEN'S BLOOD**
The Epic of the Zulu War, 1879
Ian Knight
224 pages, $40.00

❑ **CLEAR THE BRIDGE!**
The War Patrols of the U.S.S. *Tang*
R. Adm. Richard H. O'Kane
480 pages, $24.95

❑ **FOLLOW ME**
The Human Element in Leadership
Maj. Gen. Aubrey S. Newman, USA (Ret.)
304 pages, $24.95

❑ **INFANTRY ATTACKS**
Erwin Rommel
288 pages, $24.95

❑ **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR**
Ian Hogg and Bryan Perrett
450 pages, $40.00

❑ **GREEN BERETS AT WAR**
U.S. Army Special Forces in Asia: 1956-75
Shelby L. Stanton
376 pages, $22.50

❑ **QUEST**
Searching for Germany's Nazi Past: A Young Man's Story
Ib Melchior and Frank Brandenburg
368 pages, $19.95

❑ **GREAT CAPTAINS UNVEILED: From Genghis Khan to General Wolfe**
Sir Basil Liddell Hart
280 pages, $24.95

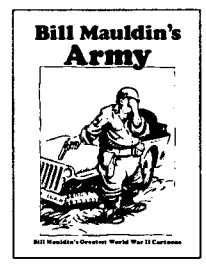
❑ **HORNET**
The Inside Story of the F/A-18
Orr Kelly
256 pages, $18.95

❑ **RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN ARMY**
U.S. Ground Forces, Vietnam: 1965-1973
Shelby L. Stanton
428 pages, $22.50

❑ **LOST VICTORIES**
Eric von Manstein
584 pages, $22.50

❑ **THE ANTITERRORISM HANDBOOK: A Practical Guide to Counteraction Planning and Operations for Individuals, Corporations and Government**
Karl A. Seger, Ph.D
256 pages, $22.50

❑ **AMERICANS AT WAR, 1975-86: An Era of Violent Peace**
Daniel P. Bolger
496 pages, $24.95



❑ **BILL MAULDIN'S ARMY**
Bill Mauldin's Greatest World War II Cartoons
Bill Mauldin
384 pages, $14.95, paper

Edited by Matthew Brennan

Stirring personal recollections of men who served in the reconnaissance squadron (1/9 Cavalry) of the famed 1st Cavalry Division. Along with the aero-rifles of the Blue platoons, pilots and other air crew of the White teams (the "hunters") with their OH-6 light observation helicopters, and the Red teams (the "killers") with their AH-1 Cobra attack helicopters are featured.

304 pages, $24.95

PRESIDIO PRESS GUARANTEES YOUR SATISFACTION
GUARANTEE: Our high standards of editorial care, quality printing and binding, and overall excellence assure your satisfaction. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return the book with invoice number to Presidio Press, P.O. BOX 1764DX, Novato, CA 94948, within 15 days after you receive it, and we'll refund your full purchase price.

Presidio Press, P.O. Box 1764DX, Novato, CA 94948-1764, Charge Toll Free (1-800-966-5179)

QTY	TITLE	PRICE	TOTAL

Method of payment check one: ❑ Visa ❑ M.C. ❑ Am. Express ❑ Ck/M.O. (U.S. $ only)
Exp. Date Mo. _____ Yr. _____
Card No. |__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|
Authorized Signature _____

SUBTOTAL	$
CA RES. 6.25%TAX	$
SHIPPING/HNDLG	$ 2.50
TOTAL (U.S. DOL)	$

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. J. O'Rourke

SHOOT THE WOUNDED

The first annual update of the Joe McCarthy Memorial New Enemies List.®

Well, fellow witch hunters, a lot has happened since we began our New Enemies List in July 1989. Freedom has come to Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union has shriveled as a world power, the people of Nicaragua have given Danny Ortega the Order of the Boot, and all because of us and our brave revival of the Red Scare. As a result of our noble crusade, Communists are now just another small, half-baked cult who put out an occasional newsletter (the *Washington Post*, for instance) and pester people in airports (particularly Peking's). Tailgunner Joe must have a mile-wide smile up there in heaven's AA meeting.

"But who ya gonna pick on now?" smirk the liberals, who are no smarter running with the hares in the nineties than they were hunting with the hounds in the seventies. The answer to their question of who we're going to pick on now is—them. Let's whoop on the useful idiots, the moral equivalentizers, the peace scum, the social justice hairballs, and see who sang the Marxist tune and expected us not to mind because they had the lyrics wrong. You're next, you south-ends-of-an-NEA-grant-headed-north, you.

We chose November for an E-List update because Joe McCarthy would have been eighty-two on the 14th, which also happens to be—let's hear some "woooo-woooo!" noises from West Coast conservatives who collect unicorn figurines—P. J. O'Rourke's birthday, too.

We won't be able to print all the additions to the Scroll of Fools this year, partly because of sheer volume, partly because we've already shot so many of the fish in the barrel, and partly because we've exhausted the earth's supply of "Fonda Commies" puns. Although we hounded Mitch Snyder to his death—he's got a home now, and a warm one at that—we have yet to settle on fit punishment for our blacklist victims. Reader suggestions range from the bloodthirsty ("Throw them into a pit of live lawyers") to the excessively humane ("Put them out of their misery with a brick"). No doubt a happy medium will emerge.

P. J. O'Rourke holds the Gen. Curtis LeMay Memorial Chair at The American Spectator Center for Anti-Communist Studies.

First off, P. J. will exercise *droit du seigneur* and set a couple of burning faggots (no sniggering, please) at the feet of Satan's familiars:

• *The twig-toothing leaf-brains who spray-painted my local McDonald's with the message "Meat is Murder"*—If meat is murder, does that mean eggs are rape?

• *The freshly unemployed Neville Chamberlains at Nuclear Free America*, who proposed replacing the Iron Curtain with a "Curtain of Peace and Freedom." I guess if you're caught trying to escape through the "Peace Curtain" you get petitioned to death. Among the various frisbee-witted individuals and organizations "who wholeheartedly endorse this proposal" are:

International Philosophers for Prevention of Nuclear Omnicide: I am not kidding.

Nevada Desert Experience: I am still not kidding.

Center on War and the Child

International Peace Academy

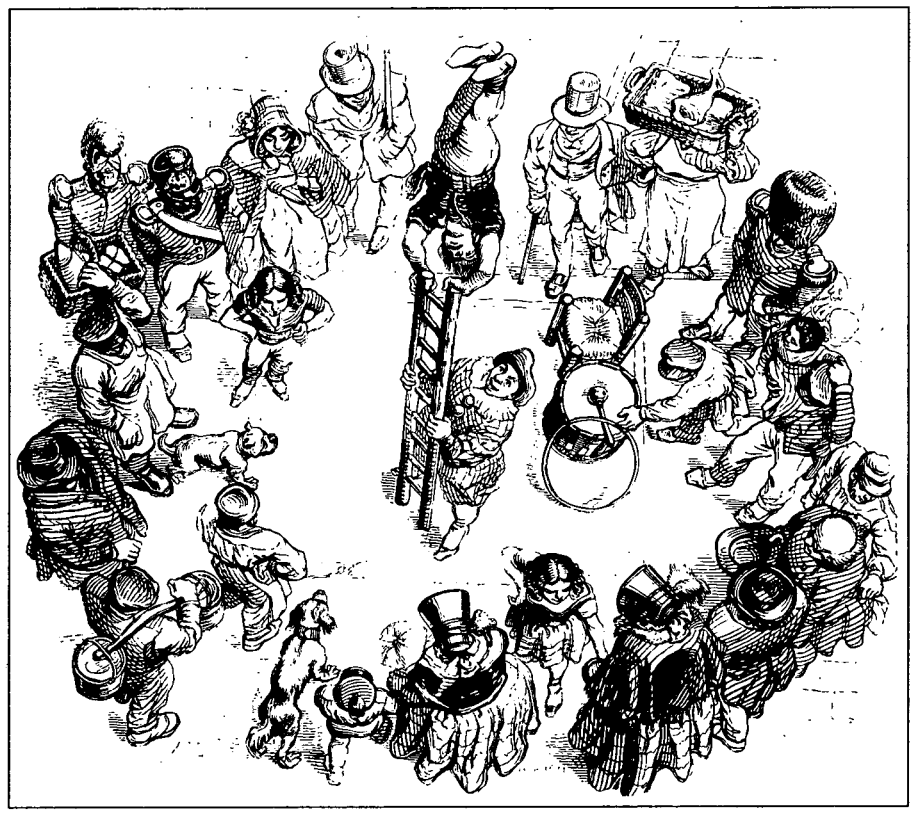
Lawyers Alliance for Nuclear Arms Control: Quick, which is worse, lawyers or nuclear winter?

Albert Einstein International Academy Foundations: After the guy who gave us the mushroom cloud.

Hungarian Reform Federation: No wonder it took them so long to reform Hungary . . . they were in the wrong country.

Coretta Scott King

Professionals for National Security: Which begs the question, "How do I go about joining Amateurs for International Insecurity?"



So much for the goofs, now let's turn to the goons:

Third World Caucus/Clergy and Laity Concerned

This bunch sent me a press release, trying to convince me to publish the name of the "Central Park Jogger." What I'll gladly publish is the coffin measurements for the filthy little jackals who almost killed her. But let me quote, with one obvious omission, from the TWC/CALC press release:

> Our national group has voted to make known its concerns regarding the increase [sic] racist collaboration between the newspapers and the so-called justice system . . .
>
> Concerted efforts on the part of newspapers to treat people of color in an insensitive and completely different manner than which European suspects and victims are written about is criminal . . .
>
> There are a number of cases we can refer to, but the current cases of Tawana Brawley and XXXXXXXXXX, known to the world as the Central Park Jogger, are two cases in point. Both were found near death after being assaulted. Tawana, 16, should not have had her body exposed to the world in public. There was & is a concerted effort not to publish the name of the older European, XXXXXXXXX . . .

Third World Caucus/Clergy and Laity Concerned's address is 198 Broadway, New York, New York 10038, and I am sure they would appreciate suggestions on where to place their future press releases.

Next on my personal Enemies List are:

Conservative Democrats: Because they're always getting caught in bed with Ted Kennedy and telling us, "it's okay—we're not in love." Besides, everybody hates liberal Democrats these days. Of course, being good

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberals, they hate themselves, too.

Last, but most of all, *j'accuse*:

Everyone mentioned in the book Tenured Radicals: How Politics Has Corrupted Our Higher Education *by Roger Kimball, except Roger Kimball:*

When it comes to throwing the book at the stinking, treasonous redniks in our universities, this is the book to throw. Mortarboards off to you, Rog.

Before I go, kudos to Polish painter Franciszek Starowieyski, who founded his own McCarthy Society in Warsaw and told the Polish weekly *Przekroj*:

The McCarthy Society is my private society, created to honor this fine man who halted the frenzied advance of Communism turning brains into jelly. That is what his greatness is based on. This is a very elite society. I don't even remember if anyone else besides me belongs to it.

And now, The *TAS* New Enemies List Update:

You're next, you south-ends-of-an-NEA-grant-headed-north, you.

Let us begin on a spiritual note, with five additions from Noel K. Anderson, pastor at the First Presbyterian Church in Edmond, Oklahoma. The reading shall be from the Book of Deuteronomy 32:15:

But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked: thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness; then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation.

The Rev. Anderson would now like us to bow our heads and say a small prayer for these people and institutions as they walk that long, lonely mile to the ducking stool:

Self-righteous nonsmokers
All seminaries which mean to conventionalize "inclusive language," sodomists' rights, and a "Theology of Compensation" for any self-proclaiming oppressed group
John Irving, for his vacuous and inapposite political whimperings in A Prayer for Owen Meany
Any office with more plants than people
Sensitive people who dress like gypsies or peasants

Helen H. Bergman of New York City indicts the Big Apple's entire Democratic party establishment and lists most of them. Here are some highlights from her *nomenklatura* of worms in the winesap:

David Dinkins
All the West Side Reform Democratic Clubs of Manhattan
Local 1199, Hospital Workers Union
Barry Feinstein of the Teamsters Union
Sandra Feldman of the United Federation of Teachers
Stanley Hill of ASFCME
Jay Mazur of the ILGWU
Elizabeth Holtzman
Ruth Messinger

Howard W. Whetzel of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, warns us that our current strategy against Boob Nation is misguided. "All rabble multiply exponentially," he says. "Elimination by individual identity will necessarily result in defeat. . . . I propose going to the heart of the matter: the breeders. To wit:

Women with two last names
Male teachers of American History under 58 years of age
All teachers of "Health"
All school boards whose school hours are determined by a bus drivers' contract

Tim Ferguson of the *Wall Street Journal* sends a memo saying simply:

Presidential spouses and offspring

Which seems a bit rough on Barbara and Millie.

An anonymous source at UCLA nominates:

Physicians for Social Responsibility: May they all get a large dose of socialized medicine right where they deserve it.

Roy Marokus, who's an M.D. but no Bolshie croaker, writes in to protest the inclusion, in a previous Enemies List, of his home town of Dayton, Ohio. "Wait," says Dr. Marokus. "Now that I think about it . . . :

Phil Donahue used to do morning egg market quotations on Channel 7 . . . and that drip
Martin Sheen went to Chaminade High School.

Sorry, Doc.

Terry Przybylski of Des Plaines, Illinois, would like to put the Enemies List on the Enemies List. "How," he asks, "could you do this to me? After I went to all the trouble of submitting such a splendid enemies list for the October 1989 issue of *TAS*, you quoted me as naming 'Marvin Miller, the former head of the *basketball* players union'!!!!" Mr. Przybylski points out that the "cloddish Miller" is the former head of the *baseball* players union and blames this error, quite rightly, on an excess of Hoosier hoop-heads on the *TAS* staff.

Mark Saucier of Gulfport, Mississippi, who claims that he likes Frank Zappa and dislikes George Bush too much to ever be a conservative, writes to us anyway, to condemn:

Andrea Dworkin, whose all-sex-is-rape theorem transcends all common sense in an effort to make the male of the species look like the cretinous, barbaric ape-devils that we truly are, aren't we?

Stay as sweet as you are, Mark.

Mike Northrup, whose handwriting renders his hometown in Maryland illegible, names:

The Maryland State Employees United Charity Campaign, for allowing the *Maryland Nuclear Weapons Freeze Education Fund* to be listed in its contributors' guide as a charity.

An anonymous correspondent from "The People's Republic of Oregon" proposes:

Any journalist, commentator or other fool who refers to the old guard in Moscow or Peking as "conservatives"
Whoever invented the brassiere and put the hooks in the back
Every state with state-run liquor stores

Ms. or Mr. X continues: "After six days and a few twelve packs spent in deep reflection, I believe I have a non-cruel, unusual punishment for the condemned. . . . *Give them what they want!*"

We're cold-hearted conservatives here at *TAS*. Heck, we have to call a Frigidaire service representative to get an EKG. But giving liberal bed-wetters what they claim to desire is too callous even for us. Imagine Pamela Harriman trapped in a world where everyone had to do her own laundry. We shudder.

Don Lynch of Arlington, Virginia, condemns:

Demagogic Southern senators and congressmen who are mislabeled "conservative"
Conservatives who call discrimination "affirmative action" and pro-death people "pro-choice"
People who call things like alcoholism, drug abuse, and poverty a "disease"

Sorry we didn't print your letter sooner, Don, but we were "sick."

Charles Perry of Sylmar, California, singles out:

Gloria Allred, the Church Lady of the Left, fuming defender of gay foster parents and triumphant integrator of boring men's clubs

J. Edgar Williams of Carrboro, North Carolina, sends no candidates of his own but has some valuable suggestions about where to go to look for *auto-da-fé* fodder: "There are several sources I find valuable. . . . The Isaacs' *Coercive Utopians*; Brownfeld and Walker's *The Revolution Lobby*;

Writers, Researchers!
Gain Complete Control Over Your Scattered Notes, Memos, Clippings, Research Papers, And Letters... ...In Just 8 Minutes A Day!

Paper clutter makes you inefficient, frustrated, and can really hurt your career. You can't find things when you need them. You waste precious time searching for needed documents or information. Worst of all, you lose some of your best ideas, just when they would do the most good for your career. All because of paper clutter.

But in just 8 minutes a day, with **Squarenote™** on your IBM PC or compatible, you can gain complete control over your scattered notes, clippings, letters and documents. Locate any document, clipping, phone number, name, or idea in seconds. You'll never lose an idea again! You'll actually see the tops of your filing cabinets and desks, slim down your briefcase, and clean out your pockets.

Squarenote is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the PC. It's for writers and researchers, not computer experts. It runs on any PC.

What **Squarenote** does for you is to collect all your information into one accessible, printable, sortable index card file... like the card files you have used for years.

"This program saved my neck when faced with teaching two new courses and only two months to prepare. Squarenote gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research..."
ECS, Ilion, NY.

We are making a special offer to readers of the American Spectator who have been among our most loyal users and buyers for years. Call us now at 617 277 9222, or write us at the address below. **Send No Money.** Just mention this ad, and we'll send you a copy of **Squarenote** to try, at our risk, for 30 days.

Try it. Clean up your desk and briefcase! Preserve those precious ideas! If after 30 days of use you want to keep it, send us just $99, (a savings of $100 from our list price of $199). Or return it and you owe us nothing. ***Call now!***

PC Magazine's Editor's Choice Award

UnionSquareware
27 St. Mary's Court, Brookline, MA 02146
Telephone 617-277-9222

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Powell's *Covert Cadre*; Collier and Horowitz's *Destructive Generation*; and Tyson's *Prophets for Useful Idiots.*" Mr. Williams also mentions a *Biographical Dictionary of the Left* but notes that the work was published in 1969 and is somewhat out of date.

A few of us neo-types at *TAS* sincerely hope we aren't in there.

Tom Gordon, address unknown, hands a page of the Bible with a large black spot in the middle to:

John Cougar Mellencamp: his fulminations on the family farm, racism, the working man, unions, and Vietnam vets—did Mr. Mellencamp serve?—are wearing very thin.

Lou Reed, who finds the time to pose for American Express ads when he's not bemoaning American greed and selfishness.

"Enjoyed reading your enemies list . . . until I noticed that you use those awful two-capital-letter state abbreviations that the Post Office thought up so addresses can be read by robots," writes Dale E. Elliott, who lives in IL.

Richard A. Showstead of Boston, Massachusetts, moots:

Sigmund Freud, cokehead
Anna Freud, daddy dearest
B. F. Skinner, redneck

Philip Averbuck of Watertown, Massachusetts, drops a dime on:

Randolph Ryan, a writer for the Commie *Boston Globe.*

Mr. Averbuck encloses a column by Comrade Ryan in which the FMLN terrorists in El Salvador are quoted using surfer slang. Hang Ten, maybe. Hang Randolph, definitely.

Eddie Page of Crawfordville, Florida, thinks P. J. O'Rourke should go to the head of the Enemies List for his admitted friendship with arbitrarily nonlisted liberals Pat Schroeder and Michael Kinsley. P. J. says, Watch your back,

Eddie Page

Another wanna-be self-nominee is Molly Gill of St. Petersburg, Florida, who signs herself "Editor, *Independent Woman*" beneath which, in parentheses, she puts "Feminist Newsletter," as though, with that title, we might suppose *Independent Woman* to be a trade journal of the offshore oil-drilling industry or something. " 'The New Enemies List' is very funny," says Ms. Gill. "I can only conclude that the majority of your readers suffer from irregularity. P.S. You now have somebody else to hate." Not at all, Ms. Gill. We consider you a valuable source of intellectual roughage.

Kurt D. Baumgardner of Smyrna, Georgia, is not at all amused by recrudescent McCarthyism. He cancels his subscription to *TAS* and says, "I can think of few things that disgust me more than the thought of a return to the time when the prejudiced opinions of a few immoral power seekers gripped the nation with fear." Yes, Mr. Baumgardner, we're upset by the Mayor Barry verdict, too, but shouldn't you be taking this up with the *Nation*?

Bob Foster of Purcellville, Virginia, would put paid to:

Anybody whose car sports one or more of the following bumperstickers:
Think Globally/Act Locally
Test Peace/Not Nuclear Weapons
If You Want Peace/Work for Justice
Love Animals/Don't Eat Them
Demonstrators who go limp when arrested

"May someone from the Caribbean backwoods propose some members for the 'Hall of Shame'?" asks Carlos F. Mendoza-Tio of Santurce, Puerto Rico. His choices:

The (dis)Honorable Ron De Lugo (D-Virgin Islands)
The (dis)Honorable Jaime Fuster (D-Puerto Rico)

"These two scoundrels," says Mendoza-Tio, "are in cahoots to torpedo the proposed plebiscite for Puerto Rico, effectively disenfranchising millions of American citizens."

Jonathan J. Cohen of Brookline, Massachusetts, writes on behalf of the *TAS* Zionist wing, saying, quite reasonably, "We Jewish righties have to be careful when making such a list. Certain bona fide lefties can be absolved if they're hard-line supporters of Israel. Thus, we spared Alan Dershowitz, Reps. Tom Lantos and Steve Solarz, Charles Krauthammer (and most of the *New Republic* gang)—and—yes—Barney Frank. Although the last may be back on other grounds." Mr. Cohen amends:

Pat Buchanan: because of his infamous anti-Semitic remarks inspired by the Auschwitz convent flap. I *tried* to like Paddy-boy, but he's a regular Father Coughlin.

Ah, Jonathan me lad, imagine a whole family of them the way yours truly has got.

And, speaking of the Harps, John F. Curran of River Edge, New Jersey, would list:

Everyone responsible in any way for the Calvin Klein "Obsession" commercials on TV

"We should talk to the Japanese," says himself. "Our televisions should be designed to recognize these incoming signals and to *explode*, rather than permit these assaults on the human soul to enter our homes."

Bryan R. Johnson of Blacksburg, Virginia, complains about the response to his previous contributions to the Enemies List: "Imagine my pride and extreme nervousness when I found my name and current location published in *TAS*. I mean, I'll stand behind my list against all comers (particularly since I'm more heavily armed than any of the people on my list) but

The American Library Association

has some pretty tough characters. . . . I loaded Mr. Shotgun with #4 buck (more effective than 00—more pellets per load and a better pattern) and kept it within reach at all times. Then, I waited. And waited. Nothing. Nada. Zilch. . . . Is it possible that the left actually got the joke?"

No.

Ed Rice, who's keeping his address to himself, sends us a note of clarification: "In the November, 1989, installment of your Enemies List you include the

Greenpeace mailing list

I'm on it but I'm innocent! Back in the spring my twelve-year-old Brittany Spaniel, Jack, treed a Greenpeace canvasser. To avoid the trouble, I gave the guy a couple of bucks. . . . P.S. Can we put Jack in for an award or medal or something?"

Paul Hagstrom of San Francisco, California, would gladly sic Jack on:

Mr. Herb Caen, San Francisco columnist for whom clans, cults, and perverts come under the category of sacred special interest groups. All except God-fearing, church-going Christians.
Any and all who go around "feeling good about themselves"

Carol Ann Calamia of Rochester, New York, does not feel anything like that way about:

The New York Times Sunday Magazine

"An enemies list could be constructed with all the people featured in the magazine alone," says Ms. Calamia.

Kenneth M. Mason, also of Rochester, would like to turn in to the authorities:

Gregory Peck, that great American who did so much to assassinate Robert Bork's character, narrating the "commercial" that so many TV stations saw fit to play as a news item.

Thomas D. Watt of Omaha, Nebraska, drops a line just to let us know that "a fitting punishment for the loony left is to make them commit to memory the newspaper columns of Mary McGrory." Please, please, Mr. Watt, there's such a thing as the Eighth Amendment.

Daniel Rodriguez, who sojourns in this mortal vale of woe (that is, Washington, D.C.) but who is careful to point out he's "formerly of Texas," looks askance at:

Nuclear-free Takoma Park, Maryland
White singers with fake Jamaican accents
City slickers who speak like country folk (like Ann Richards and Molly Ivins)

Daniel Young of Ottawa, Canada, would make a burnt offering of:

HUD
The California Raisins
Teenage homosexual encounter groups
Tupperware parties
Publicly funded health care
Canadian artists who move to the U.S. to make dollars and return to Canada once a year to share their anti-American views

Mark Katzenbaum of Arlington, Virginia, takes a swing at:

Anyone who uses only one name

He points out that rock stars who use one name were on a previous Enemies List but says, "We can't forget Cher and Lucifer."

Donna Marmorstein of Aberdeen, South Dakota, unloads on:

Whoever invented illiteracy billboards
The left half of Joan Beck
Burger King's marketing company: the one that came up with the "Sometimes ya just gotta break the rules" ad.
Educated people who use "impact" as a verb
Makers of sugar-saturated, additive-laced children's cereals
Makers of whole-grained, oat-branned, vitamin-encrusted adult cereals
Any church whose name begins with "United"
Anyone who believes in deconstructionism, semiotics, and critical thinking without being able to define each term in fewer than fifty words
Drug education programs that equate coffee, aspirin, and cough drops with pot, heroin, and crack
Whoever named last October "Head Injury Awareness Month"

Kent Gordis of Geneva, Switzerland, sends a rueful missive saying, "There is no corner of the earth so remote or bucolic that it does not contain candidates for the New Enemies List." And he sends us two from Switzerland:

Jean Zeigler, a socialist member of the Swiss parliament who accused Nestle of having conspired with the CIA in the overthrow of Salvadore Allende.
Franz Weber, who devised and animated the gigantic campaign to "save the baby seals," enlisting Brigitte Bardot and other celebrities, thereby amassing his fortune.

While we've got the animals in our cross hairs let's listen up to David A. Stephens of Pecos, Texas, who says:

Peckerheads here who claim one shouldn't shoot coyotes!

Alan N. Cowan of Australia turns the dingos loose upon:

J'accuse everyone mentioned in the book *Tenured Radicals: How Politics Has Corrupted Our Higher Education* by Roger Kimball, except Roger Kimball.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senior executives of U.N. agencies (usually Scandinavians) who jet around the world in first-class luxury and sanctimoniously lecture the Western democracies on the need to do more for the poor

Professors Pam Brown and Gary Anderson, from the Economics Department at California State University in Northridge, plant the sharp ends of their analytical skills in the hides of:

People concerned with empowerment
All Nobel peace prize laureates
Most economics Nobel prizewinners
Anyone who knows what tofu is

Wendy Connors, address unknown, suggests:

People who cheat the welfare system
The welfare system

Anthony Hasek, of the Toronto Office of the commendable Canadian organization Conservative Insight, sends us a list of frozen northerners who should be further chilled:

The entire Progressive Conservative party, an oxymoron full of morons.
Canada's $100 million loan to China after *Tiananmen*
Anyone Canadians call a "national treasure," usually because they're hauling down the big bucks in the States and are lauded by American pinkos.
Quebec separatists
Philippe Ruston, a lunatic head-measurer who claims that Orientals are genetically superior to whites, and that whites are in turn superior to blacks.
Americans who fled up here with their tails between their legs in the 1960s
Americans who fled up here with their tails between their legs in the 1980s
Americans I've met while traveling who:
Wear Canadian flags on their luggage so they can hitch-hike and not get blown up
Say what a great country we have, having never been here
Don't know Canada is not another state

"P.S.," says Mr. Hasek, "Don't just open your floodgates to the Great White North either. Send all your lefties to Alabama—they'll know what to do with them."

Here is a heart-rending letter from one James R. Erwin who, understandably, does not give his address: "I love my wife, don't get me wrong. But it's a mixed marriage (she has liberal tendencies; myself I'm still a YAF member in good standing). On the eve of our ninth anniversary, I feel compelled to denounce her, in the hope it may shock her into reality. I've tried reading the *Spectator* to her . . . but with a mocking laugh she says things like: 'Reagan on the rock . . . HA!' For the list:

Sharon D. Erwin

"I pray I'm not too late to help her; naturally, I will go wherever The Committee finds it necessary to send her, and will continue to read the *Spectator* to her until her soul is revived. Please give this request top priority; the political future of my six-year-old daughter weighs heavily on my mind."

Rest easy, Mr. Erwin. Just leave everything to Dr. Bob Tyrrell and Nurse P. J.

Scott Rains of Indianapolis, Indiana, wishes to include:

Terre Haute Mayor Pete Chalos, for being the dumbest liberal in the world.

We'd all been wondering who that was.

Terry Przybylski of Des Plaines, Illinois, would like to put the Enemies List on the Enemies List.

Lawrence M. Heavey, Jr., doesn't say where he's from, but we surmise it's one of the nicer suburbs. He condemns:

Businessmen who wear jogging shoes with their suits on their way to and from the train station

A mysterious stranger called "Vulca" delivered this message: "I use here the name Vulca. Vulca was the Etruscan architect who built the first public buildings in Rome, thus providing at least the material foundations of a great and noble civilization. But perhaps I should not say this, lest someone call me Eurocentric. Ha."

Vulca has it in for:

California quacks who say that good foods which have benefited us for several millennia, things like meat and milk, are harmful and full of "toxins" even as they promote their vegetarian diet and vitamin cults
Anyone who calls swamp grass a health food

Vulca has spoken.

Speaking of unusual communications, there is this from W. J. Provance of Murrieta, California: "I prevailed upon the Governing Board of the Secret Team . . . to allow me to provide you with a copy of their Standing Operating Plan No. 112228, 'The List.' I would like to tell you more about the Secret Team but everything is a secret. And we'd like to tell your readers about Plan No. 112228, but it's secret, too."

Charlotte Smith, from P. J.'s hometown of Toledo (How are the Mud Hens doing?), Ohio, says, "There's something wonderful about sweeping indictments," and sweepingly indicts:

People who say "awhnt" instead of "aunt" who weren't born in England
Anybody fool enough to have been, or wish to have been, at Woodstock
Liberals who breathlessly follow the doings of the Royal Family

Jay Hass of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, submits:

Primert
Avantor
Synovus
Crestar
Imtrex
Cenit
Centura
Sovran

"Incredibly," says Mr. Hass, "these are not chemical compounds, computer passwords, government agencies, or figures of classical mythology, but names with which fitted-shirt and tapered-slack members of boards have rechristened eight American *banks*. Whatever happened to names which told you something about the business or its clientele, such as Citizens and Southern, The Detroit Bank and Trust Company, and First and Merchants National Bank?"

"Why seine for minnows?" asks George M. Hollenback of Houston, Texas, an unrepentant Pelagian who believes in free will and personal responsibility. "Go for a really big fish like

Augustine of Hippo

who screwed up Western civilization by laying the foundation for all leftist 'isms' that plague it today. Big Brother and the Welfare State are both the inevitable result of his incessant whining about the innate rottenness and helplessness of man. Ditto for 'liberation theology' and pinko clerics who currently infest the Body of Christ."

Back with the minnow net is John C. McPherson of Mt. Ida, Arizona, lowering the boom on:

Anyone who compares the United States to "other industrial nations" for any purpose whatsoever

Police Chief Joseph McNamara of San Jose
The Police Foundation
Any cop who uses his title and uniform to front for liberal causes
Anyone attending a "silent vigil" at an execution
Anyone using the term "the new homeless" with a straight face
Anyone suggesting that we just don't pay enough taxes in this country

V. Maida of New York, New York, sends us the names of "a few more who need to be rooted out":

Animal rights activists who think hassling women on the street constitutes a tremendous contribution to the planet: Why don't they pick a fight with a Hell's Angel in a leather jacket?
Judge Stewart Hancock, of the New York State Court of Appeals, who reversed the harassment conviction of some woman in upstate New York who called a retarded woman a "bitch" and her son a "dog."
Elie Wiesel's hairstylist

A lady with the delightful—Howard W. Whetzel's opinion to the contrary—name Angeli DiLucca-Paterson, from Pasadena, California, scolds:

The inventor of the leaf blower
Any pro football player who gyrates, dances, highsteps, grabs another player's rear end, or otherwise acts like an imbecile after a touchdown or play

Lawrence P. Biacchi of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, provides us with "The Philosopher's Enemies List":

Allan Bloom, for claiming Nietzsche runs the world.
Francis Fukuyama, for digging up Hegel.
Any guy who, at this moment, is planning to dig up Kant

Thank you, Mr. Biacchi, and allow us to refer you to the "International Philosophers for Prevention of Nuclear Omnicide" cited in our introduction.

Daniel Buksa of Munster, Indiana, a Second Amendment fancier, berates:

Sarah Brady: Yeah, I'm sorry her husband got shot and is now a cripple, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she doesn't have to take it out on the rest of us. And besides, if anybody should have a gripe, it should be the Gipper. But he's still an NRA supporter.

All of the rest of the confused legislators and supposed do-gooders who have forgotten that the Second Amendment to the Constitution was designed to prevent an oppressive government abusing the rights of the people—so said Alexander Hamilton in *Federalist 29*.

And so say all of us.

Kyle Jorgenson from Kansas City, Missouri, gives the evil eye to:

U.S. District Judge Russell Clark: When the folks of K.C. voted against raising property taxes, His Officiousness ordered us to increase our property taxes by 91 percent to fund school busing.

A. G. Layton and "friends of the same ilk" from Canada aim their scorn both high and low:

Erasmus of Rotterdam: sanctimonious hypocrite, the spiritual father of all cardiac hemophiliacs.

Program Traders on the New York Stock Exchange: sworn enemies of the capitalist system, borers from within.

Jim Dornan of Orange County, California, takes special exception to:

Ron Kovic: Kovic . . . is considering a run for Congress against one of the foremost defenders of freedom in the House of Representatives, Bob Dornan . . .

Uh, Jim, not that we give a damn about conflicts of interest, but you wouldn't happen to be any relation?

Leslie Woolf Hedley, editor and publisher of the Exile Press in Sonoma, California, contributes "the following list of those . . . whose mental spasms infected American culture":

John Cage, because he is a brimborion.

Creative writing teachers

Stanford University, because they hired and retain an idiot professor who loudly professes that the Holocaust was a Zionist-Hollywood lie.

Ezra Pound, because his insanity is still contagious.

Mr. Hedley, if you think you're going to get us to admit we don't know what "brimborion" means, you are sadly mistaken.

Steve Bodio, an old acquaintance from New Hampshire, has moved to Magdalena, New Mexico, and reports that that otherwise lovely state is afflicted with:

"Go for a really big fish like Augustine of Hippo, who screwed up Western civilization by laying the foundation for all leftist 'isms' that plague it today."

Santa Fe and all its residents and its "style"

People who moved to Bernalillo County and immediately banned the cockfighting that their neighbors had indulged in since 1500

Everybody who says "Native American": every non-bureaucratically employed Indian I know says "Indian."

Those who drive by grazed-out Indian lands and bitch about private cattlemen and their subsidies

Nouveau fly-fishermen who scorn catfish

Fishermen who claim fishing is not hunting

The Albuquerque Journal, *a supposedly Republican daily with a* New York Times *editorial policy*

Fake pickup trucks for yuppies

"Please," writes Billy Long of St. Petersburg, Florida, "delouse":

The 94 Senators who voted in favor of the "Hate Crimes" Bill S419

C. T. Hellmuth, president of C. T. Hellmuth & Associates Insurance Brokers of Chevy Chase, Maryland, takes a moment from his business day to rebuke the policies of:

Adlai Stevenson, who convinced JFK to deny promised air cover at the Bay of Pigs.

The National Education Association's bureaucrats, the pernicious destroyers of American students' ability to compete in the world economy by their emphasis on "feel good" subjects, deemphasis of Mathematics, English, and American History and their denigration of competitive scholarship.

Phil Donahue (Molly Yard in drag): he mouths the pacifist and militant feminist drivel that Marlo Thomas has spoon-fed him. Although he likes to pose as the high priest of militant feminism, in his heart he must realize that his brand of loony-left nihilism, America-bashing and *True Confessions* exploitation of unfortunately disturbed human beings is a real put-down of intelligent feminists. He would not have a prayer of survival in any time slot where thoughtful viewers had other alternatives.

Arthur Schlesinger, who convinced JFK to stand idly by while the Berlin Wall was being built and then had the audacity to appear on the "Today Show" to discuss the Wall's fall.

Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh

And each of the attorneys who is now working, or has ever worked, with Walsh

And his or her law firms

Ralph Neas, the scabrous architect of the senatorial lynching of Judge Bork.

Huyler E. Romond, Jr. of Mantoloking, New Jersey, says, with great indignation, "I live in Ocean County, one of the most Republican counties in New Jersey. Registered Republicans outnumber Democrats 63,339 to 47,059. However, due to gerrymandering, all my elected representatives above the county level are Democrats." Mr. Romond then lists them. We will see it to it, sir. Their time grows short.

Ellen Blacksmith of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, fulminates against:

That demonic voice who did the Dukakis TV ads [She notes he's not properly out of work, as the Duke is: "He's been doing AT&T and other commercials."]

*That little misfit who played McCorney in "*Roe *v.* Wade*" on TV*

William Norman Grigg of Provo, Utah, has found scum on an unlikely pond—two professors at Brigham Young University:

Eugene England, who, apparently in response to the opening of a McDonald's in Moscow, lamented the fact that the Soviets have "succumbed to American materialism and preference for speed over taste."

Ted Lyon, who urges students to learn about the "positive aspects" of Marxism, especially liberation theology, which he describes as linking Marx and Christ in a "very holy union."

Gary Osen and Tom Propson, co-chairmen of the Robert Bork Legal Defense Fund at the George Washington University Law School, bring their guns to deck level and load with grape to fire on:

Louis Farrakhan, for making us want to tolerate bigots just a bit.

Hodding Carter, for thinking he's smarter than George Will.

Al Sharpton, for forcing us to defend Mario Cuomo.

Eddie Murphy, for proving that the free market doesn't always result in the best product.

The AFL-CIO, for trying to tear off a hunk of Lech Walesa for themselves.

Guns 'n' Roses, just when we thought Tipper was completely off-base.

Animal rights activists, for irritating an already unstable and well-armed segment of the population.

An anonymous contributor sends us a flyer advertising the "Archbishop Romero March to End the U.S. War in Central America." Among the organizations listed as sponsoring this traipse of twits:

American Indian Movement

DC SCAR (Student Coalition Against Racism) [Winner of the 1990 Infelicitous Acronym Award.]

United Church of Christ [Again, Donna Marmorstein warned us about churches whose names begin with "United."]

Young Koreans United [Wrong continent, you guys.]

Penn Central America Solidarity Alliance [We pledge to ride the train.]

Plus these oddly yclept Marching and Chowder Societies:

Consider the Alternatives

Going Home

And P. J.'s personal favorite:

Interfaith Office of Accompaniment

Chris Phelps of Glendale, California, sends us a letter beginning, "I know what you're thinking. A little hasty, too broad a stroke, maybe it should be pared down. P. J., this *is* the pared down version." He encloses the entire Campus Telephone Directory for the University of California at Berkeley.

Actually, Mr. Phelps, you are being quite unfair. In the faculty and staff section, in the midst of the *P*s, is one "Perkins, Karen K."—a post-doctoral fellow in microbiology who is the former girlfriend of P. J. O'Rourke, a brilliant woman (the "former" proves it), and a staunch conservative.

Camilo O'Kuinghttons, Jr. of San Francisco, California, provides us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with our first evidence of Enemies List plagiarism. The Kenneth Cole clothing store ran an ad in the *San Francisco Examiner* headlined: "Some of the people not invited to the opening of our new store," followed by a list. Bad enough that Kenneth Cole should crib from us, but his list turned out to contain many of our most favorite people in the world—Exxon executives, Dan Quayle, Junk Bond salesmen, Millie "The First Dog," Zamfir, master of the pan flute, nuclear power supporters, anyone named Biff, Mr. T, and Jerry Mathers as the "Beaver." Nerts to you,

Kenneth Cole

Fritz Sands of Woodinville, Washington, is cheesed at

George Bush

"Imagine," says Mr. Sands, "a prediction in the summer of 1988 that the President of the United States would, in two years, offer no aid to a Baltic republic attempting to leave the Soviet Union and that he would base that inaction not on risks to the United States but on risks to the political career of Mikhail Gorbachev. Based on this prediction, wouldn't you guess that Walter Mondale, or perhaps Gus Hall, had won the 1988 presidential election?"

Susan G. Gamble of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, thumbs her nose at:

U2 and all other rock groups who claim to speak for anyone other than themselves: U2 sings "Angel of Harlem." What the hell do they know? They're from Ireland.

Paul Castellano of Alexandria, Virginia, is worried about making the punishment fit the crime. He suggests that "all the actors and actresses on the list should be sentenced to five years locked in a screen writers' seminar. All the weepy-drippy folks who talk about 'networking,' 'spiritual wellness,' etc., should be forced to get a degree—no, make that two degrees—in accounting. And all the television talk-show hosts should be forced to adopt lesbian, cross-dressing, obsessive-compulsive children with severe eating disorders."

Geraldine K. Smith of Chichester, New York, writes to remind us of one more hangover from the sixties, the first decade in history to last thirty years:

Men with long, long hair and earrings

The E. J. Beyer family and their friends—who tell us that they are all over sixty—bring wisdom and experience to bear upon the selection of fools:

Mrs. Betty Ford, for pandering to Planned Parenthood.

All those who had a hand in the Alar scare

President Bush [that's your second warning, Mr. President], for nurturing the idea that the NEA shouldn't be defunded, as it might curtail free speech.

Pierre Salinger: Why do we have to have *his* insight on news in Europe?

Nelson Mandela, make that St. Mandela, and his not-yet-canonized wife

Edmund Unneland of Jackson Heights, New York, says that he would like "the academic section of our shock troops of the coming *Kulturkampf* to deal with the following":

Arthur Lewin, professor of black studies, who tried to pass off articles in the *Journal of Revolutionary Socialism* as publication deserving of tenure.

Joseph Murphy, outgoing leftist chancellor of the City University of New York.

Donald Smith, professor of education who attempted to justify a student's assault on a lecturer in physical education by referring to a "white control system."

Middle States Association of Colleges, which deferred accreditation of Baruch College by reason of lower rates of minority student retention.

Mr. Unneland goes on to say that the above-named persons and MSAC were "the main elements of the *Putsch* which deposed Joel Segall from the presidency of Baruch College (a part of the City University of New York) for his efforts to resist the establishment of a Black and Hispanic Alumni Association separate from the official group, and for his attempts to establish a test of tenure other than the feather test."

Timothy L. Shell, a graduate student at the University of Florida, lists several Tom Fools:

Daniel Sheehan, head of the Christic Institute: He's not just spreading wild-eyed Iran-contra theories in Washington anymore; now his group has moved to Florida to stop the launch of shuttles carrying nuclear-powered space probes.

Eclipse Comics, which preaches the Christic gospel through the medium of "graphic novels."

Kurt Loder and MTV News: Kurt and the rest of his "news" team are always giving plugs to Eclipse's comics and its other leftist merchandise, like Iran-contra trading cards.

Marc Neufeld and Bob Rehme, producers of the upcoming film *Dancin' Cross the River.* This "real-life" drama is based on Daniel Sheehan's legal defense of a black Southern mayor reportedly framed for a crime he didn't commit. The two plan more films about Danny and his kooky Christic cases and causes.

Paramount Pictures, the company that plans to distribute *Dancin' Cross the River.*

Ted Danson, who's supposed to play Daniel Sheehan in *Dancin' Cross the River.* Ted also says the world is going to end by 2000.

Black Mountain, North Carolina: Once a beautiful hamlet in the Smoky Mountains, it's now an enclave of peaceniks, crystal-rubbing New Agers, and other primitive life forms.

Martha Plimpton, vegetarian actress who, when asked if she'd kill a cockroach, replied that it's "a question of whether that roach has a real, constructive place on this earth."

Anyone who thinks D.C. statehood is a good idea

Phil Sokolof, the guy who bought those full-page newspaper ads accusing McDonald's of "poisoning" America with its food. [That's *four* McD references in the E-List, readers. An icon, or what?]

The University of Florida Democrats, who showed their unswerving devotion to freedom of speech by trying to shout down Oliver North when he spoke here.

Before I go, kudos to Polish painter Franciszek Starowieyski, who founded his own McCarthy Society in Warsaw.

Neal D. Bernard, president of Physician's Committee for Responsible Medicine: This clown says, "If you're a meat-eater, you are contributing to the destruction of the environment." Can you imagine if the whole world took his advice? Six billion people subsisting on beans, rice, and corn—the potential methane gas from such a situation is truly frightening.

Whew, Mr. Shell. That's a thesis and a half. We award you your degree.

Robert J. Cihak of Aberdeen, Washington, has a "beef" with some sawbone quacks, the same bunch who irked our anonymous informant at UCLA:

Physicians for Social Responsibility, the docs who advertised all the diseases and injuries that would result if a nuclear bomb somehow exploded over Seattle. And, therefore, everybody should be against nuclear bombs—the ones under the control of free nations, that is.

We suppose it's all a matter of how one feels about Seattle. Ourselves, we like the Boeing Plant.

Lawrence Cranberg of Austin, Texas, has a branding iron warming in the fire for:

Gara La Marche, a member of the National Board of the ACLU who thumbed his nose at Chief Justice Burger for suggesting that copies of the Constitution be put in cereal boxes.

The Edna McConnell Clark Foundation, whose agenda is to help the "disadvantaged." To further that agenda, it helped finance the "Prisoners' Self-Help Litigation Manual"—a 600-page tome by jailhouse lawyer:

Daniel E. Manville, distributed free by the:

ACLU National Prison Project, directed by:

Alvin Bronstein

"The McConnell Foundation has, in fact," says Mr. Cranberg, "helped create three new classes of the disadvantaged: federal judges who must deal with innumerable frivolous habeas corpus petitions from jailhouse lawyers; students in our schools, whose funding has been diminished to help support prisoners at the level deemed suitable by the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation; and the hundreds of prisoners who have been killed and wounded in outbreaks of prison violence that accompanied ACLU/Clark-sponsored prison 'reform.' "

Doug Rivers of Warner Robins, Georgia, takes aim at:

Jeff Smith, Public Television's prattling peacenik Frugal Gourmet. Anybody for Native American pudding?

All sportscasters who persist in explaining to us what great human beings those arrogant, coke-tooting, coed-slugging, 7-Eleven-robbing, stereo-stealing college athletes really are

Col. David Hackworth, a media darling you would never have heard of if not for his rambling, paranoid criticisms of the U.S. military and Marxist critique of U.S. foreign policy.

Celebrity ex-drug addicts who are given free air-time and publicity to deliver ostensibly anti-drug commercials which wind up conveying that big-time stars use drugs and get away with it

Anybody associated with any movie that has been described as the "best movie ever made about Vietnam"

All congresspersons named Barbara

"The only problem with the New Enemies List," says Urs B. Furrer of Elmsford, New York, "is that . . . we should remember more than 40 percent of the people voted for 'Little Duke' in 1988. So while I would like to add a few specifics, I would also like to round up the rest of those commie lefties out there":

Judge Sand of New York, for having the nerve to write an opinion that says begging is a form of constitutionally protected free speech.

The Peace Dividend

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No-growth economists
People who drive slow in the fast lane
Those ungrateful Greeks, who cursed our military presence and now curse us for wanting to leave.
Any group that uses "Defense Fund," "Council" or "League" in its name [With, we presume, the exception of the National Security Council, the American League, and Messrs. Osen and Propson's Robert Bork Legal Defense Fund.]
Anyone who thinks Bernhard Goetz should be in jail
Anyone who thinks Michael Milken should be in jail
Anyone who thinks Oliver North should be in jail
Anyone who thinks he has ended an argument by blaming a problem on Ronald Reagan

Tailgunner Joe's Honor Guard

Thanks also go out to these wide-awake patriots, who contributed additional targets of ridicule to our rapidly growing data bank:

C. W. Young, Metairie, LA; Charles H. S. Burlington, New Bloomfield, PA; Saul David, Van Nuys, CA; Julius Blumenthal, Los Olivos, CA; Ann Powell, Cory Powell, and Steven Nossell, Chevy Chase, MD; Robert G. Kleber, Pittsburgh, PA; Kathleen J. Green, Aurora, CO; R. T. Osborne, Athens, GA; Carl F. Engelhardt of the U.S. Army; Gary Stark, La Palma, CA; David C. Howell, Oregon City, OR; Lawrence B. Hughes, Marshall, MI; Tom Strother, Fort Worth, TX; Kevin Dunphy, Bloomington, IN; Karen Howard, Seattle, WA; Jack Vestal, El Paso, TX; Ronald Gage, Washington, D.C.; Dean Smith, Pewaukee, WI; Richard A. Shourtur, Boston, MA; Robert H. Vasoli, Notre Dame, IN; Albert Ashforth, Brooklyn, NY; Steve Oldstad of Broomfield, CO; Hugh A. MacKenzie, Tennent, NJ; Albert Zeller; Charles Perry, Sylmar, CA; B. V. Sheard, Stamford, CT; Mark Nahmias, Flushing, NY; Arlene Armstrong, Seaford, DE; Larry Eubank, Jeffersonville, IN; Stephen R. Marsh, Arlington, VA; John H. Philips, Sweetgrass, MT; Timothy Allport, Lakewood, CO; Kiril Kundurazieff, Pomona, CA; Gary Melford; Mike Perry, Seattle, WA; Adam Kaplan, Havertown, PA; A. C. Junior, El Paso, TX; T. F. Kittredge, Panama City, Panama; Virgil F. Massman, St. Paul, MN; David Price, Wichita, KS; Will Morrissey, Rumson, NJ; Steve and Zoe-Gabrielle Miroy; and F. R., East Lansing, MI; D.W. Davis, Tucson, AZ; Ed Ahlsen-Girard, Pearl Harbor, HI; Francis X. Gannon, Milton, MA; Jeffrey T. McGowan, Farmington, MI; Chad J. Davis, MD, Indianapolis, IN; George A. Borgman, Westwood, MA; James P. Beckwith, Jr., Durham, NC; Robert Lindsay, St. Paul, MN; Karen L. Baldwin and Michelle A. Bleistein, Springfield, VA; Ray Gelcke, Baltimore, MD; Alfred M. Beyer, MD, Garden City, NY; Jeff Hansen, Ann Arbor, MI; and finally, Joe Skilton of Portland, Oregon, whose list it'll take me a year to read.

Paul Kirchner of Hampden, Connecticut, tells us "Gorbachev needs commies and we could do without ours. Can't we arrange something?" Mr. Kirchner goes on to say that "trying to list the left-wingers in showbiz is like trying to conduct a cockroach census in my old Lower East Side apartment. . . . Wouldn't it be easier to make a special case of Hollywood and list everyone who *isn't* a commie?" Okay, we'll give it a try:

Hollywood Anti-Blacklist Roster Of Conservative Heroes and Pals
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Robert Stack
Chuck Norris
Tom Selleck
Charlton Heston
Ricardo Montalban
Jan Michael Vincent
John Milius
Marilyn Chambers: she cruises the annual *Soldier of Fortune* convention, so I guess she's okay.
Sean Connery
Clint Eastwood, though he showed squishy tendencies over there in Cannes.
Stallone and George Hamilton: they liked the Marcoses, but does that make them right-wingers?
Anyone who appears in a Bob Hope special

"I haven't investigated Sam Kinison," says Mr. Kirchner, "but he's my hero for saying 'America doesn't have the guts to admit that Whoopi Goldberg isn't funny.' "

Now, back to condemning people to perdition. John D. Kelley of Portland, Maine, gives the bum's rush to:

Anyone who actually believes there is a law, either written or implied, stating that society must support the struggling artist

Ben Vowels and Randy Brandt of Davis and Ramona, California, respectively, send us a "New Enemies Primer." Herewith some samples therefrom:

D *is for Dukakis, the political joke*
Kitty's in rehab and Massachusetts is broke

N *is for Nunn, though not as liberal as Ted*
When his interest's at heart, he'll jump right into bed

O *is for Ortega, cheered on by Winger*
So let's send Debra there, attached to a Stinger

T *is for Tutu, spouting ANC baloney*
Falwell was right when he called him a phony

X *is for Malcolm, a bad dude of old*
Now joined by Abbie where it never gets cold

Donald Whidder, who leaves us to speculate about his address, would give the gate to:

All the Palestinian punks who throw rocks in the infantilah (sic)
Oscar Arias, appeaser
The City of Miami, except for the Latin Quarter
All codgers who want free medical care but want younger people to pay for it
Comic strip characters "Cathy" and "Pogo"

Ed Green of Charleston, New York, says, "It would be too bad if
Dr. Alan Chartock
couldn't be included on your list. He is executive director/producer/fund raiser of our local NPR affiliate WAMC; professor of political science at SUNY New Paltz; professor of communications at SUNY Albany, and political commentator for the local CBS-TV affiliate. On Chartock's weekly half-hour show on WAMC he usually interviews Governor Cuomo and fawns like a court jester. Much of the time the show is a giggle-fest between the two. I think that Chartock is bucking for press secretary in a Cuomo administration."

It seems to us that between the giggle fests and the press secretary ambition, life has already punished Dr. Chartock enough.

Mike Avery of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is strongly opposed to:

MADD
acid cut with strychnine
urine tests
the "War on Drugs"
Hand Gun Control, Inc.

and—no offense, Mike, but this comes as frankly no surprise—
the Eau Claire Police Department

Mark S. Chmura of Michigan State University wants us to know that Michigan State "is filled with misguided liberal fanatics whose so-called 'minds' are so open that you could fly the Space Shuttle through them."

Robert McWilliams of Phoenix, Arizona, expressing an apposite sentiment in these Husseinish times, shakes bell, book, and candle at:

Anyone who talks about the "Three Great Faiths of the World, Islam, Christianity, and Judaism": Those who talk like this about Islam sound strangely like those who once gushed about Communism. Has the left found a new idol to adore?

Lt. Mark G. Martin of San Diego, California, showing an officer's proper concern for his men, damns:

Government officials who give Nicaragua millions but won't pay enlisted U.S. military personnel a living wage

Theodore A. Bundesen of San Jose, California, says, "The following flapdoodlers, featherbrains, and freeloaders are alarmingly absent from your list":

The San Mateo Lincoln Club, known locally as the "Kennedy Klub," which promotes Republican candidates so liberal they would run as Democrats if the Democratic party didn't insist they wear sandals.
The U.S. Justice Department: Now that RICO laws have voided the Constitution, this leftist lawyer-employment agency is targeting people for "eco-crimes." Thought crimes can't be far off.
The northern spotted owl: hardly worth the barbecue sauce.
George Bush (reluctantly): Hey, George, do you remember the oath of office? It charges you with protecting the Constitution. That's what the veto is for. It's pretty simple: if Congress passes it, you veto it.

We note here the third George Bush excommunication in this Enemies List and suggest that, if this keeps up, the President may want to do his 1992 fund-raising over at People for the American Way.

Larry A. Wilke of St. Louis, Missouri, gives a back of the hand from the heartland to:

Anyone who uses the "misery index"
Anyone who thought it important to put girls in the Boy Scouts
Believers in the "invisible poor"
Believers in the "feminization of poverty"
Believers in "Iranian moderates"
Animal psychologists
The Twenty-Second Amendment

Charles E. Krakoff, who's been living in Africa for the past couple of years, sends us a sub-Saharan edition of the E-List:

Julius Nyerere, Africa's Stalinist, at least until Mengistu came along. He has probably killed more people than Idi Amin or Bokassa, even if he didn't eat them.
Kenneth Kaunda: Just imagine that you were put in charge of the richest country in Africa at the time, and instructed to ruin it as completely and quickly as possible; you couldn't do better than KK has in twenty-five short years.
Mobutu Sese Seko: Okay, he's supposed to be one of our friends, but he has stolen enough from his country to make Marcos look like a petty thief.

Paul A. Pangallo of Indianapolis, Indiana, returns us to more familiar territory, throwing cold water upon:

The people who held hands and stood on a hillside and sang the Coca-Cola song

Our penultimate correspondent, R. S. Bearse of Arlington, Virginia, where many of our best informants—and we ourselves—seem to come from, calls down the lightning upon:

Those who didn't get goosebumps every time President Reagan said, "God bless you and God bless America"

And, last of all, we have an Enemies List entry I'll bet none of you included:

Nathan A. Forney of Rockwood, Illinois, explains that the "For Women Only" column in the Fall 1988 issue of *Spinal Cord Injury Life* announced to the world the founding of a newsletter called—and he's not pulling our prosthetic device, he sent the clipping to prove it—

Dykes, Disability and Stuff

With that we bid you adieu until next November 14. *Semper Fi.* And don't forget, the Commie you clobber may be —whoops—your own dim-bulb, teenage, Grateful Dead-fan kid. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Brock

THE RAINBOW LOBBY STORMS CONGRESS

A psychotherapeutic cult led by an ex-disciple of Lyndon LaRouche is becoming the most powerful voice on Africa policy in Congress.

Last April, one of the most bizarre lobbies ever invited to give congressional testimony appeared before Wisconsin Democrat David Obey's House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations. Under consideration was the Bush Administration's annual foreign aid request for Zaire. A man who identified himself as "Abukari, director of the Africa desk" for the Rainbow Lobby, urged the subcommittee to halt government-to-government economic aid and all military aid to Mobutu Sese Seko's regime. He then ran down the familiar litany of charges against the dictator, most prominently endemic corruption and human rights abuses. In the main, these complaints are true. The administration, however, points to Zaire's strategic position, and to Mobutu's helpful regional diplomacy and halting steps toward political liberalization as reasons to keep the U.S. aid spigot open.

Putting aside the merits of the aid question, a look at the Rainbow Lobby's little-known background and current political affiliations reveals it to be an integral link in a bigger, insidious psycho-political web. In an age when the level of tolerance for serious scandal is at an all-time high, in a political culture devoid of moral probity or discrimination, the ease with which a group like the Rainbow Lobby has emerged as a credible, and indeed influential, voice on important questions of public policy in Congress and in the media, still has the capacity to shock. It is a small window on the cynical and debased manner in which the nation's business is conducted in the capital these days.

A report issued last January by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith identified the Rainbow Lobby—not to be confused with Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition—as one of several "front groups" of the New Alliance party, founded eleven years ago by Fred Newman, whose theories on integrating psychology and politics the party and its affiliates follow. The ADL report characterizes the party as "part Marxist sect, part therapy cult," whose politics are an amalgam of "revolutionary rhetoric, black nationalism, sexual references . . . anti-Semitism and an intense anti-Israel bias."

Fred Newman, who earned a Ph.D. in the philosophy of science from Stanford University in the early 1970s, has a long association with fringe groups. He joined Lyndon LaRouche's National Caucus of Labor Committees in 1974, and later helped form the International Workers party, dedicated to "international socialist revolution." Newman and his followers broke off to form the New Alliance party in 1979. In addition to his role on the NAP's executive board, Newman operates a dozen "medical and therapeutic" centers in major cities in the U.S.

A 1989 report by Chip Berlet of Political Research Associates, an independent institute in Massachusetts that keeps tabs on cults, began: "The New Alliance Party describes itself as a black-led, women-led, multi-racial, pro-gay independent political organization. Its most outspoken critics call it an opportunistic political movement controlled by an unethical therapy cult whose white male guru once led his followers into an affiliation with neo-fascist cult leader Lyndon LaRouche."

Testifying in a May 1987 deposition, Dennis Serrette, the NAP's presidential candidate in 1984 who later left the party, called Newman's group therapy "a way of controlling every aspect of [members'] lives." Serrette, who was testifying for the defense in a lawsuit the party brought against a black-owned newspaper in Mississippi that had been critical of the NAP, continued: "Newman teaches that morality is bourgeois, and places himself in the position of determining right and wrong for organization members. So, for example, monogamous relationships are deemed bourgeois. Members often sleep with the lovers of their best friends so that no personal relationships or loyalties surpass one's loyalty to Newman. . . . A poignant example of Newman shaping the organization's morality was demonstrated in the last organization-wide meeting I attended. . . . The theme of this meeting was 'to kill.' It was not enough to give your life for the cause, you had to be ready to kill for it."

The ADL described the therapy's approach similarly: "Each individual is governed by a 'bourgeois ego.' . . . The role of the radical therapist is to lead the individual to overthrow the dictatorship of the 'bourgeois ego' and to liberate the 'proletarian ego' by means of personal revolutions," including demonstrations of "overt sexuality." Newman was quoted in the winter 1990 issue of *Practice*, an NAP journal, as saying: "I don't like the institution of the family in any of its forms."

Serrette testified that the therapy centers are the primary funding source for the party; Newman, in a telephone interview, would acknowledge only that the centers "may make contributions" to the party. Party members are made to undergo—and in some cases are recruited from—the group therapy sessions, for which they pay an hourly fee on a sliding income-based scale. One such Newman operation in New York, the Center for Short Term Psychotherapy, treats "several hundred" patients a month and grossed about $45,000 a month last year, Newman says.

There are fewer than 10,000 NAP activists nationwide, according to Newman, but its reach extends further. In 1988, the NAP presidential ticket, headed by Dr. Lenora Fulani, "direc-

David Brock is a John M. Olin fellow at the Heritage Foundation. This is another in a series of TAS *articles on the Great American Congress in Crisis.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor of social therapy" for the Newman centers, was on the ballot in all fifty states, qualified for federal matching funds, and received 201,430 votes, about one-quarter of one percent of the total. In New York City, the party has made more significant inroads; its candidate for City Council president, Rafael Mendez, received 193,842 votes, or 25 percent of the total, in the September 1989 primary.

In New York and Chicago the party has sought to exploit the cleavages between segments of the black and Jewish communities by embracing black Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan as "the most progressive religious leader on the American political landscape," and a "leading target of Zionist terror." Attempting to forge an alliance with New York's noted charlatan, the Rev. Al Sharpton, Fulani and other party members marched in support of Tawana Brawley, whose 1988 claims of rape were later discredited. NAP also runs the Barbara Taylor School in Harlem, named after a party member, where about a hundred students study a curriculum "based on the theories of Soviet psychologist Lev Vygotsky," according to the American Psychological Association's newspaper, the *APA Monitor*. The introduction to the curriculum begins: "The basic foundation of the curriculum is the perspective of historical materialism. It is not the history of great men; it is the history of the organization of production."

The party's foreign-policy positions include support for Qaddafi's Libya and the Palestine Liberation Organization. In April 1987, Fulani and Rainbow Lobby Director Nancy Ross headed an NAP delegation to Tripoli to "commemorate . . . the genocidal U.S. bombing of the Gulf of Sidra and the Libyan Coast," according to the *National Alliance*, the NAP's newspaper. The Hon. Qaddafi received the NAP group. At a 1989 reception in New York, again marking the anniversary of the Libya bombing, Fulani, Newman, and a Qaddafi emissary calling himself Dr. El Moakkif shared a dais. Newman told the assembled: "Some so-called progressives do not give unconditional support to the Libyans, the Congolese people, the Palestinians, and others." In April 1988, the *National Alliance* published an article headlined "In Memoriam" on the death of Palestinian terrorist Abu Jihad, which it attributed to a "Zionist murder squad."

In a political culture devoid of moral probity, the ease with which the Rainbow Lobby has emerged as an influential voice still has the capacity to shock.

The NAP's sympathy for the radical Arab cause is only part of the story. Statements by NAP founder Fred Newman are characterized by the ADL as "tainted with anti-Semitism." In the *National Alliance* of October 25, 1985, Newman referred to Jews as "the storm troopers of decadent capitalism," who had "sold their souls to the devil—international capitalism." He also spoke of the "dirty Jew . . . a self-righteous dehumanizer and murderer of people of color . . . a racist bigot." (Newman, who is himself Jewish, confirms making the statements but says they were "not anti-Semitic.")

The ADL identified eighteen front groups used by the party to generate political and financial backing, from the U.S.-Congo Friendship Committee to the Association of Progressive Helping Professionals. By far the most successful of these appears to be the Washington, D.C.-based Rainbow Lobby, which began operations in 1985 and has since enmeshed several members of Congress and their aides in a dangerous totalitarian political cult. "It's just like the traditional Communist party front groups. The Rainbow Lobby ostensibly operates on its own, but it serves the ends of the New Alliance party," says David Evanier, the author of the ADL report.

Lobby Director Nancy Ross, a Newman-trained therapist, founding member of the NAP, and the party's vice presidential candidate in 1984, characterizes the Rainbow Lobby as "the eleventh largest grass-roots lobby in the country, with about 160,000 members nationwide." It has seven regional offices and about sixty employees. I recently dropped by the L Street office in downtown Washington to have a look. The waiting area is filled with National Alliance party propaganda, amid the requisite generic photos of starving African children. Around the corner, about a dozen staffers work in two large rooms, photocopying press releases and the like. Ross, pressed on how many of the lobby workers are members of the New Alliance party, will say only that membership is "not required." Based on the number of dazed expressions in the office, my guess is that most are Newmanites.

Ross says the lobby works "extremely closely" with the party but is "an independent organization," a fiction used to deceive many of those who contribute to or work with the lobby. In 1989, the *National Alliance* was more candid in linking the party's "outreach efforts" to the formation of the Rainbow Lobby in 1985. The results "were startling. . . . Within weeks canvassers were raising between $50 and $100 in one evening shift. . . . By 1988, the lobby had dozens of canvassers in the field, was running a telemarketing operation to reach contributors for follow-up donations, and grossed $548,000. In 1989, the lobby has put sixty canvassers in the field and projects that it will gross $1.2 million." Ross confirms that the target was met and says the tax-exempt lobby will raise $1.5 million this year, making it one of the fastest growing properties on the left today. The group's tax records for 1989 show that it spent more than $850,000 on lobbying activities last year, putting it in a league with the National Rifle Association and the AFL-CIO.

In addition to tax records, lobby reports filed with the clerk of the U.S. House point to a curious money circle encompassing the National Alliance party and its front groups. The strongest flow appears to be from the therapy centers to the lobby to the party. Virtually the same group of contributors are listed in each reporting period. One benefactor, for instance, Dr. Susan Massad, gave $5,000 to the lobby in 1988; according to advertisements placed in the *National Alliance* newspaper, Massad is the "medical director" of two Newman centers in New York, the Harlem and Bronx Institutes for Social Therapy and Research. In turn the lobby's expenditures go largely to NAP fronts, including the U.S.-Congo Friendship Committee, Alliance Press, New Alliance Productions, Vision Communications, Ilene Advertising, and the Castillo Center. Rainbow Lobby employees are listed as hefty donors to the NAP in its Federal Election Commission filings.

Ross contends that the lobby is financed solely through its door-to-door canvassing for two bills the lobby has gotten introduced in Congress. Rep. John Conyers's (D-Mich.) Fair Elections Bill—co-sponsored by Reps. Donald Payne (D-N.J.), Bruce Morrison (D-Conn., and a candidate for governor in that state this fall), Joseph Kennedy II (D-Mass.) and Sidney Yates (D-Ill.), among others—would make it easier for third-party candidates to get on federal ballots. The Democracy in Presidential Debates Act, sponsored by Reps. Jim Bates (D-Cal.), Kweisi Mfume (D-Md.), and Timothy Penny (D-Minn.), would require candidates who qualify for federal matching funds to be included in presidential debates. Both bills, of course, would directly benefit the New Alliance party, though the canvassers don't mention the connection. The congressmen, however, ought to be well aware of the lobby's motivation. Earlier this year, Ross brought Lenora Fulani to the Hill and hosted a coffee hour for interested legislators to generate support for the debates bill. In addition to Bates, Mfume, and Penny, Reps. Ed Markey (D-Mass.), Gerry Studds (D-Mass.), and Rep. James Oberstar (D-Mich.) showed up.

In its original incarnation as the Rainbow Alliance Lobby in 1984, the group lobbied on "electoral reform" issues for the NAP, the Peace and Freedom party, and other small leftist parties. Only in 1985 did the renamed Rainbow Lobby turn its attention to Zaire, though the National Alliance party had long been following developments there. This was the result of NAP's "fraternal ties with the Congolese National Liberation Front," a Marxist guerrilla group that led an unsuccessful military uprising in Zaire in the mid-1970s, according to the September/October 1989 issue of *Probe*, an NAP periodical. Evincing the sectarianism that has made the party anathema even to many on the extreme left, *Probe* explained that the NAP took up the Zaire issue because the "establishment Communist-Party left" was putting its resources behind the regime in Angola and the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa. "The Rainbow Lobby, guided by the tendency which refused to let it take the centrist route, now blossoms while the rest of the African liberation movement withers."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In carving out a niche like Zaire policy, the Rainbow Lobby has blossomed by default, demonstrating how simple it is for just about any crackpot to traverse the Beltway and become a seemingly legitimate part of the policy establishment. The rapidity with which the lobby found an eager audience for its political poison in Congress is a sign of just how terribly sick the institution is today. The advance of the lobby puts in question whether there are any limits whatever on the power wielded over Congress by lobbies, no matter what they stand for, or who is behind them. "The Lobby's role . . . attracted new respect on the Hill," the *Probe* article recounted. "Journalists began to identify the lobby as the clearinghouse for information on Mobutu and as the progressive force in Washington with a direct line into what was happening in Zaire." None of the lobby's officials has ever even been to Zaire, but they have been quoted in the *Boston Globe*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Wall Street Journal* as experts or advocates on Zaire, without a mention of the lobby's wider political connections. In another sign of the lobby's growing acceptance, on November 16 it will hold a conference on U.S. policy toward Zaire at Washington's venerable Brookings Institution.

The lobby's first big foreign-policy success came in 1987, when Rep. Ronald V. Dellums (D-Cal.) agreed to introduce a bill co-authored by the Rainbow Lobby (and reintroduced last year by Dellums), that called for an end to military aid to Zaire. At a meeting with Dellums aide Bob Brauer, *Probe* reported, "Ross asked if Dellums would take on Zaire. Brauer was responsive . . ." In December 1987, the Rainbow Lobby escorted to Capitol Hill Etienne Tshisekedi wa Mulumba, of the Zairean dissident group Union for Democracy and Social Progress. They met with several congressmen, including Dellums, who at the lobby's behest hosted a reception for Tshisekedi at the Congressional Black Caucus, and Rep. Howard Wolpe (D-Mich.), who did the same at his House Africa subcommittee. In 1988, following Tshisekedi's arrest in Zaire, the lobby convinced Rep. Robert Mrazek (D-N.Y.) to circulate a letter to House colleagues requesting signatures on a protest to Mobutu threatening a cut in U.S. aid. The letter was signed by Dellums, Wolpe, and twenty other members.

At an April 27 press conference this year, Ross made her baldest statements to date about the lobby's impact in the Capitol. She said that in response to "pressure" from her group, "significant members of Congress have unequivocally condemned [Mobutu's] regime, and called for an end to all U.S. military aid." She specifically claimed credit for "very strong [anti-Mobutu] statements" issued by Rep. Stephen Solarz (D-N.Y.), a ranking member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Rep. Wolpe, and Chairman Obey, all of whom called for an end to U.S. aid to Zaire in statements made just prior to the Rainbow Lobby's April 4 testimony.

This was a precursor to the main event, the June 13 Obey subcommittee mark-up of the foreign aid appropriations bill for 1991. After the way in which Obey drooled over the lobby's testimony in April, the subcommittee surprised no one by reporting out a bill that would ban all military and direct economic aid to the Mobutu regime. It would allow about $50 million in development assistance and food aid to be channelled through private voluntary organizations in Zaire. The full House approved the bill June 28 and the Senate is taking up the issue now. The bills will then go to a House-Senate conference. Last year, the Rainbow Lobby pushed the conference committee to zero out all military aid, and ended up securing a $3 million spending cap. This year even the Bush Administration seems to be going with the flow. It requested $9 million in military support last year, but cut it to $4 million this year.

The anti-Mobutu effort, of course, serves the purposes of the Marxist Angolan regime, as Mobutu has allowed funds and weapons for the anti-Communist rebel forces led by Jonas Savimbi to be funneled through Zaire. A March 1990 "Democracy Action Alert" from the lobby was more direct, calling for a cutoff of U.S. aid to Savimbi and "diplomatic recognition to the government of Angola." One staff member of the House intelligence committee, which voted narrowly in September to approve the Bush Administration's request of about $50 million in military aid to Savimbi's forces for next year, says the committee has been inundated with materials from the lobby, as well as requests for meetings on the issue. To his knowledge, no such meetings were scheduled.

The group's tax records for 1989 show that it spent more than $850,000 on lobbying activities last year, putting it in a league with the National Rifle Association and the AFL-CIO.

Another lobby favorite in Africa is the Polisario Front of the Western Sahara. The Polisario guerrillas, backed by Soviet client Algeria, have been fighting a war of "liberation" against Morocco for control of the territory since 1975, when Spain handed over its former colony to Morocco. In a letter to several potentially sympathetic members of Congress in April 1989, Ross implored Congress to cut Morocco's U.S. aid, which last year topped $120 million. (The U.S. receives crucial access for its rapid deployment forces on military bases in Morocco.) "We would like to meet with you to discuss formulating an appropriate legislative response [to the Western Sahara situation]," Ross wrote. Within a few weeks, the Rainbow Lobby received an invitation to a private early morning meeting of Rep. Wolpe's House Africa subcommittee to consider U.S. policy in the area. Last fall, Ross accompanied two Polisario executive committee members to meetings she arranged with several congressmen, including Wolpe, Solarz, Payne, and Reps. Robert Torricelli (D-N.J.) and Chet Atkins (D-Mass.), and Sen. Chuck Robb (D-Va.).

The Justice Department is investigating whether the lobby's activities on behalf of the Polisario Front are in violation of the Foreign Agents Registration Act. The lobby is not registered with the department to represent foreign governments or parties. In a June 1, 1990, response to a letter of inquiry from Joseph E. Clarkson, the chief of the department's Registration Unit, Deborah Green, the lobby's political director, stated that the lobby did not have to be so registered because "none of our efforts are in support of any American or foreign party, government or individual per se." This statement is contradicted by an article in the May 17, 1990 issue of the *National Alliance*, which contained this false claim: "The Rainbow Lobby is the registered representative of the Polisario Front." (The foreign agents act is a criminal statute, with violations bringing heavy fines and jail sentences.)

The final area of Rainbow Lobby interest these days is Haiti, where it opposes the dictatorship of Gen. Prosper Avril (the group tends to pick issues of particular interest to black Americans, apparently as part of the National Alliance party's outreach effort). In June, the lobby planned to hold a briefing on U.S. policy in Haiti on Capitol Hill. But when Ross called Francine Marshall, an aide to the House subcommittee on the Western Hemisphere, to request the use of a room in the Capitol building, Ross says she was told: "We know who you are, what your connections are, and you're not going to get the room. And I'm going to see to it that nobody up here attends your briefing." Ross then turned to Mike Frazier, an aide to Sen. Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) for help. Frazier—after being warned by a House aide (other than Marshall) that Kennedy ought not lend his name to the group—called the Senate Rules Committee and secured a room for the lobby in Kennedy's name. The briefing turned out to be a big draw, attracting aides to Sens. Frank Lautenberg (D-N.J.) and Barbara Mikulski (D-Md.), and Reps. Sam Gejdenson (D-Conn.), Clifford Stearns (R-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fla.), and John Porter (R-Ill.), among others. (A good number of the aides, of course, may have been doing nothing more than collecting information on Haiti; one would expect some degree of circumspection as to the source, however, before they act on such "facts.")

Certainly it is in the nature of lobbies to exaggerate their actual influence. On Zaire, for example, Mobutu had foes on Capitol Hill long before the Rainbow Lobby was founded, perhaps deservedly so. Yet the lobby's work undoubtedly has raised the profile of the issue and thus made a substantial difference. Greg Simpkins, an analyst at the pro-Savimbi Angola Peace Fund in Washington, says: "They've gotten lots of members to speak out against aid to Zaire who ordinarily probably wouldn't get involved in the issue. Partly, they work through intimidation—no liberal wants to be called a Mobutu apologist. Their impact is more with aides than members, who in effect act as their political commissars." The question remaining is whether congressional aides like Kennedy's Frazier, who give legitimacy and respectability not only to the Rainbow Lobby but to the politics of the National Alliance party, know who their friends really are.

In a recent statement in the *Congressional Record*, for instance, Rep. Mervyn Dymally (D-Cal.), recounted this experience with the lobby: "Mr. Speaker, on a more personal note, some time ago this group came to me, and believing they were part of Jesse Jackson's operation [the Rainbow Coalition], I, of course, greeted them very warmly and began working with them. I worked with them on some matters on Haiti, and I worked with them on matters on Zaire, and on one occasion they brought the opposition leaders from Zaire to meet with me." It was only later, says Dymally, who is a cosponsor of Conyers's Rainbow Lobby bill on free elections, when he came under attack in articles in the *National Alliance* newspaper for his position on Zaire aid, that he became aware of the lobby's true identity.

Dymally contends that the lobby uses misidentification with Jackson's Rainbow Coalition to gain access to Capitol Hill, as well as to recruit and raise money in black enclaves. In a letter to his Congressional Black Caucus colleagues, he wrote: "The Rainbow Lobby has embarked on a campaign of viciously attacking CBC members who are not co-authors of the [Dellums] bill. . . . Many Members of Congress confuse the Rainbow Lobby with the Rainbow Coalition, and usually respond to their requests for meetings. This group seemingly plays on this ambiguity and has become a very divisive force by its impact on the Congress. They should, in my judgement, be declared persona non grata." [1]

Many Hill aides admit that they don't know who they are doing business with. Frazier tells me that he has had a longstanding relationship with the lobby, but didn't know about the New Alliance party connection until I told him. "I've worked with them on Zaire and Haiti. That's all I know. Maybe I should find out more about that party," he says. Eric Schwartz, the aide who advises Solarz on Zaire, acknowledges having had contacts with the lobby, but hastens to point out that Solarz was a Mobutu opponent long before the lobby took up the issue. He, too, says he was not aware of the New Alliance connection, and adds that he "cannot check the bona fides of every group" with which he deals.

Asked about the coincidence of Solarz's April testimony before the Obey subcommittee and the appearance that day of the Rainbow Lobby, which did much to enhance the lobby's credibility, Schwartz referred inquiries to the Obey subcommittee. There, Obey aide Mark Murray did not return telephone calls. For her part, the lobby's Ross recounted: "Obey's staff called us up, said they were doing this, and of course we were thrilled to be asked to participate. After all, we've been trying to get them to come out publicly against Mobutu like this for three years." Ross went on to say that the timing of a critical letter sent to Mobutu from the co-chairmen of the Congressional Human Rights Caucus, Reps. Porter and Tom Lantos (D-Cal.), the day before the Obey hearing, also was the lobby's handiwork. A Caucus aide declined to comment on this, after first acknowledging having heard "vague rumors" about the lobby while working with them.

The Rainbow Lobby has blossomed by default, demonstrating how simple it is for just about any crackpot to traverse the Beltway and become a seemingly legitimate part of the policy establishment.

A second group in Congress seems to know all about the Rainbow Lobby, and proceeds to deal with them despite—or perhaps because of—their extremist politics and warped social theories. Both Dellums's aide Bob Brauer and Steve Weissman, the staff director of Wolpe's House Africa subcommittee, say they are aware of the lobby's links to the New Alliance party and that this does not affect their working relationship. Weissman called the lobby a "significant and welcome counterweight" to the Zairean government's lavishly funded lobbying campaign. This is not exactly a revelation, given their *simpatico* ideological agendas: Dellums is certainly no friend of democracy or Israel, and Weissman is described as "more Stalinist than any member of the Soviet Politburo" by a ranking striped-pants Africanist at the State Department. [2] According to a House Foreign Affairs Committee aide, Weissman has also used the research arm of Congress, the Congressional Research Service, to dig up information on members' positions on Zaire and has passed that information on to *National Alliance* newspaper reporter Richard Sokolow, who has been spotted photo-copying such documents in the Foreign Affairs committee office. The Solarz link is harder to figure. A photograph of Ross with a grinning Solarz prominently adorns her Washington office.

Ross herself professes to be amazed that most of her contacts on the Hill claim not to know much about her group. About Dymally's demurral, Ross issued this written statement: "From the beginning of our work on Capitol Hill, our staff has personally delivered, to Mr. Dymally and to each member of the Congressional Black Caucus and other members of Congress with whom we have worked, the weekly edition of the *National Alliance* newspaper, which could leave no doubt about the nature of our political alliances, and our explicit political differences with the Rev. Jesse Jackson and the Rainbow Coalition. In light of this actual history, known to everyone, Dymally's July 24 declaration of his 'confusion' is either an insult to the intelligence of Congress, or evidence of Dymally's complete mental disarray."

But that is precisely the point: it is no longer possible to insult the intelligence of Congress. The level of dense ignorance and calculated indifference on which the Rainbow Lobby's (i.e., the New Alliance party's) infiltration campaign counts is quite high in Congress's corridors. Thus, the efforts of the party's therapy cultists not only to advance their bizarre—demented, really—sociopolitical agenda at home, but to influence critical issues of U.S. foreign policy, continue to succeed.

The political damage the Rainbow Lobby is inflicting is not the most telling part of the story. No one can reasonably dispute that the New Alliance party and its various fronts are on their face evil institutions. It is almost as if Lyndon LaRouche or the Ku Klux Klan were having coffee klatsches and photo sessions with U.S. lawmakers. Almost, but not quite. For the Rainbow Lobby's singular success is not just a matter of a schizophrenic and decentralized Congress falling into the grip of unelected, unaccountable, and ideologically driven staff aides. It stems in large part from such groups being given *carte blanche* to appropriate the slogans—"openness," "fairness," "democracy"—that now pass for "liberalism." That so glaringly illiberal a group could be so casually accepted into the fold by (mostly) Democratic representatives and their aides is a measure of the confusion and decay that beset that ideology. □

[1] For more information on the Lobby's war of words with Dymally and its attacks on other members of the Congressional Black Caucus who don't toe the line, see the August 17, 1990, issue of Washington's *City Paper*. The first allegation of such tactics with respect to Rep. Gus Savage appeared in my February 1990 *TAS* article, "The Prince Metternichs of Congress."

[2] Weissman and I have crossed paths before. For an account of Weissman's personal interest in the Zaire question, I refer readers to the aforementioned *TAS* piece and Weissman's response in the April issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Fumento

WHAT KIND OF FUEL AM I?

On shaky scientific evidence, Congress is forging ahead to mandate the use of alternative automobile fuels. It's probably going to make no difference in pollution levels. It's definitely going to cost you a bundle. The likes of Bob Dole and Dwayne Andreas will see to it.

It's coming soon to a gas station near you. It may cost you more than the price of a movie ticket each week. And you may get less out of it than you got out of that foreign film you went to where you *thought* there would be subtitles. Introducing alternative fuels, one part of the Clean Air Act which Congress came close to passing this year and which will be back next year with a vengeance. While the Bush Administration has estimated the cost of the Act at "only" $21.5 billion a year, according to the Business Roundtable, an association of chief executives from U.S.-based Fortune 500 companies, the annual cost could range from a "best estimate" of $54 billion to as much as $104 billion. And while the White House described the Bush alternative-fuel proposal as "perhaps the most innovative and far-reaching component" of the act, the congressional Office of Technology Assessment has calculated that the alternative fuels provision will be, per ton of pollutants removed, the most expensive part of the act.

You've probably heard something about alternative or "clean" fuels, most of it positive. The Clean Air Act aside, the crisis in the Persian Gulf has focused even greater attention on them. What you may not have heard about are the added costs, concerns over increasing ozone pollution (this is surface ozone and has nothing to do with the alleged depletion of the upper-atmospheric ozone layer), concerns over safety, and the politics behind these alleged wunderfuels. Alas, like most things in life, these fuels just aren't what they're cracked up to be. If we don't watch out, we could soon be paying more for air that is dirtier than it is now.

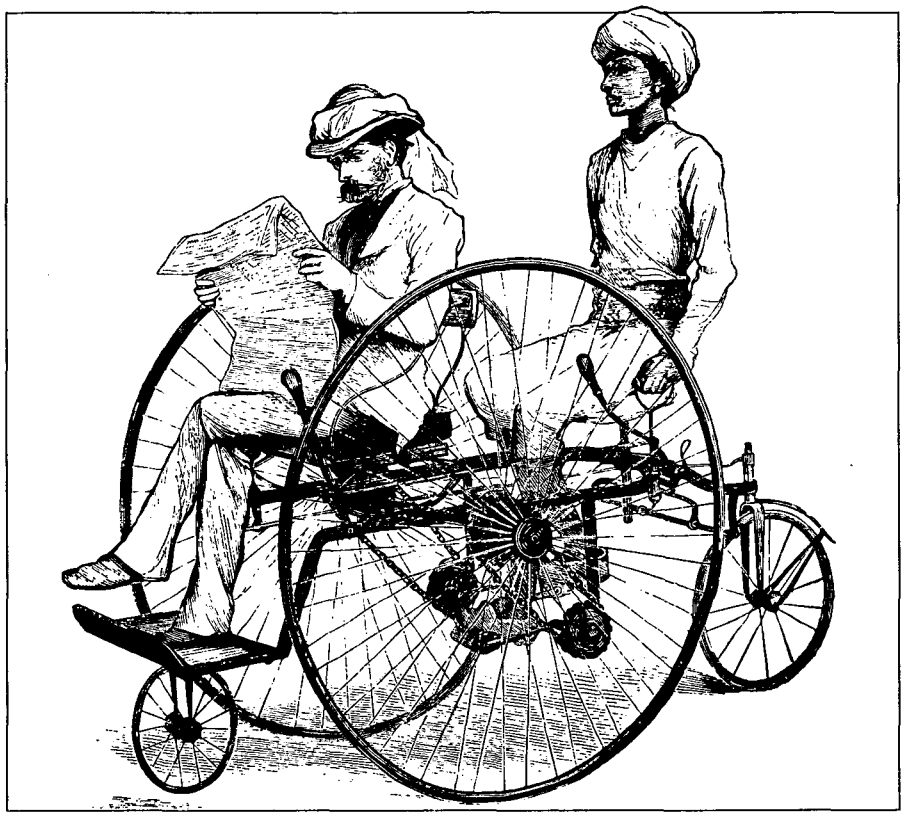
Most automobile air pollution is caused by gasoline that is incompletely burned in a car's cylinders, although some may be emitted from the gas tank itself or when cars are fueled at the pump. Nitrogen oxide, carbon monoxide, and various trace substances (aldehydes, olefins, hydrocarbons) spew out of tailpipes. Collectively, they are called "volatile organic compounds" (VOCs). Some, like carbon monoxide, cause pollution directly, while others, such as nitrogen oxide, hydrocarbons, and aldehydes, when cooked by sunlight, form ozone. These non-carbon monoxide pollutants come together and form smog.

Alternative fuels are supposed to reduce air pollution by reducing some or all of these emissions. That is the theory. Here are the dirty secrets of these allegedly clean fuels.

I. FUELS AND COSTS

All of the alternative fuels will be more expensive than gasoline in some ways; the only question is how much more. **Methanol**, or wood alcohol, is normally manufactured from either natural gas or coal. Many consider it the alternative fuel of choice. C. Boyden Gray, special counsel to President Bush and an avid supporter of alternative fuels, drives a methanol-powered car. Methanol works well in internal combustion engines. The fact that it has a higher octane rating than unleaded gasoline helps prevent knocking, or "pinging," and translates into more power when you push down on the accelerator. It has been used in the race cars at the Indy 500 for years.

But methanol fuel has half the energy value of gasoline; the same volume will propel a car only half as far. Methanol would require either doubling the size of the gas tank—a severe logistical problem—or cutting cruise range in half. If mass-produced for automobiles, methanol would cost anywhere from 50 to 90 cents a gallon; before the outbreak of the Iraq crisis, gasoline was wholesaling at about 65 cents a gallon. Taking into account the fewer miles per gallon, drivers' fuel bills, presently averaging $543 a year, would increase dramatically. A recent national poll showed that those questioned, while willing to pay for testing and repairs of emission systems every year and to pay for more expensive automobile emission systems, showed no such willingness to pay 20 cents extra per gallon for cleaner fuels.



Obviously, converting existing cars to methanol use would involve considerable expense. But even off the assembly line, such cars would cost about $300 more than their gasoline equivalents. Of course, given that an air bag can add $1,000 to the cost of a car, this could be considered a good investment—if in fact there were a real reduction in overall emissions. But that is not necessarily the case.

Ethanol is distilled from corn, sugar cane, or other grains, and is mixed with nine parts gasoline to create gasohol. Adding ethanol to gasoline adds oxygen to the fuel as well, hence it is called an "oxyfuel." Introduced over a century ago, ethanol gained attention during the oil "crisis" of the 1970s, when Congress sought to reduce oil imports and prop up sagging corn prices. Ethanol is used primarily in the Midwest, and accounts for a bit less than one percent of the 110 billion gallons of gasoline sold annually in the United States.

A fundamental drawback of ethanol is cost: almost $1.40 per gallon to produce only 70 percent of the energy of normal gasoline. To make ethanol competitive, the federal and state governments have given tax exemptions of 60 cents to 80 cents per gallon to gasohol producers, over $4.6 billion since 1980—most of which would otherwise have gone to the Federal Highway Trust Fund to rebuild and maintain roads. Ethanol also takes advantage of corn subsidies, over $1.2 billion since 1980, with about $1 billion of that since 1985. Moreover, the tax subsidies, by driving up the demand for and the price of

Michael Fumento, author of The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS *(New Republic Books), lives in Denver, Colorado.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film-Flam

Millions of readers look to The Wall Street Journal for sharp, sound coverage of business news—including the business of Hollywood.

And every day on the Leisure & Arts page, The Journal provides penetrating and provocative criticism of film and the arts.

We're proud to tell the world what's happening in Hollywood. And to offer Hollywood a worldly view.

With no flim-flam.

Copyright 1990 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

LEISURE & ARTS

Trashing

By PETER R. KANN
AND PHILIP JENNINGS

Once upon a time there were two types of war movies: those in which the American cause was just and all Americans were heroes and those in which our cause was just, notwithstanding the flaws of a few individual Americans.

These days there also are two kinds of war movies: those in which the American cause is evil and all Americans are villains and those in which a few Americans patronizingly are presented as idiot-innocents in a villainous U.S. cause. The propaganda point is the same, of course, give or take a noble savage.

Today's war movies are no more subtle or sophisticated than back in the days of our youth. Over the years, Hollywood has simply transferred the black hats onto Americans and the white hats onto almost anyone who shoots them up.

The latest example of this genre is "Air America," an airheaded aerial comedy directed by Roger Spottiswoode that sets out to both twist and trivialize the exploits of Air America pilots flying missions in Laos during the Indochina war. The film succeeds in delivering pretty faces (Mel Gibson and Robert Downey Jr. in lead roles), talented stuntmen, some spectacular Southeast Asian scenery, ample aerial acrobatics, and a plot so moronic and mendacious that it might more logically have been distributed by Red Star Studios in Hanoi rather than Tri-Star Pictures in Hollywood.

For the record, the U.S. government did indeed support a semi-clandestine war in Laos during the 1960s and early '70s aimed at stemming the flow of Hanoi's men and war materiel down the Ho Chi Minh Trail and at keeping the North Vietnamese and their Laotian puppets, the Pathet Lao, from conquering all of Laos. The main heroes in this bloody struggle were the Laotians, particularly the Hmong mountain tribesmen who suffered uncounted thousands of casualties battling the communists with a modicum of U.S. support. In the "peace-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reprinted from **THE WALL STREET JOURNAL** TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1990

History: Did Hanoi Make This Movie?

ful" postwar period, while Hollywood set about inverting war history on Thai movie sets, these same Hmong were victims of a campaign of annihilation carried on by Hanoi with means including chemical warfare.

There also were American heroes in Laos, primary among them the pilots of the CIA-funded Air America, who suffered 243 deaths in action flying military supplies to the Hmong soldiers or relief supplies to the myriad refugees from communist aggression.

None of this, naturally, emerges in "Air America." Rather, the Hmong soldiers are depicted as corrupt drug dealers led by a rapacious Laotian general employed by the CIA, which is masterminding the Laotian drug traffic to finance its wicked war of aggression in Indochina, in the process actively promoting the addiction of GIs in neighboring South Vietnam. The pilots of Air America are cast as knaves and fools, ferrying heroin and stealing guns, between their frathouse pranks and drunken stupors.

This drivel is scripted with all the subtlety of an "Animal House" cast reciting passages from Jane Fonda's Hanoi diaries. By the way, it cost Tri-Star $35 million to trash history and heroism in Laos; Air America pilots, by contrast, were paid about $35,000 a year to risk their lives.

Now, no one who spent time in Laos (which the film makers didn't) could contest that this war, like any other, included some element of humor amid pathos, human foibles along with heroism, smiles amid suffering. Whimsy exists in war, but it is something vastly different from the crude stereotyping and slapstick of "Air America."

Similarly, those who knew Laos would not contest that opium was a traditional crop of some Laotian tribesmen, that some drugs flowed through and from Laos, or that some corruption existed in Souphanna Phouma's Vientiane, as indeed it does in Marion Barry's Washington.

But the fact is that the main products of the Laotian war were casualties, refugees and postwar communist persecution and enslavement, not opium poppies. Air America was specifically barred from carrying any drugs for any purposes and during the two years the pilot co-author of this article flew helicopters in Laos, he never heard of those regulations being flouted.

The facts also are that Air America pilots were decent, dedicated, disciplined aviators—among the most professional and courageous in U.S. aviation history. Flying little Porters, lumbering C-123s or vulnerable helicopters into hand-hewn jungle airstrips to deliver ammunition, medicines or food supplies was no one's idea of fraternity pranks. It is not surprising that Air America veterans, in their outrage over the film, resent above all being depicted as slovenly drunkards and clowns.

The facts, too, are that the CIA operatives, AID relief workers and other American civilian officials in Laos who were Air America's clients also were proud and patriotic people serving their country in this sad side-theater of the Vietnam War. They too merit honor, not mockery.

How is it then, after all the Indochina evidence of these past 15 years—the communist conquest, concentration camps, exterminations, starvation, refugee exodus—that Tri-Star Pictures in the year 1990 still chooses to make a war movie planting the black hats squarely on the wrong heads? And what is it that leads the film makers to ridicule the honesty and professionalism of these pilots in the process?

A few clues perhaps can be found in a Hollywood-groupie article written from the film's Thai-resort set and published in the current issue of Premiere magazine. Here we learn how tough the poor cast and crew had it up there in the hills: Mr. Gibson actually getting diarrhea, plumpish Mr. Downey having to lose 15 pounds, a camera crew getting scared on a helicopter ride, and the constant risk of AIDS from Thai prostitutes hired as film extras. Small wonder, given such suffering, that the film makers were of misanthropic mind.

Then there's John Eskow, billed as screenwriter and co-producer of the film. Mr. Eskow, Premiere bemusedly tells us, speaks with pride of having "faked a shrink letter" to avoid service in Vietnam. This self-identified protege of Abbie Hoffman explains to Premiere that he wanted to make a "yippie" movie for producer, Daniel Melnick—"a fun, zany thing for the whole family, with laughs aplenty and big things blowing up."

Like the truth.

Is it worth being outraged over any of this, over what, after all, could be dismissed as just another silly bit of summer entertainment? This isn't by any means the first film to get the Indochina war backward or to belittle American sacrifice. Yet this one, more than the others, lapses from cinematic absurdity into political obscenity. And this one, because it focuses on a part of that war that is largely relegated to historical footnotes, threatens to become, for all too many Americans, the pop-historical memory of this conflict.

The association of Air America veterans attempted, during the three years this movie was in planning and production, to reach the producers and plead the case for some minimal tilt toward historical accuracy and decency to its dead. All to no avail. So the veterans are left to protest to the few who will listen that this film "is generally and specifically not true to the pilots and crews, the customers, the events, the mission, the results, the policies, and the raison d'etre of Air America. Not since the era of Ms. Fonda have individuals such as the makers of this film expressed so publicly their disgust and dislike for a group of American servicemen. It is a shame."

The rest of us are left with the prospect of Messrs. Melnick and Eskow embarking on a sequel a few years hence. This one presumably will be about corrupt warmongers at the Pentagon in cahoots with Zionist racketeers, sending 50,000 drug dealing GIs to the Middle East to launch a vicious war of aggression against Saddam Hussein and his groovy little guys.

Mr. Kann, the Journal's publisher, covered the Indochina war from 1967-75 as a Journal reporter. Mr. Jennings was an Air America pilot.

The Wall Street Journal.
The World's Business Daily.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corn, raise food prices. Yet the increase in the corn price has been small enough for the Department of Agriculture to conclude in a study that ethanol is a wasteful farm program. The federal General Accounting Office did calculate that ethanol saved more by reducing farm subsidies than it costs in highway subsidies, but this assumes that farm subsidies will remain at their current high levels. In the event, it is hardly reassuring to learn that one needless subsidy can slightly reduce another.

The Brazilian ethanol lesson is one to be heeded. A decade ago that nation, with a $250 million loan from the World Bank, began to convert its automobiles to run on pure ethanol. The use of cropland to grow sugar cane for distillation, along with heavy government subsidies to make ethanol competitive with gasoline, has helped make Brazil the Third World's largest debtor and contributed to its 1,000 percent inflation rate. Last year, a World Bank study urged an end to the alcohol program, calling it inefficient and costly compared to world oil prices. Nonetheless, Brazilian manufacturers continue to turn out ethanol-powered vehicles, forcing the country to make huge purchases of over 100 million gallons of the fuel from U.S. companies. So much for a program designed to reduce Brazil's dependence on imported fuel.

Closer to home, Colorado's three-year-old oxyfuel program has been heralded as a great success—by those who run it. However, experts like Larry Anderson, a professor of chemistry at the University of Colorado at Denver, question whether the program has brought any real improvement in Denver's air quality. His worries were recently confirmed by an independent analysis of Colorado's clean air program conducted by the Milliken Research Group, Inc., sponsored by gasoline refiners and marketers. The study noted that carbon monoxide levels in Denver's air have declined an average of 29.1 percent each year since 1982, and are expected to continue to decline. Denver could comply with federal ambient carbon monoxide standards as early as 1991, with little if any deviation from this trend attributable to the oxyfuels program. According to the University of Denver's director of atmospheric sciences Clay Smith, who worked on the study, oxyfuels have probably done nothing to help bring Denver into compliance. "At best, oxyfuels will put us into compliance one year earlier." Says Smith, "Oxyfuels are of marginal benefit in improving air quality. They're too expensive."

The experiences of other states, whose officials enacted oxyfuels programs in response to the lofty claims streaming out of Colorado, may prove far worse. Gary Woodard, a researcher at the University of Arizona in Tucson, recently completed a study for that state's legislature of oxyfuels programs in Arizona and other states. "The costs were a lot higher than most people expected," says Woodard. He found that the highest figure the Colorado Department of Health had been using for its program, about $8 million to $9 million, "is probably a low-end figure, and the actual range is about nine to fifteen million." Woodard found that the Colorado program made assumptions that just didn't jibe with reality, such as one indicating a mileage improvement in older vehicles; Woodard found that converted older vehicles had had a mileage reduction, though not as dramatic as newer vehicles. He found, too, that Colorado's program represented the best-case scenario, with a more competitive fuel market, a shorter program (four months per year versus six in Phoenix and other cities), and higher elevation. Woodard found that per pound of carbon monoxide removed from emissions, the oxyfuels program in Phoenix cost four times that of Colorado. Nonetheless, the figures put forth by the Colorado Department of Health are used by Congress to estimate the cost of mandating oxyfuels for much of the country. Woodard also found that the oxyfuels program in Arizona was considerably less cost-effective than the emissions inspection and maintenance program already in place, and that it appeared to hamper that program by allowing some cars to pass inspection that wouldn't have, leaving them to pollute excessively during the warm months when oxyfuels are not used.

General Motors has developed an electronic vehicle, the Impact, which may be in dealer showrooms by the mid-1990s.

Mandating a greater use of ethanol would increase the already massive subsidies ethanol producers and corn growers receive, with resulting dislocations elsewhere. Further, ethanol has been shown to corrode and to cause build-up on engine and fuel system parts, sometimes prompting repairs of up to $800 in middle-priced cars. The owner's manuals for 1987 BMWs, Chryslers, Fords, General Motors cars, Hondas, and Volkswagens all caution that ethanol can cause problems.

ETBE, a new combination of ethanol and t-butanol (a petroleum extract), uses less ethanol than gasohol and is easier on engine parts, but like ethanol it owes its existence to heavy subsidies.

MTBE, a combination of methanol and t-butanol, is also an oxyfuel when added in a large quantity to gasoline (eleven parts per hundred under Colorado's program). Like ethanol, it produces a leaner burn and is an octane booster, but is more expensive than gasoline, causes corrosion and fouling —albeit less than ethanol—and lowers mileage. About one-third of the MTBE sold in the U.S. is produced by one company, ARCO.

Natural gas is mostly methane. Like oil, it is tapped primarily from wells, but it can also be extracted from coal mines or made from garbage. For use as a motor fuel, however, natural gas must be compressed or liquified. Liquified natural gas needs to be kept at temperatures far below the freezing point and is not yet practical for vehicles. **Compressed natural gas (CNG)** is practical and is used in fleet vehicles (taxis, company cars, and the like) around the world. It is a far more efficient means of using natural gas than converting it to methanol, in that methanol conversion results in the loss of 43 percent of the original energy, while CNG allows 84 percent of the gas's original energy to be used. Unlike other alternative fuels, CNG can not only compete with gasoline costs but is in fact considerably cheaper per mile. It has an extremely high octane level, and allows vehicles to start and run much as they do on gasoline. They take much longer to refuel unless the gas is compressed before it reaches the dispensing unit. Unfortunately, compressing stations cost about ten times as much as ordinary pumps.

CNG cars need not only different engines and fuel systems, but also fuel tanks of very heavy stainless steel construction or somewhat lighter aluminum composite cylinders, both of which can significantly limit mileage. And CNG has even less energy value than methanol; compressed to 2,400 pounds per square inch, it still only has about one-fifth the energy of gasoline per unit of weight. Because of the weight of the tanks, the acceleration rates of CNG vehicles are 20 to 65 percent lower than those of typical gasoline vehicles. Finally, a CNG vehicle would cost about $1,000 more than its gasoline equivalent.

New Zealand, which produces all of its own natural gas, put much stock in CNG. But when the government ended subsidies for vehicle conversions and oil prices fell, the number of new conversions plummeted.

Propane, or **liquified petroleum gas**, is a paraffin: although a petroleum product (it can also be produced from natural gas), it contains none of the olefins or aromatics that produce smog. Propane mixes very well with air, and, like compressed gas, is already vaporous when mixing in the injection ports of carburetors, reducing the pollutants ordinarily released when an engine turns over. It also has the major disadvantage of needing heavy tanks for fuel storage. Propane's energy value is somewhat below gasoline's—about 85 percent—but in cost per mile this is more than made up for by the lower price of the fuel. Propane cars off an assembly line will cost more than gasoline cars, probably somewhere between methanol cars and CNG cars. Propane is already used to power indoor forklifts and some other fleet vehicles.

Electric vehicles (EVs), which run on batteries, were said in the mid-1970s to be the car of the future. In 1990 they remain the car of the future, at least for private (non-fleet) owners, but the future may at last be drawing close. General Motors has developed an electric vehicle, the Impact, which may be in dealer showrooms by the mid-1990s. A sleek two-seater coupe, the Impact accelerates as quickly as many gasoline-powered sports cars and has a top speed of more than 100 miles per hour.

California has contracted for 10,000 electric cars for fleet use, which are to be built in Sweden and in Colorado by a company called Unique Mobility, Inc., and are scheduled for deployment by 1995. Currently, the most expensive part of powering an electric car is not the electricity itself but the cost of the batteries, which must occasionally be replaced. The batteries now powering the Impact need replacement every 20,000 miles or so, which would make electric cars twice as expensive per mile as gasoline cars. GM engineers are confident that within the next few years that capacity can be doubled to a competitive 40,000 miles. Another battery being produced is expected to have a life of 100,000 miles. The Impact is limited by range (124 miles) and recharging time (two hours). The Unique Mobility mini-van has a range of 100 miles, which can be extended by a small on-board propane-powered engine, and its batteries need up to eight hours to charge. Eventually, solar cells may be put on automobiles to provide extended range, but passenger vehicles run solely on solar energy will never be practicable simply because the cells can't produce enough power for accel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eration, no matter how efficient they are at converting sunlight.

Reformulated gasoline, unlike most alternative fuels, is a petroleum product. Oxygen is added to reformulated gasoline by adding about two to three parts per hundred of MTBE, giving it the octane to make up for the removal of aromatics that lead to ozone formation, such as benzene and toluene. Reformulated gasoline has an energy value only about two percent lower than conventional unleaded gasoline and can use the same pipelines, engines, and gas tanks. Therefore, the extra two to three cents per gallon cost will be the total added cost. Further, because it requires no new equipment, reformulated gasoline's effect on pollution levels is instantaneous.

(One much-ballyhooed alternative fuel—hydrogen—has not been discussed here. That's because it's still completely experimental and not likely to be used for years to come, regardless of merit.)

II. SAFETY

It is well known that gasoline can be dangerous. Although automobile explosions are actually quite rare, especially in comparison to those depicted on television and in the cinema, they do occur. Gasoline can also be toxic. But the dangers of gasoline may be dwarfed by those of its alternatives.

Methanol is more acutely toxic than gasoline, and almost certainly the most dangerous of the alternative fuels. Gasoline must be taken into the lungs to cause damage, but just a small amount of swallowed methanol can cause blindness, nerve damage, or death. It is colorless, and—unlike gasoline—both tasteless and odorless. If methanol came into widespread use it could cause many fatalities and dramatically increase the incidence of accidental blindness. People could ingest it accidentally by siphoning it orally, as they siphon gasoline. And methanol is toxic even when absorbed through the skin; drivers and service station personnel could be exposed by continuing to wear clothing on which they accidentally spilled methanol. Methanol burns with no flame and no smoke, making methanol fires much more difficult to spot and fight. If you've ever seen a driver running frantically from a crashed Formula One racing car as if being burned by invisible flames, then you've witnessed this effect.

Some of these problems could be corrected by using a mix of 85 percent methanol and 15 percent gasoline, or "M85," which gives the fuel a more visible flame, a bad taste, and some smoke, and also makes vehicles easier to start in cold weather. But such a mixture greatly increases emissions, possibly negating the effect of using methanol in the first place.

On the brighter side, despite tunnel bans in many areas on vehicles carrying propane, it appears that both propane and natural gas are just as safe in the event of a collision as is gasoline. Indeed, containers for alternative fuels are so solid that the explosion rate for these vehicles is below that of gasoline cars.

III. POLLUTION

The House and Senate bills refer to alternative fuels as "clean fuels," as do most members of the media. This is a gross misnomer. All fuels cause pollution, and some "clean fuels" are dirtier for some emissions than gasoline. The widespread belief that methanol produces significantly reduced emissions is based on theory, outdated studies, and erroneous presumptions. Many recent tests have shown no benefit, or even a detriment, from burning methanol instead of gasoline. An Environmental Protection Agency study has found M100 producing about a third of the hydrocarbons as gasoline, with M85 producing about two-thirds as much. But a study by the California Air Resources Board (CARB) shows only tiny differences, and a study by Sierra Research, a California consulting firm that has done extensive work for the governments of eight northeastern states and California, shows both M85 and M100 emitting slightly *more* hydrocarbons than gasoline. As for nitrogen oxide, the other principal component of smog, methanol has, in test after test, car after car, caused higher emissions. M85 produces three to five times more formaldehyde than does gasoline. Formaldehyde is another component of smog and a suspected human carcinogen. M85 has also proved to produce as much or more carbon monoxide than gasoline.

A leading environmentalist and a White House appointee under President Carter, James MacKenzie of the World Resources Institute, says of methanol: "It's a turkey. It has nothing to offer." Both the EPA and Congress's own Office of Technology Assessment believe methanol would bring little improvement in air quality, and in Brazil last December environmentalists won a court order blocking the fuel's importation. Perhaps the best we can hope for from tremendous expenditures for methanol would be only slightly more pollution than we get from gasoline.

Finally, widespread use of methanol from natural gas would probably result in either importing the methanol from foreign countries or converting abundant domestic coal supplies—a process that generates large amounts of carbon dioxide. This would be ironic, as the Clean Air Act will mandate severe and expensive controls on carbon dioxide emissions in the belief that they contribute to global warming.

Ethanol can reduce carbon monoxide emissions in some cars by adding oxygen to fuel, but it too may end up causing more pollution than it prevents. A Sierra Research study concluded that ethanol would cut carbon monoxide by 25 percent, but that nitrogen oxides, which cause smog and acid rain, would rise by 8 to 15 percent, and hydrocarbons by 50 percent. That works out to six percent more smog. Tom Austin, former head of the CARB Mobile Sources Division and one of the authors of the Sierra study, said, "Motorists will end up paying more for dirtier air." Because the study was financed by the oil industry, some opponents cried foul. But the CARB and the Northeast States for Coordinated Air Use Management, two entities with the toughest air standards in the world, have agreed with the findings. The study should have come as no surprise to the EPA, which found that the use of ethanol so increased evaporative emissions from gas tanks that the fuel could not qualify for use under the 1977 Clean Air Act. A loophole in the regulations allowed ethanol to be used without EPA permission. In 1987, another request for formal gasohol approval was denied on similar grounds.

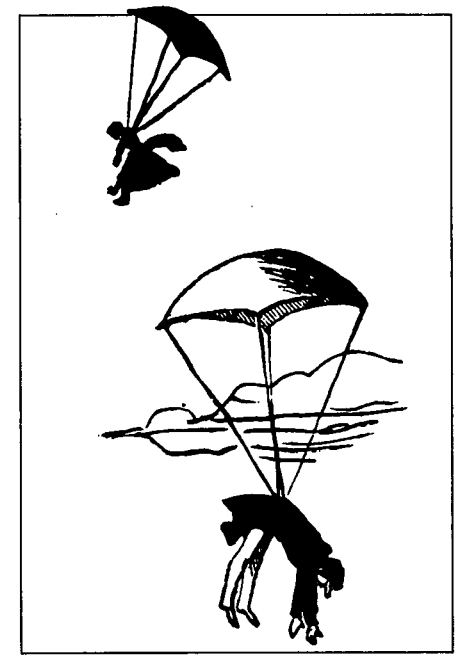
Methanol is more acutely toxic than gasoline, and almost certainly the most dangerous of the alternative fuels.

All cars built since the mid-1980s have oxygen sensors that automatically adjust the burn mixture. For such cars, there are few advantages to oxygenated fuels. In older cars or cars with broken oxygen sensors, oxyfuels have been shown to reduce carbon monoxide emissions, but to mandate that everyone in an area use such fuels for the sake of those cars is rather like making everyone take aspirin each day because some people will develop headaches. While ethanol, added costs aside, might prove useful for a minority of cars in cities where carbon monoxide is a problem but ozone isn't—such as Las Vegas, Denver, and Phoenix—it makes no sense for areas with ozone problems.

Electric vehicles, since they have no tailpipes, appear to emit no pollution until one considers they are ultimately powered by some other fuel, whether oil, coal, or nuclear. Nevertheless, electric car engines are so efficient compared to internal combustion ones that, depending on the type of plant generating the electricity, they can be up to 90 percent cleaner for nitrogen oxide and 99 percent cleaner for carbon monoxide and other gases. Indeed, if nuclear power is used to generate the electricity, gaseous pollution is reduced to nearly zero.

As for natural gas, limited testing indicates hydrocarbon emissions may be significantly lower than for gasoline engines. Stronger evidence indicates a major decrease in carbon monoxide emissions. Things are less clear concerning nitrogen oxide: the EPA estimates that condensed gas would actually increase emissions significantly, but others have concluded that with properly designed engines, nitrogen oxide emissions would be lower than with gasoline. Propane has significantly lower carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions, and causes nitrogen oxide emissions that, while no lower than gasoline, are not significantly higher, either.

The least of the alternative fuels—in several senses of the word—is reformulated gasoline. Gasoline is currently reformulated by removing olefins and aromatics and replacing them with a small amount of MTBE to keep the octane up. Like the oxyfuels, reformulated gasoline works best for the dirtiest-running cars but has little effect on clean-running ones. Nevertheless, it is less expensive than the oxyfuels, causes no damage to car engines or fuel lines, and is being touted by the oil industry as only a temporary measure en route to better reformulations. To find the right recipe for reformulated gasoline, fourteen oil



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies and the Big Three auto companies have embarked on an unprecedented joint research and testing program, comprising 2,200 tests of thirty-four cars and twenty fuels. It is the most comprehensive analysis of its kind ever undertaken, and the results are expected late this year. Unfortunately, Congress would not wait before promulgating its own recipes. Both House and Senate versions of the bill require fairly specific formulas for what should and should not be in fuel. But even C. Boyden Gray says that it should not be up to Congress to devise recipes for fuel, rather that the petroleum industry, with over a hundred years of experience in refining, should be given performance standards rather than specific recipes.

IV. THE POLITICS OF ETHANOL

If alternative fuels are not the wonders we've generally been told, what is the driving force behind them? In part it is the belief that gasoline, since it has contributed so much to air pollution, is somehow immoral, and that any alternative must therefore be better. But the case for ethanol, the "most successful" alternative fuel, is based not on idealism but on good old-fashioned politics and payoffs. Indeed, it is doubtful that ethanol would be considered at all as a fuel today without the massive lobbying effort of Archer Daniels Midland (ADM), a Decatur, Illinois-based corporation, and its chairman Dwayne Andreas.

Archer Daniels, with gross annual revenues of about $7 billion, is the largest grain processing company in the world. It also has a 60 percent share of the U.S. ethanol market, according to the Renewable Fuels Association, a lobbying group funded primarily by ADM. The corporation puts out as little hard information as possible and doesn't even maintain a press office, although this doesn't prevent some of its individual officials from complaining about the media more than Reed Irvine ever does. Nor does it break down earnings by product, but, according to George Dahlman of Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood, Inc., about 27 percent of its revenue, approximately $1.9 billion, comes from corn processing. About one-third of that, or $633 million, comes from ethanol, the rest from the sale of high-fructose corn syrup (HFCS), a sugar substitute.

Like ethanol, high-fructose corn syrup has been around for some time, but only since the late 1970s has it surpassed corn starch, glucose, and dextrose. In 1975 corn refiners produced only half a million tons of the syrup. By 1980 this had jumped to 2.2. million, by 1985 to 5.1 million.

It's no coincidence that the corn syrup boom has paralleled the increase in gasohol production. Wet-milling ethanol plants (including all of Archer Daniels's), in which water is added during the milling process, can produce ethanol at lower cost than dry-milling ones (where water is added downstream during milling), in part because their facilities are shared with corn syrup production. Ethanol can be produced using excess syrup capacity during the winter, when demand for the sweetener is low due to lower soft drink consumption. Thus, every subsidy, every food giveaway, every government support for ethanol is also a support for high fructose corn syrup. Sugar price supports and sugar import restrictions, both of which Archer Daniels has lobbied for through its representatives, also support ethanol.

Robert Dole sponsored the original 1978 amendment that provided a tax break for gasohol . . . For their part, Dwayne Andreas and Archer Daniels' PAC have kicked in at least $87,000 to Dole's Senate and presidential campaign committees.

Archer Daniels is the primary funder of two pro-gasohol lobbying organizations located in Washington, the Renewable Fuels Association and the Corn Growers Association. In the last presidential race, Archer Daniels and the Andreas family contributed to the campaigns of both George Bush and Michael Dukakis, as well as those of Jesse Jackson, Albert Gore, Paul Simon, and Robert Dole.

The point man for Andreas has been Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas. Dole sponsored the original 1978 amendment that provided a tax break for gasohol and at least twenty-four other bills designed to promote the product. For their part, Andreas and Archer Daniels's PAC have kicked in at least $87,000 to Dole's Senate and presidential campaign committees, more than they have given to any other current member of Congress. The ADM Foundation has contributed $160,000 to the Dole Foundation, a charitable organization established by the senator. Dole took three free trips to Midwest speaking engagements on ADM airplanes in 1983. But by far the most lucrative contribution to Dole was ADM's co-sponsorship (with Mobil Oil) of "Face-Off," a daily three-minute radio debate between Dole and Sen. Edward Kennedy, which Dole took part in from April 1984 until he announced his candidacy for President in November 1987. Broadcast prime-time on 160 stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, the show provided Dole with a sounding board that, had he had to pay for it, would surely have busted his campaign bank account. Mutual Broadcasting would not give an exact figure on the cost of sponsoring the show, but, according to spokesman John Gudelanis, "a thousand dollars a day would not be too far out of the range." In addition, Gudelanis thought that the sponsors of "Face-Off" paid some of the production costs. At $1,000 a day, this unofficial contribution was worth $840,000 to Dole over three years.

Whatever his motivations, Dole always stands ready to do Archer Daniels's bidding, even if it goes against the interests of his state. While it's true that ethanol production does prop up corn prices somewhat, Kansas is much more a soybean state, and the ethanol program hurts soybean farmers, since livestock feed, a by-product of ethanol production, competes with soybean meal. When a corn product like wet gluten feed enters the market, the demand for soybean meal is reduced. Every 100-million-bushel increase in ethanol-induced corn production causes an estimated twelve to thirteen cent decline in soybean prices per hundredweight. Dole's support for corn farmers via gasohol, then, comes only at the expense of his state's soybean farmers. Often, of course, farmers grow both crops, not realizing that the extra money they're making on corn is depressing the price of their soybeans. Not incidentally, Archer Daniels, as a major processor of soybeans, gains from this decline in soybean prices.

Yet the major crop of Kansas is wheat. Kansas is the nation's foremost wheat producer, and the grain accounts for three to four times the cash value of the state's corn crop. And it is wheat farmers who have stood to lose the most from the Dole-Andreas ethanol protection. Dole pursued alcohol tariff legislation against Brazil despite strong warnings that Brazil might retaliate with trade restrictions of its own. Had it done so, wheat would have been perhaps the first target, as Brazil is the world's fourth greatest importer of the grain. Despite their senior senator's best efforts, Kansas wheat farmers suffered no such retaliation. In late 1985, however, they didn't fare so well when the Brazilian minister of industry and commerce, Roberto Gusmão, with the aid of the U.S. ambassador to Brazil Diego Acensio, proposed that the United States relax its import restrictions on Brazilian alcohol in exchange for any number of possible concessions on the part of Brazil. One suggestion was that Brazil buy the corn for its increased ethanol production from American farmers. Another was that it increase its wheat allocation from the United States.

Between a sudden drop in oil prices and therefore decreased attractiveness of gasohol, and intense lobbying, the deals fell through. Says Acensio, "My understanding was that they ran afoul of the objectives of Archer Daniels Midland. The minister came back crestfallen, convinced he had been torpedoed by Archer Daniels." Was Dole involved? Royal Daniel, a Washington, D.C. attorney who lobbied for the Brazilian government, believes he was. "How directly I just can't tell you. Dole followed very closely. ADM is one of his great benefactors, what with that 'Face-Off' show and all."

Furthermore, many corn farmers, in Kansas and elsewhere, are far from happy with the gasohol program. "The piggishness of ADM has caused a major political problem for the whole corn industry," John Ford of the American Corn Growers Association told the *Kansas City Star*. "The corn industry, the politics of it, is controlled by one man and Bob Dole is his gofer on the Hill."

Dole was the sponsor or co-sponsor of at least five bills in the crucial 1981-85 period that set or served to maintain sugar price support targets, although only two of the bills concerned sugar exclusively. Telling was Dole's response to a request by Savannah Food and Industries in December 1985 for a presidential proclamation to allow imports of raw sugar in amounts exceeding existing quotas so that U.S. sugar refiners could make high fructose syrup from the cheaper sugar. According to *Alcohol Update*, a publication of Information Resources, Inc., "If a measure like this is adopted under the farm bill or through other means, Sen. Robert Dole has said that he would introduce legislation to nullify it."

Ethanol, bastard of science and creation of politics, stands to gain the most from the alternative fuels section of the Clean Air Act. In negotiations the week before the House approved its version, pro-ethanol Energy and Commerce Committee members met with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

environmentalists from ethanol-producing states. Together they pushed through a compromise that would effectively mandate the use of MTBE or ethanol year-round in the nation's nine ozone non-attainment areas and for the six coldest months in the forty-four carbon monoxide non-attainment areas beginning in 1992.[1] If the five most serious carbon monoxide areas don't achieve attainment by 1994 they will effectively be required to use ethanol only, since only ethanol can reach the oxygen level required. A co-sponsor of the legislation, Rep. Bill Richardson (D-N.M.), said the amendment would "give credibility to the growing ethanol industry," as if a congressional edict should overrule scientific evidence.

Meanwhile, Sen. Tom Daschle (D-S.D.) has pushed through an amendment to the Senate bill that would effectively mandate MTBE or ethanol for high-ozone areas in the six coldest months, with effectively half of that share going to ethanol for high carbon monoxide areas. It seems to have mattered little to Richardson or Daschle that evidence shows that ethanol *aggravates* the ozone problem. Nor will this increased smog come cheaply. The Congressional Research Service estimates the extra 10-to-15-cent-per-gallon cost of the fuel in the nine non-ozone non-attainment areas alone would cost consumers in those cities $25 to $50 billion annually. Under certain circumstances, the cost could be as high as $100 billion.

The only other alternative fuel that has received serious lobbying is methanol. In 1988, Sen. Jay Rockefeller (D-W.V.) sponsored successful legislation to exempt alternative fuels from the Corporate Average Fleet Economy (CAFE) standards which mandate that if cars do not maintain a certain average fuel economy, the manufacturer will be fined. The legislation serves as an incentive for the sale of alternative fuel vehicles. Rockefeller's purpose could only have been to support the coal industry, which hopes to gain by the conversion of its product to methanol. Other lobbyists for methanol include the natural gas companies Hoerscht Celanese of West Germany and ICI Americas of the United Kingdom.

The final politically created fuel is reformulated gasoline, which exists primarily to allow the petroleum companies to assert that they are making progress in refining cleaner fuels and to stave off efforts to mandate the use of alternatives. It scores points with the media, which are generally critical of the petroleum industry, but has been ignored by Congress. Nevertheless, while the petroleum industry obviously has a stake in keeping as much of its market share as it can, the drawbacks of non-petroleum fuels make this political creature far more attractive than ethanol.

All of which brings us to another dirty little secret. According to the EPA, better engine design and tuning, and recycling of vapors (for example, the catalytic converter) have cut emissions of volatile organic compounds from automobile tailpipes by 96 percent since 1970. In fact, most of the volatile emissions that cause smog come from cars built before 1981. But as a Brookings Institution study pointed out a few years ago, regulations that increase the price of owning or operating new cars only cause old-car owners to delay retiring their vehicles. Which is exactly what alternative fuels will do.

There are *some* advantages to *some* alternative fuels in *some* situations. As battery technology improves, electric cars may begin to outperform all internal combustion engine vehicles. Propane and natural gas may help reduce pollution in some areas, and have few drawbacks if used only for fleet vehicles. But for now and the near future, all the alternative fuels have serious disadvantages. Unfortunately, the House version of the 1990 Clean Air Act mandated the selling of 150,000 alternative fuel vehicles in California in the 1994 model year, and 300,000 per year for 1997 and after. Congress has not, in its infinite wisdom, decided how it is going to get individual Californians to buy vehicles that cost more to purchase, will reduce driving range, may cost more to run, and would effectively curtail out-of-state travel for fear of breakdowns where there are no mechanics trained to work on alternative fuel vehicles.

It might seem at first that alternative fuels could contribute significantly to lessening America's dependence on imported oil. Indeed, the Department of Energy (DOE) has responded to the Iraqi crisis by calling for more ethanol production. But it's important to understand that the U.S. isn't running out of oil. Petroleum reserves in the U.S. are estimated to be as high as 300 billion barrels, more than the known reserves of Saudi oil. What has happened is that much of the easiest oil to reach has been extracted, and the incentives for drilling consequently eliminated. Further, the 1986 tax reform severely curbed the depletion allowance and eliminated tax shelters that allowed many of the industry's tax advantages to be passed on to investors. Like many U.S. companies, petroleum drillers and importers have found it cheaper to do their work abroad. If Congress were to grant U.S. oil companies the tax breaks it gives ethanol producers—with the stipulation that it apply only to U.S. oil—domestic oil production would skyrocket and dependence on foreign oil would drop dramatically. Although the price for the subsidy would be enormous, it would be less so than pouring money into ethanol production.

If Congress were to grant U.S. oil companies the tax breaks it gives ethanol producers, dependence on foreign oil would drop dramatically.

The other reason for a lack of American drilling is the environmentalist movement's success in getting large oilfields declared off-limits. Environmentalists prefer to put emphasis on the development of non-hydrocarbon and non-nuclear sources of energy such as solar. Environmentalism's success reminds us that politics is largely responsible for our dependency on imported oil, and that some of the same people agitating to reduce dependency are the ones who helped bring it about in the first place.

V. OTHER ALTERNATIVES

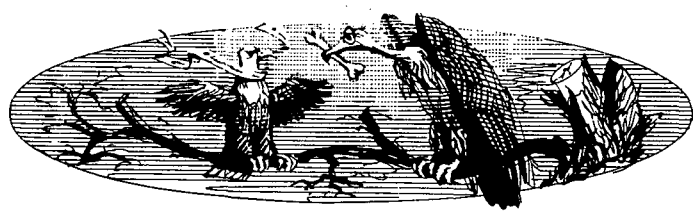
One final dirty secret: cleaner fuel won't do as much good in cars, old or new, as a good tune-up or making owners who have intentionally disabled their pollution control systems fix them. Donald Stedman, a professor of chemistry at the University of Denver and a former Ford scientist, says that too much emphasis is being put on reducing low levels of emissions from essentially clean-running cars—either through alternative fuels or by further tightening up tailpipe emission standards—and that more emphasis should be put on cleaning up dirty cars. Gary Woodard's Arizona study also found that "programs focusing on identifying and remedying high [carbon monoxide] emitters may be more cost-effective than programs that impact equally on all vehicles." About half of all automobile pollution is emitted by only ten percent of cars; cleaning them up would lead to rewards as great as getting the clean ones to run just a bit cleaner, an action Stedman compares to making a sharp pencil a little bit sharper.

Stedman and several colleagues have developed a device called FEAT (for "Fuel Economy Automobile Test") which, when stationed by the side of the road, measures on-road emissions in about a second at a cost of 50 cents a reading. In combination with a videotape machine and a program of awards and fines, this device would dramatically reduce emissions at a fraction of the cost of alternative fuels or even present emissions testing programs. FEAT has been successfully tested in Colorado, California, and Illinois, and an amendment to the House Clean Air Act would mandate its use in non-attainment areas.

Stedman and his device show that the real hope for the future is in fresh alternative ideas. Gasoline—along with methanol, ethanol, propane, and natural gas—will eventually go the way of whale oil. And no one sees the writing on the wall better than the Arab oil nations, which invest heavily in U.S. solar energy research. Perhaps even now they're planning for an Organization of Solar Panel Exporting Countries, or OSPEC. But the time for worry will come only after many years, when today's events in the Persian Gulf are a distant memory. Until then, the fuels our cars use will have to be chosen according to which provides the optimum in price, performance, and pollution control. Sentimentalism and blind prejudice against gasoline should not be among the factors. □

[1]To determine whether a city is a non-attainment area, the carbon monoxide or ozone is measured hourly at stations spread strategically through the city. Eight consecutive hours are then averaged, and that average recorded. If the maximum percentage of particles is violated (9 per million of carbon monoxide, .12 per million of ozone), this is considered an "exceedence" day. It is also an exceedence day for carbon monoxide if the level of 35 parts per million is recorded in any given hour. The EPA tolerates one such day, but two or more such days put the city in non-compliance. Among other reasons, the standard is controversial because, as in the case of Denver, if only one monitor, located at the worst traffic spot, is triggered for two hours of non-compliance, the entire city can be branded as a high pollution area.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LATE BOOMERS

by Tom Wolfe

As Bruce Bawer has written, no generation in history has ever been more lavishly analyzed, dramatized, mythologized, and agonized over than the Baby Boomers, the Americans who were born between 1945 and 1965. The Boomers' boom was a boom in the birth rate following the Depression and the Second World War. But these children also grew up during perhaps the greatest economic boom any major nation has ever experienced, and during a time when the United States swelled up into one of the two giants who trod the globe. From amidst all these booms and heavy footfalls emerged such fabled babies as the hippies, the New Left, the Vietnam Generation, the Jesus People, the New Agers, and the Yuppies.

In my opinion, myth is not too pompous a word for the aura that shone 'round about them. For a time they were seen as completely new creatures in the history of evolution. One of the foundations of Marshall McLuhan's communications theory was his belief that heavy exposure to television had altered, literally altered, the Baby Boomers' "sensory balance." He was talking about the relative importance of their senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling, and touching. For reasons that needn't detain us here, McLuhan thought it was not the sense of sight but the sense of touch that TV engorged and enflamed. To him, this explained another boom boom boom of the Boomers' youth, namely, the sexual revolution.

Jean-François Revel made a tour of American college campuses at the height of the New Left and hippie or psychedelic movements of the late 1960s, and wrote a book entitled *Without Marx or Jesus*, in which he said that in the United States had arisen a new man. *Homo novus* he called this creature, as if only Latin could adequately capture the evolutionary importance of the phenomenon. *Homo novus* had a utopian vision which was neither Marx's vision nor Jesus' but an entirely new one. Many of the popular ideas on the campuses seemed to be Marxist, Revel said, but on close inspection they turned out to be sentiments floating fuzzily in "a Marxist mist." For example, on the campuses *homines novi* often said that the dark night of fascism was descending upon America. Here, said Revel, was one of the greatest mysteries of astronomy. The dark night of fascism was forever descending upon America, but it touched ground only in Europe.

Revel's sense of irony saved him from going utterly overboard. But Charles Reich's passion for *homo novus* was unconditional. Reich wrote a book entitled *The Greening of America*, which for about twenty months was hailed as a *Social Contract* for the twentieth century. Reich's true literary ancestor, however, was not Rousseau but Matthew Arnold. Arnold, who gave us the terms "culture," meaning the arts, "philistine," meaning someone who doesn't get it in the arts, and "commuter," meaning a philistine who works in the city but lives outside of it, was another believer in rapid changes in human evolution. A hundred years ago, in his analysis, a new creature had arisen. In addition to the traditional upper classes, which he called "the Barbarians," and the middle classes, which he called "the Philistines," and the lower classes, which he called "the Populace"—even in the nineteenth century intellectuals didn't dare give the lower orders funny names—there was a new class that was now visible, gliding above the old order. These were "the people of sweetness and light." "Sweetness and light" was another Arnold coinage. It was not at all ironic. The people of sweetness and light were the same as Coleridge's "clerisy" of fifty years earlier, who, said Coleridge, had replaced the clergy as the creators of moral values. And he was right. Today we use the simpler term "intellectuals." To Reich *homo novus baby boomis* had far more than a superior intellect. The *novus* one also had more profound feelings, an exquisitely richer sensory and emotional appreciation of the world and its possibilities. What America was greening into, thanks to the young, was an Eden of lofty sentiments.

That being the case, it was time for the old to learn from the young. One result of this notion was a new kind of drama in which the heroes and heroines are young people who possess superior knowledge and feelings and the old either learn from them or look ridiculous and backward. Bruce Bawer mentions *The Graduate* and *Easy Rider* as the first in a long line of movies of this sort. As a footnote, I would add *Dirty Dancing*. At the end of *Dirty Dancing*, the middle-aged paying customers at a resort hotel realize the errors of their osteoporotic ways and join the teenage kitchen and maid-service help in an orgy of groin-socketed lambada . . . as we fade out . . .

There was, indeed, something entirely new about the boomers, although it had nothing to do with human evolution. They grew up at a time when there was so much fat in the American economy that people in their teens and early twenties could lay hands on enough money to create styles of life all their own. I first noticed this among the surfers of Southern California. Surfers were not merely athletes but people who in many cases were able to live communally, in apartments and abandoned buildings, in the same towns as their parents, for days, weeks, sometimes months at a time. In the same fashion, the hippies, the New Lefters, the Jesus People, the New Agers—all were able to live communally at young ages and to develop distinc-

---

Tom Wolfe is the author of The Right Stuff, From Bauhaus to Our House, *and* The Bonfire of the Vanities. *This essay is adapted from his introduction to* Beyond the Boom: New Voices on American Life, Culture, and Politics, *edited by Terry Teachout, to be published this fall by Poseidon Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive codes of dress and decor (and language), and thereby to create styles of life in precisely the sense that Max Weber originally intended that term.

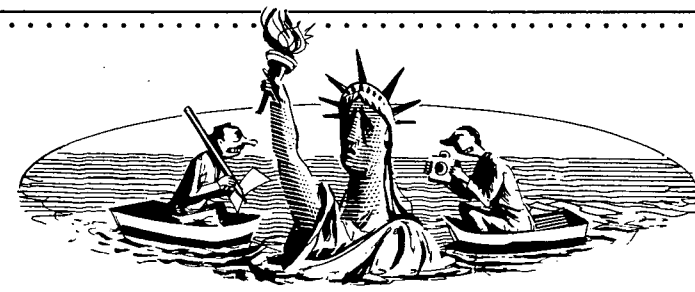
The money came from home—many hippies and New Lefters were remittance men—and it came from the government in the form of welfare and entitlements, to use the going word. One way or another it was inhaled from the breathtaking surpluses of the economic boom which began about 1943 and which, despite the heavy weather of the year 1990, has not ended yet.

Which brings us, finally, to the yuppies. In a marvelously funny essay called "House Lust" Maggie Gallagher says that most boomers, far from moving up financially, are sliding downward. Eventually, she says, "you come to realize that you will never again achieve the standard of living you had in junior high school," when you lived on a lovely, leafy plot of ground in your own house. Nevertheless, the money fever remains, and that is what creates the very nearly sensual lust for a house that "House Lust" so lovingly describes. At the heart of yuppie life—and yuppie was, whether we like it or not, *the* social term to come out of the 1980s—was not the acquisition of money but the lust for money and, above all, the kind of public display that money makes possible. In my opinion boomers want to be not plutocrats but plutographers. A plutocrat is one who rules through money. A plutographer is one who merely wants to live a life that *looks like*, that graphically depicts, the life of the plutocrat, without any of the plutocrat's responsibilities. Hence the most famous of the yuppie passions, the passion to be seen at this week's restaurant of the century.

At bottom, the yuppie is not terribly different from the hippie or the New Lefter. Each has taken a good deep whiff of the surplus wealth of the American economy (to draw from the vocabulary of those late twentieth-century reactionaries, the Marxists) and decided to use it to create a life few young people have ever dared live before.

The yuppies' problem is that they have no Aldous Huxleys, Reichs, or Marcuses to adorn them with wreaths of moral and intellectual respectability. □

PRESSWATCH



DESERT AIR

by Terry Eastland

The "Crisis in the Gulf," as the media styled it early on, has generated mega-coverage since the August 2 invasion, but the *Washington Post* deserves special credit for having had the foresight to send its Cairo correspondent Caryle Murphy to Kuwait on July 26, a week beforehand. The *Post* was the only U.S. news organization to position itself for first-hand coverage of what transpired. Others could easily have done so. After all, Saddam Hussein wasn't hiding his wrath toward Kuwait under a bushel.

Murphy was the only reporter on the spot when the invasion occurred. Awakened by the sound of Iraqi artillery shells the morning of August 2, she went right to work, filing by-lined stories for the *Post*'s August 2 and 3 editions. Even after Murphy lost direct contact with the *Post* when telephone lines were cut on August 3, she continued to move about Kuwait City, gathering information on the Iraqi occupation. By means not disclosed, she sent several lengthy pieces to the *Post*. It ran them without her byline, explaining to readers: "The following is an eyewitness account of events in Kuwait this week." The *Post* asked other news organizations not to disclose who this eyewitness was. None did, nor did any complain of censorship. Murphy fled Kuwait on August 26 upon learning that Iraqi soldiers had stepped up their search for foreigners.

Murphy's copy was compelling. Consider this, from her August 11 "eyewitness" piece: "People are burning their garbage in the streets. The roads are littered with the debris of warfare—burned-out armored cars and trucks—and with dozens of cars abandoned in panic. . . . Some of the vehicles have been crushed by tanks." Or this, from her August 22 filing: "Cars driving on the main highways give off a low hum from the washboard-like ruts caused by the tread of heavy tanks that have passed through the city in the past three weeks." In the right place at the right time, Murphy courageously pursued her story. Mark it down: she will justifiably win a Pulitzer.

While Murphy's work could not easily be contradicted, the same could not be said for much of the early commentary, whether by "experts" in and out of government or by reporters, columnists, and television anchors. After the first two weeks of the crisis, Don Kowet, media writer for the *Washington Times*, asked devilishly how correct had the commentators been. The answer: not very.

Consider the erroneous predictions of two knowledgeable journalists. In early August, Karen Elliott House wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* that Saudi Arabia would not allow "an American presence in the kingdom." And on CBS's "This Morning" show, *New York Times* correspondent Thomas Friedman said the Turks and the Saudis would not close their pipelines. Far be it from me to argue against commentary. But the media consumer must be extra wary of coverage that has so little hard news to treat, and therefore depends so heavily on opinion to fill the void.

Murphy's August 15 story notes that most Americans in Kuwait City got their news from Cable News Network—"via satellite dishes in their buildings." That little fact introduces the most important aspect of the Persian Gulf journalism—the television treatment.

First, I should acknowledge the unique position of CNN, made apparent by the Gulf coverage. CNN is what you tune in if you want continuous, up-to-date coverage, especially if the story comes from overseas. You can get CNN not only here but abroad; it's in 250,000 hotel rooms outside the United States. And you don't have to subscribe to pick it up; if you have a dish, you can get it, since the signal isn't scrambled. Also, CNN does international programming; it broadcasts from points worldwide. By contrast, the three networks generally don't do continuous news programming. They are available in few hotels outside the U.S., and they don't have the same international programming capability.

CNN, of course, wasn't in Kuwait when the Iraqis invaded, nor was anyone else, save the *Post*'s Murphy. But in subsequent days, as the story moved through the various diplomatic and military phases, CNN was all over the map—Oman, Jerusalem, Baghdad (everywhere but Kuwait!)—providing more footage than anyone else. It's no surprise that CNN has achieved its highest ratings ever during the crisis. ABC, CBS, and NBC, which also made all the available Middle East stops, have enjoyed ratings spikes of their own. The Persian Gulf story clearly has been good for American television generally. But has American television been good for America?

Take Hussein's hostage video. Hussein wanted to reach a mass audience, and he wanted to reach it not on a rational but on an emotional level. That is why he made the videotape, shown in its entirety by CNN, in which he praised the English-speaking hostages in his presence as "heroes for peace." It is also why he allowed Dan Rather of CBS—and Jesse Jackson, the latest claimant to the title "journalist," who traveled to Baghdad as a talk show host—to interview him. Hussein well understands that in the modern age television is an instrument of war. But does television understand this?

"Saddam's Video Spot Rated a Flop," said a headline in the

Terry Eastland is resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SARKES TARZIAN INC

WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGCL, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CENTRAL OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE: 812 332 7251

Providing the Best Radio and Television Service

Washington Post. Perhaps that's what Hussein wanted us to think. With his CNN-broadcast video Hussein managed to force the hostage story to center stage. And by inviting Western television cameras into a Baghdad hospital room to film newborn babies, he managed to use television to show the West precisely where a shortage of milk or medicine—a possible consequence of the trade embargo—might occur. The images of the children in the former footage, no less than the images of infants in the latter, tug at the heartstrings, complicating American attitudes toward, and thus public support for, any military movement against Hussein's Iraq.

Should American television have used any of this footage? Democracies are weakest when it comes to maintaining a public consensus for sacrifice. The pictures Hussein has been able to send to the American heartland aggravated that weakness. By contrast, he has not allowed the networks and CNN access to images that might strengthen American resolve; U.S. cameras have not recorded the carnage his army wrought in Kuwait.

NBC's "desert dispatches" from young American soldiers to parents, spouses, and children back home serve Hussein's interest in keeping this a sentimental war. These warm, upbeat messages are a first for NBC, but hardly out of television's character. Testifying to the medium's keen interest in personal fates, these "Hi, Mom and Dad" notices break battalions down into "real people," and work against an understanding of military strategy. What will NBC do when the first author of a "desert dispatch" is killed in action? Will it feel obliged to run the message again, as the lead-in to a picture of the body bag? (The cynic will conclude that this is why they filmed the dispatches in the first place.)

The first examinations of television's treatment of the Gulf crisis, performed by Robert Lichter's Center for Media and Public Affairs, show that TV is short on analysis and long on the human element. (The print treatment, by the way, is weighted toward analysis.) While the human element—whether hostages or Iraqi babies or soldiers in the sand—has been central to television's coverage, some television producers nonetheless have shown commendable restraint. Spokesmen for NBC and ABC said their networks would not have run the unedited version, as CNN did, of the Iraqi-taped broadcast of Hussein and the hostages. And CNN has yet to agree to an apparent Iraqi offer to provide daily broadcasts of interviews with hostages, already packaged and ready for use. Ed Turner, CNN news director, asks, "Can you imagine the eroding effect on our national will if we were to put this on day after day?" Good question, indeed the right question, one that acknowledges the medium's responsibilities.

But the die may already be cast, which is to say that enough pictures with an eroding effect may already have been run. As Walter Goodman of the *New York Times* concluded in mid-September, television's "inherent fascination with faces rather than causes, with personal loss rather than national gain," has led it to take on "the role of a deterrent to an expanded war."

Television's treatment of the crisis so far suggests that last year's conventional wisdom needs revision. Television can indeed assist the spread of democracy, as in the case of Eastern Europe, but it can also impede democracy's military effort to stop a ruthless dictator, especially one as savvy about the medium as Saddam Hussein.

• • •

Gen. Michael J. Dugan learned the difference between "on the record" and "background," and between "authorized" and "unauthorized" speech, distinctions that have been a frequent topic of this column. Dugan, of course, is now the *former* Air Force chief of staff, fired by Defense Secretary Richard Cheney for public remarks printed in the *Washington Post* and *Los Angeles Times* and recycled throughout the media. Dugan discussed contingency plans for war with Iraq, including massive air raids against Baghdad that would take out Saddam Hussein and his family.

Cheney and other officials had talked at various levels of attribution about possible military plans, including the idea of holding "at risk targets—assets, if you will—that Saddam Hussein holds dear, and specifically, assets inside Iraq." (The quoted remarks are Cheney's, from a public speech.) There was a point to this uncharacteristically open talk—to wear down Hussein psychologically. Dugan's mistake lay in making remarks more detailed—about going after Hussein and his family, for example—and less politically sensitive than any the administration had intended and authorized.

Cheney was right to dismiss Dugan, and it is worth noting that editorial page editors and columnists quickly spoke up in support of the secretary's action. While there was anti-military sentiment behind some of the commentary, the opinion writers seem to have understood the importance of unity in the executive branch when it comes to the conduct of war and foreign policy. Whatever else the media now may do in covering the Persian Gulf story, they deserve at least one cheer for supporting Cheney's actions. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEOUL LONG

by Doug Bandow

The upheavals in Eastern Europe have not been without their impact on the Far East. China is keeping its distance from the USSR despite the Gorbachev-Deng summit last year. The Soviet Union is downsizing its presence at Cam Ranh Bay, and Vietnam is looking to the West for aid. The Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) is even more nervous. Bad enough for that socialist paradise was Hungary's decision early in 1989 to break ranks with other Communist states and recognize the Republic of Korea (ROK). Christmas brought an even more painful blow, the revolution in Rumania, for the late Nicolae Ceausescu was one of president Kim Il Sung's closest friends, a fellow Stalinist who had likewise constructed a personality cult and installed his son as heir apparent. Gorbachev met with ROK president Roh Tae Woo in July, and now the Soviet Union, a North Korean ally for more than forty years, appears ready, after expanding economic ties with Seoul, to recognize the South officially.

Yet the U.S. continues to treat Korea as if the year were 1953. Some 43,000 troops provide a tripwire that could involve America in a new war; ground, naval, and air units throughout the Pacific stand ready to intervene should war break out. Presidents and vice presidents troop from capital to capital to declare the permanence of the American commitment. Analysts on both sides of the Pacific desperately seek new justifications for maintaining the status quo.

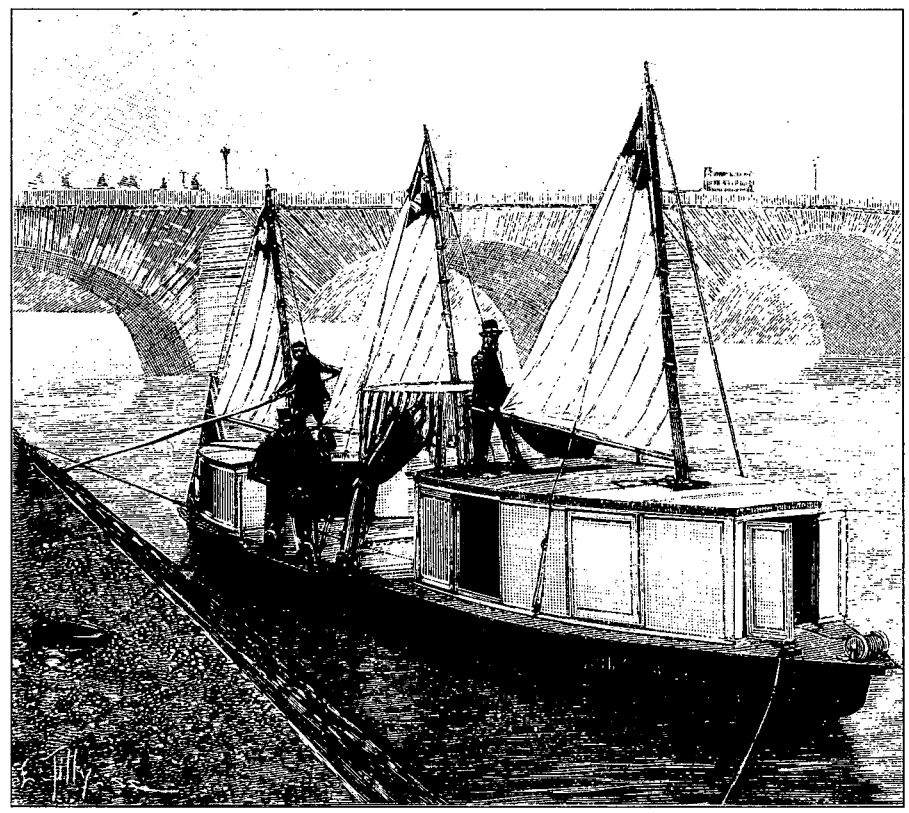
The South Korean establishment naturally exhibits no interest in reducing America's burden. For example, at a conference organized by the U.S.-Korean Security Council in Seoul last November, one American panelist had the temerity to suggest that Seoul hike its spending on military research and development. A member of South Korea's ruling party responded that no such increase was possible: "We have needs in health and education that must be met."

Which is undoubtedly true. But is that really a reason for America to maintain its multi-billion dollar defense subsidy of the ROK?

Many U.S. officials apparently think so. At the November conference a Pentagon representative dutifully defended the status quo against congressional proposals to bring home anywhere between 10,000 and 40,000 soldiers. One member of the audience innocently asked whether the ROK could take on more responsibility within the present military structure. Yes, the official replied, but "it would call into question the presence of U.S. troops in Korea." In short, if the Koreans did more, people in the U.S. might wonder why our forces were still needed at all. The stationing of U.S. forces in Korea, once thought to be the means of maintaining the peace in the peninsula, has now become the end.

That conservatives would treat a foreign military presence as an end in itself shows the corrupting influence of Wilsonian internationalism. The United States fell into its role in Korea at the end of World War II, when it divided the peninsula, since 1910 a colony of Japan, with the USSR. Not surprisingly, the two occupiers couldn't agree on a means of reunifying the two zones. Separate and hostile states—the Republic of Korea and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea—arose and both superpowers withdrew their forces. Moscow armed its client with heavy weapons while Washington stood by. The result forty years ago was a North Korean invasion, American and then Chinese intervention, followed by stalemate and armistice in 1953.

At the war's close there was nothing to prevent the collapse of the ROK except the presence of American troops. And for another decade the South suffered from political and economic chaos. But in the 1960s the economy took off and since then no other country has grown faster. A popular revolution in 1987 forced the end of Chun Doo Hwan's military dictatorship and the ROK is now learning how to prosper with a fractious democracy.



As the South has grown, the balance on the peninsula has shifted dramatically against Pyongyang. While the ROK was surging ahead economically, the North was stagnating; with an economy that grew at 12 percent annually from 1986 to 1988, Seoul now has a GNP more than eight times that of its northern neighbor. South Korea successfully competes in international computer, auto, and construction markets, while the DPRK has welshed on nearly $800 million in foreign debt—not much, but enough to preclude further credit—and apparently faces domestic famine. Internationally the North has lost support owing to its sporadic but spectacular incidents of terrorism. Seoul, in contrast, now recognized by most of the East European states, trades more with China than does the North.

It would be logical for the South's growing capabilities to cause Washington to begin refashioning its defense commitment. In fact, there are now more U.S. soldiers in Korea than there were when Ronald Reagan took office. And President Bush, though planning to withdraw 7,000 soldiers over time, has reaffirmed Reagan Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger's bizarre promise that American troops will remain in Korea "as long as the people want and need that presence."

The issue, however, should be what the American people "want and need." Polls clearly show that South Koreans would like the U.S. troops to stay. Even opposition leader Kim Dae Jung is not shouting "America go home." And for good reason. The superpower shield is a great deal for Seoul. A representative of the Korean Institute for Defense Analyses exclaimed that "we'd have to spend more!" when I suggested bringing home America's troops. Similarly, last year the ROK's defense minister wrote an article for the *New*

Doug Bandow is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and a former special assistant to President Reagan. He is the author, most recently, of The Politics of Plunder: Misgovernment in Washington *(Transaction Publishers).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York Times complaining that Seoul's spending on defense would have to climb from five to eight percent of GNP if America withdrew its soldiers.

Such an increase is obviously manageable for one of the world's most vibrant economies. In fact, not even Korean and American defense officials seem to think that the ROK is unable to protect itself. In 1987, Seoul's defense minister said his nation would achieve military parity with the North within two to three years. Before that the U.S. commander, General William Livsey, predicted the ROK would achieve a military edge by the 1990s. And in August 1989 the current commander, General Louis Menetry, said that with continuation of Korea's military modernization program, "there should be stability on the peninsula without the United States being part of the equation in the mid-1990s."

How can anyone seriously suggest that a country with twice the population, eight times the economic strength, and an enormous technological lead over its adversary can't defend itself? Some analysts seem to fear that Seoul simply *won't* do so. William Taylor and Michael Mazarr of the Center for Strategic and International Studies, for instance, contend that "the assertive opposition in the National Assembly is likely to cut defense spending" and sharp increases in such spending "would deeply wound the ROK economy." In short, the ROK, so hopelessly dependent on America, would surrender rather than devote any extra effort to protect its freedom.

This argument is obviously an insult to a nation that fought a bloody three-year war to maintain its independence and which has overcome enormous economic and political challenges during the last forty years. More important, the contention is simply wrong. So long as the U.S. provides a defense umbrella, the opposition can push for military cuts. But no one in the South, other than a few befuddled leftist students—who don't understand how the North's Kim Il Sung would respond the first time they tried to demonstrate against *him*—would like to see the "Great Leader" reign over all of Korea. The majority of people are solidly anti-Communist, and many of them remember the depredations of the DPRK when it overran most of their country in 1950. Were Seoul told it was going to be on its own by the mid-1990s, there is little doubt that it would do what was necessary. When Richard Nixon initiated limited troop withdrawals in the early 1970s, South Korea greatly increased its defense expenditures and expanded its armaments industry.

As for potential damage to the Korean economy, so what? Since when is it the duty of the U.S. to spend billions of dollars, damaging its own economy, to relieve allies of the burden of defending themselves? Stationing troops around the world to bolster other nations' economies is simply ludicrous, especially when our country suffers from a large federal deficit, serious trade problems, and a slowing economy.

Defenders of the status quo have come up with several other justifications for a continued U.S. presence. Given Korea's proximity to Japan, Koreans worry that an American pullout would encourage Japanese rearmament. But today's Japanese-U.S. relationship, wherein the U.S. borrows from Japan to defend Japan, is as outdated as Washington's defense of Korea. Japan is the world's second-ranking economic power: it *should* do more for its region's defense. Moreover, Japan could expand its military capability through the purchase of such defensive weapons as frigates and interceptors, which would help contain Communist power without threatening its nervous neighbors, as well as help underwrite the military efforts of other nations, such as the ROK.

Some Americans see a different danger—an American pullout disillusioning the Japanese, pushing them toward the USSR. Ties between Moscow and Tokyo seem destined to warm, but animosities between the two nations go back to the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. The imploding Soviet economy does not offer the same opportunities for Japan as does the U.S. market, which remains the largest in the world. The greatest threat to U.S.-Japanese ties is protectionism, not a military withdrawal from Korea.

Then there's the notion that Korea offers the U.S. an important advanced military outpost in a region suffused with great power rivalries. Of course, Koreans tend not to be very enthusiastic about this argument, since they don't like advertising themselves as a potential target in a new world war. In any case, bases deep in the heart of enemy territory are the hardest to hold in wartime. And the 43,000 soldiers in South Korea threaten no vital Soviet assets. The twin positions of South Korea and Japan help restrict Soviet naval access to the Pacific, but the U.S. fleet could operate in the region even if no American soldiers were stationed on the peninsula.

It's time for Washington to sit down with Seoul and work out a gradual withdrawal program in consultation with America's allies in the region. The U.S. troops should be phased out over a set period, say five years, and Washington could sell the South whatever non-nuclear weapons that it wanted.

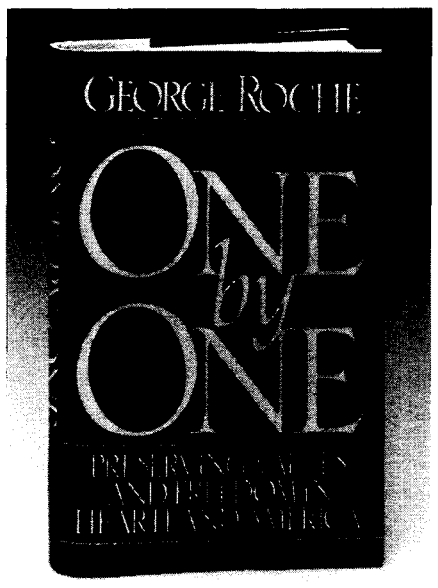
The U.S. should also work diplomatically to encourage greater regional security cooperation between South Korea, Japan, and such ASEAN countries as the Philippines. Military disengagement would not mean isolation; the U.S. would simply stop guaranteeing the security of a nation that has graduated from the American defense safety net. The gains would include dropping the military tripwire, eliminating several billion dollars in foreign subsidies, and improving America's competitive position vis-à-vis a powerful trading partner. Washington policy-makers must now learn to base their decisions on the needs of their people, not the convenience of our overseas allies. □

New from Hillsdale College's Freedom Library –

ONE by ONE

Preserving Values and Freedom in Heartland America

by Hillsdale College President George Roche



Order now for only $7.95 paper, $12.95 hardcover

(Michigan residents, add 4% sales tax)

"Here are common sense and common decency–but addressed with uncommon style and unfamiliar arguments. In his latest book, George Roche has written a survivalist's guide to the follies of 1990."
– John O'Sullivan, Editor, *National Review*

"In an age when colleges and universities are abandoning traditional values, it is refreshing to read a book by a college president that returns to heartland values. If you like free enterprise, the family, Judeo-Christian values, the liberal arts, and the sanctity of the individual over the collective, you will like this book by George Roche."
– William E. Simon, former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury

"President George Roche of Hillsdale College has written a work of good sense about America. He argues that we have been successful because we have been good–in following nature's God and His law, rather than the promise of peace on earth through government planning. He proposes reducing state power and increasing individual, community and voluntary responsibility for citizenship. It is an ideal he understands and lives."
– Donald J. Devine, former Director, Office of Personnel Management (U.S. Civil Service)

Toll free MasterCard & Visa Orders 800-837-4247

FREE SHIPPING!

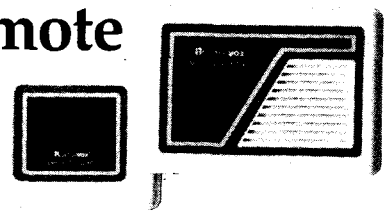
(Please make checks payable to Hillsdale College)

For check orders, write: Freedom Library, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan 49242

Never, never again miss another phone call, with . . .

Rodelvox™ Remote Phone Bell only $34.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal.



•The Rodelvox™ Remote Phone Bell is a tiny AM transmitter that "triggers" the receiving unit anywhere in your home or office, up to 75 ft. away. There is nothing to install, simply plug it in. Extra "ringers" are available at $19.95 ea. The "3-for-2" deal is also available, of course.

The phone may be ringing off the hook, and it's likely to be an important call, but you are on your deck snoozing away in your hammock, in the laundry room, in the workshop—or just in another room in your home or in your office. You cannot hear the phone ring. The important call—a business deal perhaps or a romantic opportunity—could be lost, maybe forever. The *Remote Phone Bell* elegantly solves this problem. This clever phone accessory is by *Rodelvox™*. You carry the "ringer" in your pocket or on your belt. Wherever you are in your home, office or plant—up to 75 feet away, the "ringer" will chime clearly and loudly, at the same time as the phone. You hear it on the first ring—regardless of what you are doing or where you are in your home or in your office. You usually can reach the phone on the third ring and save that call, that deal, or that romance.

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodelvox™* electronic instruments and we can bring you this clever device for just $34.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $69.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** The next time the phone rings, it may be an important call. You shouldn't miss it, you can't afford to miss it—and you don't have to, with the *Rodelvox™ Remote Phone Bell*. Order it today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give **Code #2101A538** for the set and **#2102A538** for extra "ringers". If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one set; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return, 1-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOVIET PRESSWATCH

SUICIDE SOLUTION

by Cathy Young

Add a new syndrome to the annals of psychiatric literature: "perestroika-related suicide." The term was coined by Dr. Ivan P. Dikiy and his colleagues at the psychotherapy section of the All-Union Toxicology Center in Moscow. About two years ago, Dr. Dikiy told journalist Andrei Golovkov, the center had an influx of a new type of patient: apparatchiks from Soviet ministries and departments who had tried to poison themselves. When many government agencies were being shut down or trimmed, three or four people were coming in every day—and few survived. (The extent of the phenomenon is unknown, says Dr. Dikiy, since most party apparatchiks are treated in a special, closed clinic of the Soviet Ministry of Health.)

These cases are reported by Golovkov in an article in the weekly *Ogonyok* (July 30, 1990), "The Quiet Shot." The title refers to the self-inflicted death last February of 61-year-old Vladimir G. Sadovnikov—former head of the factory that produced SS-20 nuclear missiles who was decorated with the country's highest awards for his top-secret service. It seems that after first admiring Gorbachev as "a new Lenin," Sadovnikov soon started turning gloomy every time he watched TV. To make things worse, the SS-20s were banned by the U.S.-Soviet arms treaty, and, though the factory was still producing a different type of missile (the SS-25), it was ordered to switch part of its operations to baby strollers, washing machines, and the like. According to Golovkov, Sadovnikov's 1988 trip to the United States to inspect American missile factories was an additional blow. "He crossed the Atlantic and saw clean, cozy towns and smiling, calm, suntanned men and women. Sadovnikov was stunned less by the abundance and the choice of goods from all over the world than by the realization that the 'potential military adversary' . . . had already achieved something like his dream of socialism." Upon returning from America, Sadovnikov told his family: "It's a fairy-tale country."

Cathy Young is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*

While Golovkov has harsh words for the Soviet system, he is sympathetic toward Sadovnikov and others who bought into the Big Lie. Communist party committees, says he, are full of such people—not greedy parasites but sincere believers in Leninism who have come unmoored.

Golovkov urges compassion for such people—not the *nomenklatura*, but the millions of deceived rank-and-file party men and women. Many of his compatriots, however, may have a hard time finding it in themselves to be that sympathetic. A humorous fantasy by Leonid Treyer in *Moscow News* of August 19 waxes gleeful over the plight of Communists: a party member dreams that he is up for a trip to Paris, only to be told by an approval commission that "as of January 1, members of CPSU are *nevyyezdnye*"—a very Soviet word meaning something like "exit-incapable," not allowed abroad. ("I don't get it: didn't I join the party just so I could travel to Paris, go places.") To quit the party now requires a lengthy procedure, an ironic inversion of the usual rules for *joining*: the right to quit out of turn is reserved for war veterans and mothers of large families.

Golovkov's attitude may be the charitable one, but some gloating is not uncalled for. After all, who can tell if the unfortunates in his story are driven to despair by the crumbling of their ideals or by the vanishing of their cushy party jobs? Besides, these poor benighted apparatchiks were not merely apostasizing but aiding a system that reduced hundreds of millions to a condition where they too might contemplate suicide.

Case in point: *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last August quotes a remarkable passage from a 1989 book, published by Moscow's *Molodaya Gvardiya* (Young Guard), called *Eating With Appetite*. It concerns the right way to eat salami:

> We suggest, in all earnest, placing a thin slice of salami on a large plate and surrounding it with various vegetables and dairy products. The salami will exude its unique aroma, so make use of it. Thus, the entire family sits at the table, looks at the salami and inhales its aroma for ten to fifteen minutes. At this time you should relax, even close your eyes and imagine the taste of the salami. Then everyone starts to eat the vegetables, still keeping their eyes on the salami. Having eaten the vegetables, you put the salami back in the refrigerator. In this manner, [8 to 10 oz.] of salami can last a family of three or four for as long as a month.

Another slice of the new political life in the workers' paradise is reported by the new, independent Siberian Information Agency (*Moscow News*, August 19): activists in the city of Tomsk are gathering signatures on a resolution passed July 21 at a meeting of the Tomsk Popular Movement. "To avoid confrontation in the country," it demands the resignation of the Soviet government and the president (and we know who that is), the dissolution of the current Supreme Soviet, the dissolution of the CPSU and the nationalization of its property, and the end of state support for the official trade unions. Give them an inch . . .

On the other hand, that recently passed law on the dignity of the presidential office is beginning to be applied in ways ominously reminiscent of the bad old days. In the same issue of *Moscow News*, a report by the Interfax news agency says that, in Moscow, one citizen Smirnov, the first Soviet to be arrested under the new law, has been referred for psychiatric examination to determine if he is of sound mind. On July 29, Smirnov, who has no job or permanent residence, walked up and down Kuibyshev Street in the Soviet capital, carrying a poster of Gorbachev defaced with inscriptions that agents of the law considered to be "insulting and slanderous." The inscriptions are not quoted, but the news brief bears the pointed title, "Insulting the President? You Must Be Out of Your Mind!"

There is, however, an *ex*-president Soviet radicals respect. In an interview in the newspaper *Demokraticheskaya Rossiya* (Democratic Russia), published by the Democratic party of Russia with a circulation of one million, activist Ilya Zaslavsky, chairman of the local council of the Oktyabrsky District of Moscow, recalls:

> an old American actor who, nearly eight years ago, predicted the democratization of our country. He said that a hard-line U.S. policy toward the USSR, the arms race, and ensuing economic tensions in the Soviet Union would lead to social upheavals, make the liberalization of the Soviet regime inevitable, and lead to . . . further democratic reform. . . . At the time, [it] sounded like utter nonsense to me. But I was wrong. A few months ago, a British politican told me . . . that the old actor had been talking nonsense anyway, and it all came true by sheer chance. But I do not believe in such accidents. Moreover, I believe that the true originator of our reforms was none other than that old actor Ronald Reagan.

Zaslavsky lauds Reagan for his "remarkably systematic approach," and says that "as a result of his policies, the Soviet Union began to creak worse than ever," forcing Gorbachev to undertake a liberalization. The prospect of an effective SDI, he believes, had an especially strong impact. He adds that there was another time when the USSR stood at the crossroads between reform or "stabilization of the decaying regime"—and was influenced toward the latter by the policies of Richard Nixon.

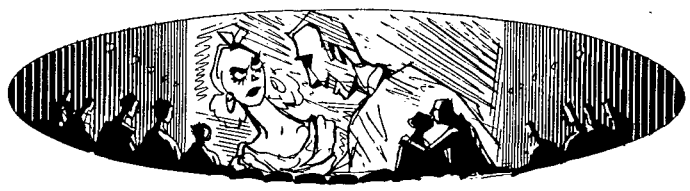
The Moscow City Council may now be in the hands of radicals like Zaslavsky, but at least one true Bolshevik remains in its ranks—though he's been a no-show. On August 1, Soviet Central television's late-night program revealed, in answer to a viewer's query, that Vladimir I. Lenin is still a deputy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the council, representing a no-longer-existing voting district. Thanks to "Protocol No. 3 of the February 27, 1924 emergency session of the Moscow City Council," it was explained, "1) V. I. Lenin will remain forever on the list of Moscow City Council members as a deputy of the working class of Moscow; 2) the Mandate No. 1, assigned to Lenin, is not to be issued in the future to any other elected deputy of the Council." And it has been that way ever since, for sixty-six years. Even the currently iconoclastic council has renewed Lenin's mandate, apparently not worried that he will do much to block its free-market plans. (The host concluded: "It seems to me that this is just the kind of case where no comment is needed.")

Nonetheless, the bust of Deputy No. 1 no longer graces the hall of the Moscow City Council. According to a June 30 news brief of the independent news agency DS-Inform, it was taken out in a dizzying sequence of events. Having lost a motion to have the bust removed, several radical deputies took matters into their own hands and removed it before the start of the morning session on June 27. They were caught in the act by several "conservative," i.e. Communist, early risers, and a tug-of-war ensued. The Communists won this particular battle, but their triumph was short-lived: during the lunch break, Lenin vanished. After a long search, he was discovered in the basement, where—in the interests of harmony—he remains. □

THE TALKIES



WILD METROPOLITAN FOOLS

by James Bowman

Let me say at the outset that I, too, got sick of the new David Lynch self-parody, *Wild at Heart*: it's nasty, brutish, and long, as one English reviewer put it. All the same, I feel the need to say a few words in defense of this weird road movie about the weirdly named Sailor Ripley (Nicolas Cage) and Lula Pace Fortune (Laura Dern). For too many of those who have commented on it have done so under the mistaken impression that it is a realistic drama. It is, in fact, a fairy tale.

What is the point of criticizing a fairy tale for not paying enough attention to plot continuities or psychological verisimilitude or for being grotesque and morally simplistic? It's like criticizing religion for being mystical or politics for being mendacious or seawater for being salty. That's the whole *point* about them: if they weren't those things they wouldn't be religion or politics or seawater but something else entirely.

A fairy tale is an externalization of the inward darkness that innocence fears without knowing. You don't have to be a Freudian to know that there's more to the Big Bad Wolf than an unconvincing portrayal of animal psychology and a contrived ending. And it's not as if David Lynch does not clearly signal his intentions in *Wild at Heart*. The running references to *The Wizard of Oz* are overdone, like nearly everything else in the film, but at least they should leave us in no doubt about the kind of film it is.

What confuses criticism is that Lynch's innocents are a killer and a borderline nymphomaniac who have somehow managed to retain their belief in love in a world that is portrayed as unremittingly violent and corrupt. The other and unacknowledged genre to which *Wild at Heart* belongs is that of *Rebel Without a Cause*. Here, too, we like the bad kids, the juvenile delinquents (remember them?), because their core of innocence and vulnerability is still so apparent—and because their elders are weak or sinister and almost invariably hypocritical.

The significant incident in *Wild at Heart* is Lula's attempting to get some music on the radio and finding only an increasingly bizarre series of news reports about rapes, murders, assaults, necrophilia, and turtles eating cadavers in the Ganges. When Sailor finally finds some heavy metal music they both leap out of the car and do a wild and orgiastic dance by the side of the road as the sun goes down. It's almost enough to make me forgive the fade from heavy metal to heavy muddle with the lush orchestral introduction to *Im Abendrot*, the last of Richard Strauss's *Four Last Songs*. This music deserves better than to be used as a mere *leitmotif* of passion.

Eichendorff's lyrics are here excluded from the song—which is strange, because the voice that we never quite get to hear would have provided a great epigraph for a David Lynch road movie:

> How tired we are of traveling—
> Is this, perhaps, death?

Yet it is also somehow appropriate that the voice we do hear is that of Nicolas Cage as Sailor doing a very passable imitation of Elvis Presley, complete with screaming girls in the background (another fairy tale touch). Elvis is still the ultimate Hollywood juvenile delinquent and symbol of America's own rough innocence in the 1950s. Together with *The Wizard of Oz*, his memory stands in this film for all the underlying *niceness* that these overgrown children still believe in, in spite of their appalling experiences.

To be sure, the picture doesn't hold together very well. Like the early films of Woody Allen it is rather a series of jokes loosely strung together than an artistic whole. Like Woody Allen's, too, some of the jokes are good. I especially liked the visual pun of the luridly overdrawn villain, Mr. Reindeer, as he speaks to his wicked henchman, Santos, on the telephone about a couple of contract killings the two are arranging. Reindeer, who is eating his breakfast and watching a nude dancer while sitting on the toilet, says to Santos: "That was great s--- you sent in last month." Here sits the connoisseur of great s---.

Unlike Woody Allen's, however, some of the jokes also plumb the depths of pathos. The accumulating ironies of the scene in which Sailor and Lula come upon a fatal road accident are unforgettable in spite of their obviousness. The girl wandering dazedly at the scene is already mortally injured but is muttering about how her mother will *kill* her for losing her purse, her wallet, her hairbrush—and what's this sticky stuff doing in her hair? Her last words are of a lost lipstick—and then the blood gushes out of her mouth to cover her chin and neck. As Sailor and Lula walk away, the smashed car's directional indicator continues to tick, directionlessly, in the background.

The blood/lipstick comparison underlines once again the connection between sex and violence which the ingenue's quest for niceness tries to skirt. It makes another appearance when Lula's mother, the comically caricatured wicked witch, covers her face in lipstick after arranging for the murder of her boyfriend. He is killed not by a hit-man but by a hit-cripple and her boyfriend, who time their sexual climax to coincide with the murder in some kind of weird voodoo rite. Here is the

James Bowman is TAS*'s movie critic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

image of all that Sailor and Lula's doomed wholesomeness stands against, and only the ludicrously contrived fairy-tale ending can save them. Isn't that reason enough for making their story into a fairy tale? As the good witch tells Sailor at the end, "If you're truly wild at heart, you'll fight for your dreams." Who but a camped-up celluloid witch could even say such a thing anymore? There is not enough residual American innocence, even in places like Big Tuna, Texas, to be able to stand it.

Whit Stillman's delightful *Metropolitan* is enjoying an unexpected success nationwide. Here, instead of juvenile delinquents, we are dealing with the privileged youth of the Urban Haute Bourgeoisie, as they call themselves in order to avoid the hated term "preppie." Yet the problems are not dissimilar from the perennial ones of mixed-up youth flicks, both of the James Dean/Natalie Wood and of the Nicolas Cage/Laura Dern schools. Where juvenile delinquents do violent and self-destructive things, however, these boys and girls talk. This is partly because they are educated and articulate and therefore have a lot to talk about and partly because their whole social class is in the same situation—which is to say ignored or despised by the rest of society. Thus they go around moaning, like Charlie, about how they're doomed, or theorizing, like Tom, about the unusually dotty socialism of Fourier, who designed a perfect, small-scale society where every human type would have a place.

Tom doesn't mention it, but in the ideal *fourieriste* community, a *phalange* of about 1,500 souls, children are given the task of garbage collectors—because they like to play in the dirt. It is quickly apparent that, in the world of the Urban Haute Bourgeoisie, there are few dirt-loving children. Their breeding has left them with no vocabulary to express their discontent except that of wit and irony and a kind of world-weary self-mockery. That is the film's justification for an almost Shavian talkiness. The plot is even more exiguous than that of *Wild at Heart* and there is no succession of strikingly visual dramatic episodes to make up for it. Yet somehow *Metropolitan* manages to sustain a full-length feature on little more than words. I didn't think it was possible.

The film opens with two young men fighting over a cab in New York—only each is insisting that the other take it. Of such stuff are friendships forged among the UHB. Stillman's playing off against expectation like this emphasizes the isolation of his characters in a city filled with successful strivers and upwardly mobile professionals. These are the people who have nowhere to go but down and whose cultured discontent expresses itself in the thoughtful observation that "our parents' generation is the worst since the Protestant Reformation."

Yet if their crust is made up of self-conscious literary-historical argument and witty repartee rather than violence, their underlying innocence and vulnerability is as apparent as that of the charming juvenile delinquent. Adolescent pain from parental rejection (Tom's father moves away without leaving a forwarding address) and unhappy love is as acute in both cases; it is merely the response to it which differs. Moreover, the sense of futility emanates from the center of both situations—though Stillman offers us, instead of a fairy-tale witch, a more sober cinematic allusion as his closing shot. It is a visual reminiscence of Buñuel's *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, but somehow it is almost as reassuring as Glinda and her magic wand: any class of people which manages to get itself hated as much as the UHB must have more staying power than appears on the surface.

Watch out, by the way, for Carolyn Farina, the doe-eyed Audrey who develops a crush on Tom. She has as much potential star quality as Whit Stillman himself, whose longtime status as New York editor of this magazine he has managed to keep mostly out of sight of the predominantly leftish film critics who have hailed *Metropolitan* as the greatest thing since talking pictures. The *New York Times* said only that he'd contributed a few pieces in the 1970s, as if it were some sort of youthful indiscretion for which he could now be forgiven. Don't tell anybody he's one of us until after he's produced a second hit, OK?

The best film of the year so far is Louis Malle's *May Fools*, which offers a more European perspective on the subject of youth's disaffection from its seniors. Set during *les evenements* of 1968, it captures perfectly both the idiot naivete of the student revolutionaries and the enormous attractiveness of their ideas to an older generation grown weary of its own selfishness. At the same time, it is charitable about the characters whose foibles are so mercilessly exposed to us. As with Shakespeare or Chaucer, all dissolves in comedy and we are left with the sense of our own complicity—not in any particular social and political milieu but in a common humanity.

Here the innocence is not that of adolescents, who are too busy trying to be grown up and to change the world, but that of the gentle Milou, a feckless middle-aged widower brilliantly played by Michel Piccoli. His centrality is indicated by the film's French title, *Milou en Mai*, and he offers us another way out of the dilemma limned by both Lynch and Stillman as he instructs his wide-eyed, pre-adolescent granddaughter in the ways of the world without losing any of his own childlike quality.

When, with the bumptious wisdom of youth, his revolutionary nephew, fresh from the Parisian barricades, tells the rest of the family that life is unjust, brutal, and vile, it is the beneficent presence of Milou and his ghostly mother which belies him. The film's own context of injustice and brutality is transfigured by the gentle humor with which it is presented. Maybe we in the New World find this even harder to believe than a good witch magically putting things to rights, but David Lynch should be interested to learn that innocent hope can be more than just a fairy tale. □

The Best in Western History
Now in Paperback

the WESTERN WAY of WAR
Victor Davis Han
THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE French Revolution
THE OXFORD ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE
THE DECLINE OF THE WEST
An Abridged Edition

The Western Way of War
Infantry Battle in Classical Greece
VICTOR DAVIS HANSON with an introduction by John Keegan

"Takes us, brilliantly, through the various stages of an ideal infantry battle.... Hanson does for the ancients what John Keegan...did for Agincourt, Waterloo, and the Somme in *The Face of Battle*."—*Sunday Telegraph*
"A small masterpiece of style and scholarship."—*The Economist*

272 pp. paper $8.95

The Oxford Illustrated History of Medieval Europe
Edited by GEORGE HOLMES

"A splendid volume, presenting contemporary scholarship to the general reader with care, grace, much thought, and many illustrations; filled with things that most general readers won't know at all, and that many specialist readers won't have thought of."—*The London Review of Books*

440 pp.; color illus., b&w photos, maps, genealogies paper $16.95

The Oxford History of the French Revolution
WILLIAM DOYLE

"An outstanding model of clarity and informed scholarship."
—Simon Schama, *The New Republic*
"If you want to know the who, what, and when of the Revolution, here is where to find it."—*The New York Times Book Review*

480 pp.; 5 maps paper $12.95

The Decline of the West
Abridged Edition
OSWALD SPENGLER edited by Helmut Werner
with a new introduction by H. Stuart Hughes

"Often damned but still cited (the very title can turn a whole evening into a disputation), it is still a provocative and often dazzling book....An exciting excursion through history."—*Time*

455 pp. paper $10.95

At better bookstores or directly from

OXFORD PAPERBACKS
Oxford University Press • 200 Madison Ave. • New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

THE THIRTEEN KEYS TO THE PRESIDENCY
Allan J. Lichtman and Ken DeCell/Madison Books/449 pp. $24.95

SEE HOW THEY RUN: ELECTING THE PRESIDENT IN AN AGE OF MEDIAOCRACY
Paul Taylor/Alfred A. Knopf/305 pp. $22.95

OUR COUNTRY: THE SHAPING OF AMERICA FROM ROOSEVELT TO REAGAN
Michael Barone/The Free Press/764 pp. $24.95

Fred Barnes

If Allan J. Lichtman and Ken DeCell are correct, President Bush may be a lot more vulnerable than he thinks when he runs for re-election in 1992. The economy will almost certainly have been weaker in his first term than it was during Ronald Reagan's two presidential terms. Unless lightning hits, the Republican party won't be as strong in the House of Representatives. Nor is Bush likely to have put any major policy change into effect. And despite his effective performances at press conferences and other public events, Bush lacks charisma. In fact, as he approaches the midpoint of his first term, Bush has dimmer hopes of re-election than Jimmy Carter had at this point in his presidency. It might get worse. The Iraq crisis could blow up in Bush's face. And if Governor Mario Cuomo of New York, a fellow brimming with charisma, emerges as his Democratic opponent in 1992, that would be the crowning blow. For that would give Bush six negative "keys," under the authors' new theory of elections.

Lichtman, a history professor at American University, worked out this theory in the early 1980s and DeCell, a senior editor at the *Washingtonian*, helped him refine and articulate it. Their keys consist of thirteen true/false "conditions that favor the re-election of the incumbent party." The party in power in the White House has lost every election since 1860 when six or more of these "keys" have been negative, except for the election of 1876 when the electoral college overruled a popular vote. Carter, for instance, had only three against him halfway through his term, but things fell apart rapidly after that. By 1980, he had eight negative keys, and he lost to Reagan in a landslide.

Some are political keys. One: the incumbent party holds more House seats after the midterm election than it did four years earlier. *False* in 1980, giving Carter a negative key. Two: there's no serious fight for the nomination. *False*, as Teddy Kennedy challenged Carter bitterly, adding another negative. Three: the sitting President is seeking re-election. *True*. Four: there is no major third-party candidate. *False*, since John Anderson ran as an independent, giving Carter a third unfavorable key.

Some keys judge the administration's performance. Five: there's no election year recession. *False* for Carter. Six: economic growth in the last term exceeds growth in the previous eight years. *True* in 1980. Seven: the administration makes major policy changes. *False*, so Carter got his fifth negative key. Eight, there was no sustained social unrest. *True*. Nine: the administration suffered no major scandal. *True* again. Ten: the administration had no large failure in foreign or military affairs. *False* in Iran, tacking on a fatal sixth bad key. Eleven, the administration had a major foreign policy or military success. *True*, at Camp David.

Finally, there are charisma keys. Twelve: the incumbent party candidate is charismatic or a national hero. *False*, decidedly. And thirteen: the challenger is neither charismatic nor a national hero. *False*. Reagan was (and is) a charismatic figure. That made eight negative keys, and by late spring of 1980, all of them were clear. The election was decided. The campaign, including the Carter-Reagan debate, was irrelevant.

Thus, there are no upsets, no comebacks, no surprises. "George Bush did not 'come from behind' to snatch victory from the Democrats in 1988," they write. "Michael Dukakis did not 'blow' an election that was within his party's grasp. The American people did not succumb to the manipulation of cynical, media-savvy political strategists or the influence of sound bites and television images." Contrary to popular belief, Harry Truman didn't rally to win re-election in 1948. It was in the bag all along. And in 1980, "Jimmy Carter could have brought the Iran hostages home in triumph and enjoyed an election-year economic boom instead of a recession, and he still would have lost. Moreover, so would have Kennedy or any other Democrat."

"There is little that the challenging party can do to affect the outcome of an election," Lichtman and DeCell say; incumbent administrations hold the outcome of presidential elections in their hands. If they perform well, their party wins. If they don't, it loses. This may be belaboring the obvious. But the incumbent party was faring well throughout 1988, and for most of that year I figured the Democrats would win.

Normally I wouldn't put much credence in a rigid system for determining who wins presidential elections. Or in a tentative judgment, based on that system, that Bush may be in trouble two years from now. But the record of the Lichtman/DeCell keys is a lot better than the seat-of-the-pants system used by most political reporters, including me. By the spring of 1988, all thirteen keys had come into play, and Bush had only three negatives. Lichtman and DeCell confidently predicted that Bush would defeat Michael Dukakis, when most everyone else was forecasting a Dukakis victory.

The Lichtman/DeCell system has its drawbacks. All thirteen "keys" are presented as equal, though economic performance is surely more significant than an incumbent's charisma, or lack of it. And some of the keys are subjective to the point of squishiness. When is a scandal major, for example? I thought Iran-contra was, or at least was trumpeted as such by the press and Congress. Lichtman/DeCell say it wasn't.

Lichtman and DeCell are downright scornful of what reporters write about and what political consultants bring to campaigns. Small wonder, then, that their book hasn't been widely reviewed. They've alienated the cohort of potential reviewers.

This reviewer's biggest qualm is with their flat assertion that general election campaigns have no influence on the outcome. "Despite the hundreds of millions of dollars and months of media attention lavished on them, general election campaigns don't

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

count," Lichtman and DeCell insist. "Nothing either party has said or done during the fall campaign has ever changed its prospects at the polls. Debates, television appearances, fundraising, advertising, news coverage, and campaign strategies—the usual grist for the punditry mills—count for virtually nothing on Election Day."

I have a vested interest in the opposite view. I like to cover campaigns, and if they don't matter, there's no reason to track them. Well, I think what happened in 1988 did matter. What if Lee Atwater and Roger Ailes had bought the Lichtman/DeCell line in late spring and decided that a Bush victory was assured? They wouldn't have gone to the trouble of running a negative campaign against Dukakis, labeling him a liberal. We wouldn't have heard about Willie Horton, the furlough program, the veto of the Pledge of Allegiance bill, Dukakis's position on defense, etc. Bush would have found it unnecessary to pledge no new taxes. And so on. I think all this mattered a lot. Without the assault on Dukakis, my guess is Bush would have lost.

Okay, is Bush really in trouble? A little, but not much. If the economy over four Bush years is reasonably robust, it might still represent a negative key. But it would be a plus, not a minus, in 1992. And Bush still has plenty of time to make a major policy change. His effort to bring the Soviet Union into a collective security arrangement may already represent one. I could go on. At midterm, voters had reached the conclusion that Carter was weak and whiny. They haven't concluded that about Bush, far from it. He'd have to turn the struggle with Saddam Hussein into a national tragedy and embarrassment for that to happen.

Paul Taylor, a fair and painfully honest reporter for the *Washington Post*, admits that he "spent much of 1987 and some of 1988 thinking Mario Cuomo was going to be elected President. As you may recall, he wasn't even running. Didn't faze me." Most reporters have had this experience. Back in 1980, the Lichtman/DeCell keys said a Reagan victory—or a victory by whoever won the GOP presidential nomination—was inevitable. But that didn't dawn on the political press until the final week of the campaign. If you thought Carter had won his lone debate with Reagan two weeks before election day, as I did, it was even harder to project a Reagan win. When it was plain nobody else in the universe agreed, I tilted to Reagan. But I was nervous on election day.

Taylor writes as much about the press as about the 1988 campaign, and laments its "bad news bias," saying most reporters practice "anti-institutional journalism." Taylor, the reporter who asked Gary Hart if he'd committed adultery (Hart waffled), admits there are no rules on how far the press should delve into the private lives of public figures. He says that a big reason Vice President Dan Quayle got rough treatment in the 1988 campaign is that he "was unacceptable to many members of the working press on a cultural basis." Taylor, by the way, has a proposal for improving presidential campaigns. In the last five weeks, candidates should be given five minutes of free TV time on alternating nights. Good idea.

Michael Barone, co-author of *The Almanac of American Politics*, one of the few indispensable political books, has a broader, looser take on presidential elections in *Our Country*. It's an elegant, shrewd, richly textured history of national politics since FDR, and not really a book about presidential elections. But presidential races usually crystallize the politics of an era. Barone points out that there's invariably a huge swing vote in presidential races. "From the 1920s to the 1950s [it] was a self-consciously liberal, even leftish vote, anchored in the Progressive German-American Northwest and among New York and other big-city Jews," he writes. However, "the key swing vote in American politics from the 1960s to the 1980s . . . was a self-consciously conservative vote, anchored in the white South and among ethnic and blue-collar whites in the big metropolitan areas." Democrats got the liberal swing vote, Republicans the conservative. I think Lichtman/DeCell and Taylor would agree.

Barone's thesis is that "in the United States politics more often divides Americans along cultural than along economic lines." In 1988, the uneducated and the overeducated went for Dukakis, despite their very different economic situations. Average folks with high school or undergraduate college degrees preferred Bush, though their salaries and wealth varied widely. Barone says the seeds of Republican presidential victories in 1968, 1972, 1980, 1984, and 1988 were sown in 1964, when Barry Goldwater was crushed in a landslide. "In retrospect the erosion of party loyalties and the detachment of what would turn out to be a critical group of voters—white Southerners—from the Democratic coalition were crucial circumstances which permitted the Republicans to win five of the next six presidential elections," Barone writes. He's right.

All three books agree that presidential elections are about the past, not the future. Rather than anything that occurs during the campaign, what matters is the judgment voters make on the incumbent administration. In 1988, the judgment was favorable, and Bush won. Barone isn't explicit on this point, but Lichtman/DeCell and Taylor are. According to Taylor: "This is how elections usually work: voters make retrospective judgments, not prospective ones. The past is more knowable, and voters prefer to deal with what is real. In November 1988, the voters looked around and this is what they saw: a 5.3 percent unemployment rate, a seven-year run of low inflation, seventy-two consecutive months of economic recovery, a communist empire that seemed to be in terminal decline. They voted accordingly." □

Democratic Eloquence

The Fight over Popular Speech in Nineteenth-Century America

Kenneth Cmiel

"Based on wide reading and much original research . . . rewarding for anyone with a serious interest in what the author himself terms the 'prehistory' of our time."
~The New York Times Book Review

"This is a penetrating account of the long debate about the kind of public language appropriate for a democratic society. The debate continues today, with critics of improper usage like Safire and Newman confronted with the objection that the standards they defend are arbitrary and elitist. Cmiel manages to do justice to both sides."
~Christopher Lasch, author of *The Culture of Narcissism*

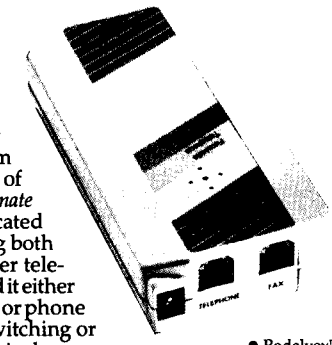
William Morrow

Now run your fax and telephone on the same line, with . . .

Rodelvox™ Faxmate 168vs.

only $79.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



● Rodelvox™ Faxmate 168vs *lets you use your fax and your phone on the same line—both for incoming and outgoing phone/fax messages. It comes with its own power supply. You can connect it in seconds.*

You simply are not "with it" without a fax machine—it's as indispensable as the telephone. But many of us, at home or in the office, are holding back from buying one because of the cost and inconvenience of having to install a second telephone line. *Rodelvox™ Faxmate 168vs* solves the problem. Simply plug this sophisticated switching system into your phone line and then plug both your phone and your fax into the *Faxmate*. This clever telephone device will analyze the incoming signal and send it either to the fax or to the phone. And, of course, it lets *you* fax or phone over the same line, and without having to do any switching or plugging. It is a wonderful convenience and a real bargain, because installation of an extra line and a couple of months' rent on that extra line will probably cost more than the *Rodelvox™ Faxmate 168vs*.

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodelvox™* electronic instruments in the U.S. We import them in container quantities and can therefore offer them at exceptional prices. The clever *Faxmate 168vs* costs just $79.95, much less than other similar devices. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $159.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** You need a fax machine in order to be efficient in your business or at home. Don't be held back because of that extra line. Get with it, and get your *Faxmate 168vs* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4236**A537 for *Faxmate 168vs*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one *Faxmate 168vs*; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RABBIT AT REST

John Updike/Alfred A. Knopf/512 pp. $21.95

Thomas Mallon

Barring the appearance, at the millennium, of *Rabbit Risen* this will be the last appearance of Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom. Thirty years have passed since he ran from his wife Janice after she accidentally drowned their baby daughter in *Rabbit, Run*. Twenty are gone since the summer of the moon landing, when Harry and Janice were once again sundered and he was living with a runaway named Jill and a black militant named Skeeter (*Rabbit Redux*). And a decade has intervened between our present and the Carter years, a brief period that Rabbit was one of a few Americans to enjoy, having found new prosperity by running his father-in-law's Toyota dealership (*Rabbit Is Rich*).

So long has Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom been around, and so secure is his place in literature, that his creator, John Updike, can confidently choose one of the epigraphs for this last book of the Rabbit series from its penultimate volume *Rabbit Is Rich*, and make a joke about the word that entered common American usage with the publication of the second volume, *Rabbit Redux*, back in 1971: "*Circus Redux*. He hates that word, you see it everywhere, and he doesn't know how to pronounce it. Like arbitrageur and perestroika."

Updike's genius is to take certain clichés that would be the first to occur to a committee of TV-movie-of-the-week writers (*"Let's give him a hippie girlfriend. Yeah, and let's throw in a black militant . . . "*) and carve so many brilliant edges onto them that they become not the counterfeit of a counterfeit that the tube-writer produces, but the very mirror that artists have falteringly held up to nature from Aristotle through Thackeray and beyond. He has aged Rabbit and Janice and their surly son Nelson with an uncanny, almost creepy credibility, like those computer-aged photographs that are supposed to show what kidnapped children look like years after they've disappeared.

In late 1988, Harry is fifty-five, more or less retired, and even fatter than he was ten years ago. He suffers his first heart attack while rescuing his granddaughter Judy when their Sunfish capsizes not far from the Florida condo he and Janice live in half the year now. Along with Harry's coronary has come a feeling of redemption: "Her face makes a blurred clotted impression upon him but she is writhingly alive." He has saved one child from the element that claimed another thirty years ago, and in the process has had a good sighting of the enemy, Death: "There is a lightness, a lightening, that comes along with misery: vast portions of the world are shorn off, suddenly ignorable. You become simply a piece of physical luggage to be delivered into the hands of others."

The Angstrom family is, in contemporary parlance, as "dysfunctional" as ever. Harry and Janice still live in "a world of mostly missed signals." Their marriage is a kind of tired miracle: "What *was* there about Janice? It must be religious, their tie, it made so little other sense." Faddish in her speech and her enthusiasms, still an illogical "mutt" to Harry, she has been coming into a confused sort of strength for twenty years now. Indeed, her occasional withdrawals make him anxious.

Nelson, who was three when readers first met him, has always frightened Harry with his "white around the gills" look. He is already going bald, and like many members of his generation has turned out somewhat dumber than his parents. He's running the Toyota dealership now, running it into the ground. "Toyota agency must be a prace of disciprine, a prace of order," says Mr. Shimada, the honcho from California. But Nelson has been cooking the books and putting the profits up his nose. He's even done some crack.

Faced with this son, whom rehab makes only more obnoxious, not to mention the death from lupus of Thelma, his occasional mistress back in Pennsylvania, Harry ignores his doctors' warnings and keeps noshing, popping munchies and nitroglycerine tablets in nervous alternation. *Rabbit at Rest* is one long junk-food blowout; you don't read the book so much as nibble it, paragraph by paragraph, Sky-Bar by Sky-Bar, slice of pecan pie by bag of corn chips:

> "KEEP ON KRUNCHIN," the crinkly pumpkin-colored bag advises him. He loves the salty ghost of Indian corn and the way each thick flake, an inch or so square, solider than a potato chip and flatter than a Frito and less burny to the tongue than a triangular red-peppered Dorito, sits edgy in his mouth and then shatters and dissolves between his teeth.

The second epigraph to the novel is from Frederick Douglass: "Food to the indolent is poison, not sustenance."

Harry is appalled by his own size and "for one flash sees his life as a silly thing it will be a relief to discard." It would seem that in his diminished universe food has utterly displaced his former (and frequently oral) preoccupation, sex. But the novel's final crisis is provoked by his doing what he's so often done in the past: committing an act that just about everyone but he finds unspeakable. This time it's sleeping with Pru, his son's wife. The resulting familial explosion sends him back out on the road, running away along the same path he chose in 1959: "The trick is to bear west until 83, which didn't exist in those days, and then drive south right into the maw of that two-headed monster, Baltimore-Washington. *Monstrous*, she said. Well, in a way, you could say, being alive is monstrous. Those crazy molecules."

What he's still looking for, in his sporadic way, is God. Updike is one of the few modern American novelists interested in Him, though the interest is intermittent. The heavens engage him, but never for very long or with much mental profit. "I don't *not* believe," Harry tells Thelma. Updike adds: "When God hadn't a friend in the world, back there in the Sixties, Rabbit couldn't let go of him, and now when the preachers are all praying through bullhorns he can't get it up for Him." Harry has always been a mixture of shame and transcendence, a middle-class metaphysician who has had two true religious experiences, "the sound of the rain in the great beech" outside the house of Janice's parents, and "hitting a pure golf shot." Ever since he went to the links with Rev. Eccles late in the fifties, "God or whoever" has flashed on and off before him like the green beyond a wooded trap. It was to Eccles that Rabbit once declared: *"Somewhere behind all this there's something that wants me to find it."*

One of the things Rabbit liked about Ronald Reagan was the spooky deity he had, something Rabbit starts to miss in the months after Bush takes over:

> At least [Reagan] was dignified, and had that dream distance; the powerful thing about him as President was that you never knew how much he knew, nothing or everything, he was like God that way, you had to do a lot of it yourself. With this new one you know he knows something, but it seems a small something. Rabbit doesn't want to have to picture the President and middle-aged wife taking showers naked with their dog. Reagan and Nancy had their dignity, their computer-blur, even when their bowel polyps and breasts were being snipped off in view of billions.

Thomas Mallon's new novel, Aurora 7, *will be published in January by Ticknor & Fields.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Updike has never indulged a fashionable writerly hatred for America, not "back there in the Sixties," and not now, when Harry worries: "If there's no Cold War, what's the point of being an American?" Rabbit will always be susceptible to the feeling that "all in all this is the happiest f------ country this world has ever seen." One of Updike's favorite words is "amazing," and he has never failed to find Masonite as glorious as marble, or "channel-surfing" with the remote control any less thrilling than white-water rafting. His sentences always verge on the overstuffed because he, like Harry, is blessed with the tendency to think everything is remarkable: "He holds up a single finger to convey the wonder of it. How ugly and strange a single finger is—its knuckle-wrinkles, its whorly print, its pretty useless nail." It is arguable that in the presence of something immensely important—be it one's country, one's beloved, one's God—skepticism is a positive detriment to comprehension. The *Rabbit* books, when held against the fiction of their author's contemporaries, show that by loving his country more than they, Updike is understood better. Harry's cardiologist tells Janice: "It's tired and stiff and full of crud. It's a typical American heart, for his age and economic status et cetera." Updike has cherished it.

Life as it was just recently lived, or heard on the TV news, is almost pedantically crammed into these 512 pages. Ted Bundy, Hirohito, Pan Am 103—there is something compulsive about Updike's electronic version of Dos Passos's headlines this time out. A kind of late-middle-aged garrulousness has set in. Updike's best similes always arise from the stuff and gadgetry of his characters' lives. The walls of Harry's limestone house in Pennsylvania "are as thin as diet crackers," and the banyan trees in Florida "look to him like enormous chewing gum on your shoe." Rabbit mints most of his own metaphors, though every so often Updike can't resist taking over: "His son seems to him strangely precise and indignant and agitated, like a nicely made watch with one tooth off a cogwheel or a gummy spot in the lubrication." One noticeable feature of this book: everyone has a dirty mouth. Nelson tells little Judy, in her grandparents' presence, not to be "such a f------ smart-ass," and no one objects. The Angstroms are married with children.

As I read it, Harry dies at the end. Updike leaves himself a very small loophole of narrative ambiguity, but I think we're meant to see Rabbit slip away. If I am giving away the ending here, I would argue that every life has the same ending, and that Updike's great achievement has been to create in Harry Angstrom a man who has come to seem less like a literary character than a human being. There's a further reason for a reviewer not to feel guilty about giving it away, and that is the posthumous feeling every one of these novels has had, a sense that the present can really be defined as that which is one moment too late, something that is just past something else. Harry feels "life's constant depreciation" in this book, and he has his second, massive heart attack while playing an impromptu game of basketball—his old game, the one that made him a local star forty years ago—with a kid named Tiger. In a last moment of grace, the thin high-school Rabbit leaps out of the fat one. He "kicks himself up a notch, feeling his breath come harder, through a narrower passage. Still, the sun feels good, springing sweat from his pores like calling so many seeds into life." And then his left ventricle rips irreparably.

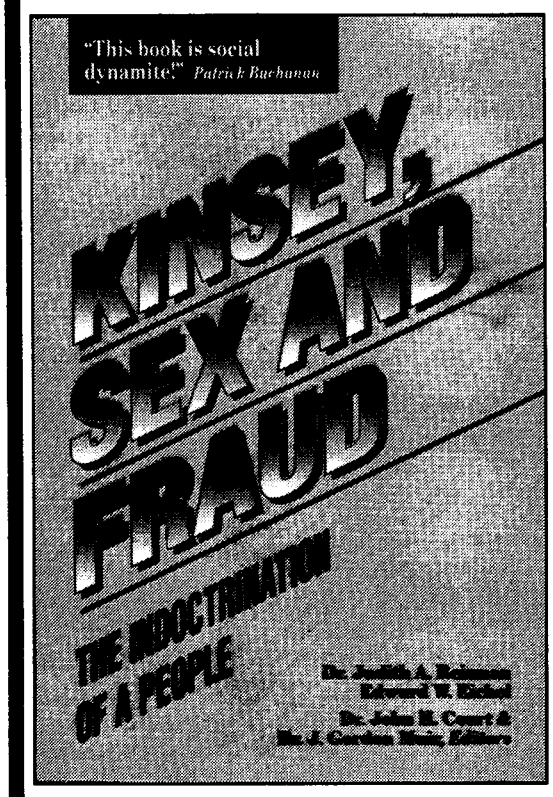
To Rabbit, and to the creator of this last grand book about him, one can say the same thing—what a way to go. □

"Two years ago, when I previewed material from this book, I said it was 'social dynamite.' Looking at the final version . . . I think my former assessment may have been an understatement. On the cultural Richter scale, the impact of this book could be close to a 10"

Patrick Buchanan
Nationally Syndicated Columnist
Host CNN "Crossfire"

"The authors raise serious and disturbing questions about the accuracy, reliability and perhaps, truthfulness of the figures given in Kinsey's 1948 book and the methods by which these data were obtained.
Because of the obvious importance of Kinsey's work, these questions need to be thoroughly and openly debated by the scientific community"

Walter W. Stewart
Research Scientist,
National Institutes of Health



AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

A CON JOB ON SOCIETY ABOUT HUMAN SEXUALITY

Dr. Reisman and Edward Eichel's new book describes the "scientific research" of Alfred Kinsey, which shaped western society's beliefs and understanding of the nature of human sexuality. Kinsey's unchallenged conclusions are taught at every level of our educational institutions–elementary, highschool and college–and are quoted in textbooks as undisputed truth.

The authors demonstrate that Kinsey's research involved illegal sexual experimentation on several hundred children. The survey was carried out on a non-representative group of Americans including many hundreds of sex offenders, prostitutes, prison inmates and exhibitionists.

–DR. JUDITH A. REISMAN

In August of 1990, Dr. Reisman presented expert testimony for the prosecution in the Mapplethorpe photo exhibit case. Her testimony was vital to the prosecution. Moreover, her research under a Justice Department grant and her investigation into child pornography has been used in United States Supreme Court cases and helped to convict *Hustler* magazine's Dwaine Tinsley.

–EDWARD W. EICHEL

Edward Eichel currently is a psychotherapist in private practice in New York City. He received his Master's degree in the Human Sexuality, Marriage and Family Life Program at New York University.

THIS BOOK REVEALS

- How the most famous sex research project in history was fraudulent
- How official sex education doctrine in the United States is based on that research
- How Kinsey's data came from pedophiles and sex offenders stimulating children (as young as 2 months) orally and manually for up to 24 hours at a time. This rivals the Nazi medical experiments described at Nuremberg.

Qty.	Title	Price
_____	Kinsey, Sex and Fraud	$19.95

Louisiana residents add 7 1/2% sales tax _____
Add: Shipping & Handling Charge
2.00 for the first copy, additional copies $1.00 _____
TOTAL _____

Send to: Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Payment Method ☐ Check/M.O. enclosed
Charge to ☐ Visa ☐ M.C.
Account # _____
Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

Huntington House Publishers, P.O. Box 53788, Lafayette, LA 70505
Phone Orders Toll Free (1-800-749-4009)
AS/1190

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREFERENTIAL POLICIES: AN INTERNATIONAL PERSPECTIVE

Thomas Sowell/William Morrow & Co./221 pp. $17.95

Arch Puddington

Why have race relations on the university campus worsened so dramatically? For many Americans, insults, obscenities, and occasional violence, directed primarily at black students attending universities with liberal reputations, are a source of shame—and mystery. Some observers place the blame squarely on the former President's shoulders, arguing, as the chancellor of the City University of New York has, that Reagan's "budget cuts" and his "elevation of unbridled greed to the status of virtue" stimulated an atmosphere of intolerance, ultra-competitiveness, and racial contempt.

Thomas Sowell, a graduate of a black university, a distinguished economist of the Hoover Institution, and an authority on the politics of race, has a much more convincing, if obvious, explanation. The deplorable condition of black-white relations, he contends, is the entirely predictable result of twenty years of affirmative action, championed, though certainly not exclusively, by America's universities. Predictable, because the backlash against racial preference conforms to a pattern well-established in Nigeria, India, Malaysia, South Africa, and elsewhere. Sowell has earned considerable distinction for his writings on American race relations, along with the undying enmity of the civil rights claque. The current study is not likely to alter the judgement of his admirers or his detractors.

The racial compositions of the societies examined by Sowell vary widely, as do the goals of their preferential policies. In Malaysia, a Chinese minority has long enjoyed economic dominance; thus the purpose of the country's policies has been the elevation of the majority Malays. By contrast, South Africa's apartheid system benefited one white group, the Afrikaners, at the expense of both the black majority and a smaller, more successful white group, the English. In other societies, such as India and the United States, the objective has been the economic advancement of less prosperous minority groups, the untouchables in the former and blacks in the latter.

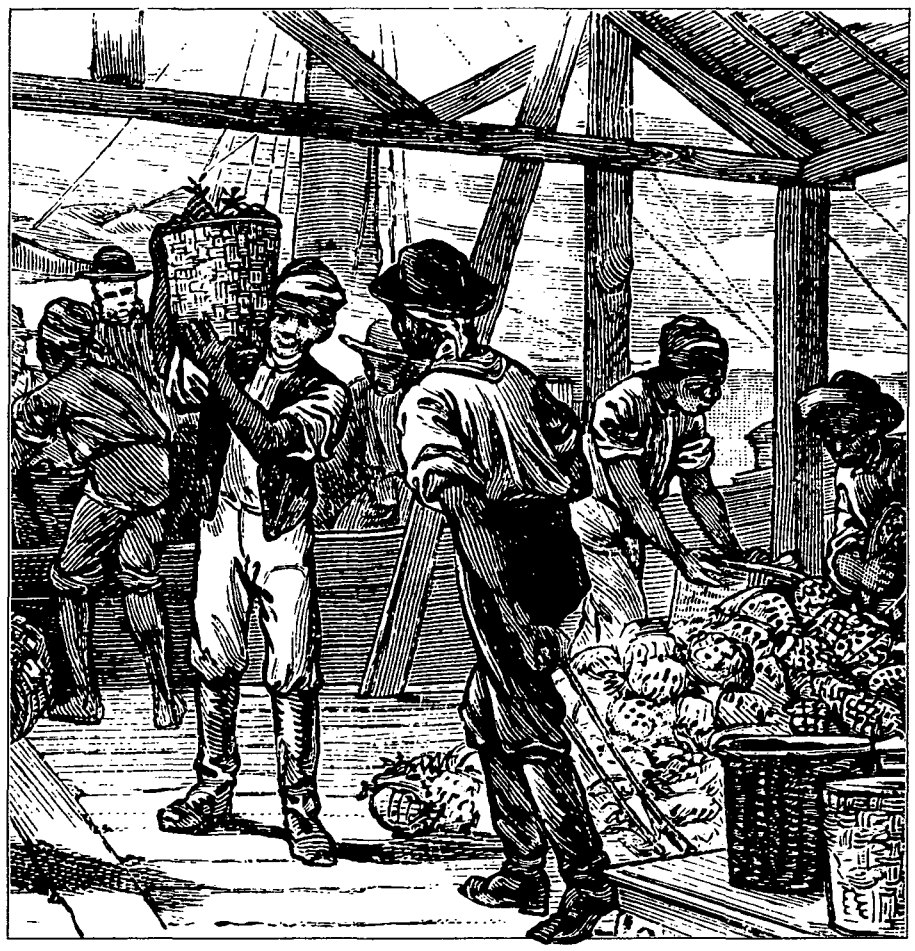
Justified as temporary expedients, preferential policies almost always become permanent features of the political landscape. Narrowly focused at first, they usually expand to embrace more and more favored groups and a larger part of the economic life. Promoted as a means of uplifting the impoverished, benefits are often limited to the best educated and most qualified—that is, those who would have succeeded under conditions of normal non-discrimination. Finally, they invariably contribute to racial strife, including some of the most violent recent Third World civil wars.

Nowhere has preference been more disastrous than in Sri Lanka. During the 1950s, policies were initiated to correct an "overrepresentation" of Tamils among the business and professional classes. At first modest in scope, the Sri Lankan equivalent of affirmative action soon evolved into outright quotas in university admissions. When these proved insufficiently effective, a policy called "standardization" was instituted, whereby the examination scores of Tamil applicants for university entrance were simply lowered to ensure the desired percentage of Sinhalese admissions. In one sense, these policies "worked," as Sinhalese educational and economic levels eventually overtook those of the Tamils. The cost, of course, has been a Tamil backlash that has led to one of the world's bloodiest and most intractable civil wars.

In Nigeria, preferential policies that penalized the successful Ibo tribe, encompassing education, jobs, and even land ownership, led to a horrifying civil war in 1966, in which the Ibos attempted to form a separate state. In India, initiatives on behalf of untouchables and other groups—including a wholesale lowering of medical school standards to accommodate low-achieving applicants—have triggered ethnic violence that shows no sign of abating.

The United States, of course, has not experienced the degree of racial strife that has plagued various Asian and African societies. One reason, obviously, is the much higher level of prosperity in this society. Another is the dominant role played by the private sector in providing professional jobs, in contrast to Third World countries, where the state is the primary source of employment for newly educated elites, thus facilitating the enforcement of preferential programs.

In addition, the ambiguity—or, if you prefer, dishonesty—in America's implementation of affirmative action has blunted its impact. Other countries do not make the fictional claim that no one is really penalized by preference, or that it entails no lowering of standards. A Malaysian writer justifies preference on the blunt ground that Malays need protection against the "hardened and resourceful" Chinese, a Nigerian complains of the "tyranny of skills," while an Indian asks whether "we [are] not entitled to jobs just because we are not as qualified."



For an American to justify affirmative action as a means of guaranteeing employment for the unqualified would fatally undermine racial preference's political support. Nonetheless, demands for equal results have already brought about a lowering of standards in university admissions and job tests, measures which, in typical American fashion, are rationalized on the grounds that the tests were "culturally biased" or "not relevant." The predictable results have been to stigmatize black professionals and academics as having achieved their position through an affirmative action track. The adoption of "affirmative grading"—artificially raising black students' scores—on a number of elite campuses cannot help but heighten racial tensions.

Evidence of the psychological damage of affirmative action hiring tends toward the speculative and anecdotal, but Sowell provides hard proof that quota policies in university admissions can be a source of misery for even the intended beneficiaries. He cites the University of California at Berkeley, where, in an attempt to create the "gorgeous mosaic" favored by black politicians like Jesse Jackson, quotas have produced a student body closely reflecting the ethnic composition of California's high school graduating classes. For whites and especially Asians, the result has been denial of admission to highly qualified applicants. For blacks, the consequence has been a failure-to-graduate rate of 70 percent.

Preferential Policies is a lucid response to the myths and alibis served up by preferential treatment's champions. To the claim that it can be controlled, Sowell offers case after case in which "temporary" remedies have been made permanent and preferential policies extended to groups "successively further removed from the original rationale of the policy." He notes that "an Indian businessman, entering the United States in the late twentieth century, was legally entitled to preferential benefits as an Asian, even though peo-

Arch Puddington works for Radio Free Europe-Radio Liberty in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple from India have higher incomes in the United States than the incomes of white Americans." He demonstrates how easily demands for "justice" by aggrieved groups degenerate into acts of oppression against other groups, citing Afrikaners' treatment of South African blacks, and Irish oppression of blacks in the U.S. On the subject of black hostility towards Asian shopkeepers in American inner cities, he observes that the arguments made against the Asians "are the same as those made against the Jewish businessmen in the same ghettoes a generation earlier or against the Chinese businessmen in Southeast Asia, the Lebanese in Sierra Leone, or small retailing minority groups in countries all over the world." As for the contention that racial preference benefits society as a whole, Sowell counters that such policies "often cost the losers more than is gained by the gainers," citing cases where unprepared university students, having gained admission over more qualified applicants, nevertheless fail to graduate, with both groups suffering.

One would be able to say with confidence that Sowell has made an important contribution to the debate over affirmative action if such a debate actually existed. On an intellectual level, Sowell, along with other critics of affirmative action like Nathan Glazer and Shelby Steele, has scored what amounts to a walkover. The defenders of racial preference, rather than confront the arguments for a racially neutral policy, have been reduced to the tawdry ploy of labeling Sowell and those blacks who share his views as craven apologists for white male domination, or even dismissing Sowell as a "crackpot," as one reviewer recently did.

Preferential Policies leaves one with a feeling of vague depression, for the advocates of preference seem well on the way to winning in the arena of politics. Sowell reminds us that during the debate over the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the bill's supporters went to great lengths to deny that the fair employment clause would bring about reverse discrimination, as the measure's Dixiecrat opponents charged. In subsequent debates over civil rights bills, however, Congress declined to include anti-reverse discrimination language.

Although a number of liberal intellectuals have joined the neoconservatives in questioning the wisdom of race-based social policy, no congressional liberal, and very few moderates, would dare denounce the concept of preferential treatment, as Hubert Humphrey did in 1964. Meanwhile, affirmative action marches on, embracing, at the university level alone, student admissions, hiring and promotion of faculty and administrators, grading policies, and demands for a "multicultural" curriculum.

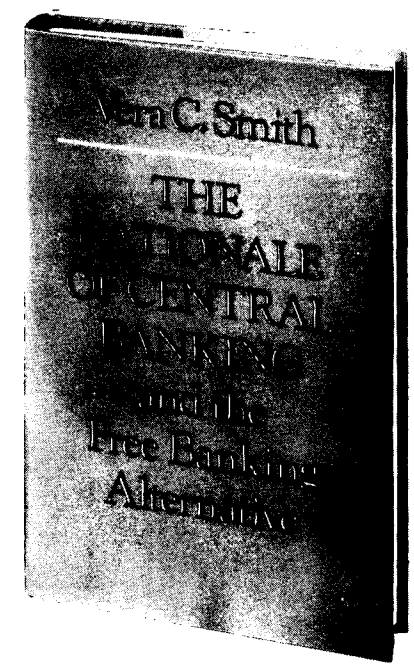
One prominent black leader has declared that "affirmative action is to blacks as Israel is to the Jews," and it would seem that the struggle for preferential policies stands today as the *raison d'être* of the traditional civil rights organization. On the other hand, there have been some modestly promising developments outside the realm of politics. The Census Bureau reports an increase in the number of black-owned businesses, and blacks continue to enter the professions in substantial numbers. While some black professionals continue to see affirmative action as a crucial protective instrument, others, no doubt, are concerned that affirmative action is undermining their own real achievements. The ever-worsening problems of inner city youth have elicited a new interest in the importance of individual responsibility, and some have even turned their attention to the question of public welfare's effect on the work ethic. It would not be uncharitable to remind the black leadership that these are themes Thomas Sowell has been sounding for many years. □

TITLES FROM **LIBERTY FUND**

New

THE RATIONALE OF CENTRAL BANKING

by Vera C. Smith
Foreword by Leland B. Yeager



"The Rationale of Central Banking is justly renowned for its excellent critical survey of the intellectual debate concerning central banking, and the alternative of free banking. There is no more insightful history of American banking than its two chapters on the United States. Its prose is clear and pungent. It is indispensable background reading for anyone interested in the current debate over monetary institutions." —Lawrence H. White, University of Georgia.

Quite difficult to obtain until now, Vera Smith's well-known work has nonetheless become the standard reference on the debates over central banking versus free banking. It gives a balanced and perceptive account of the 19th-century debates over central banking versus free banking through an historical survey of the arguments in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and the United States.

> "Vera Smith's book remains an authoritative and accurate summary of the theoretical arguments for and against free banking, a subject that has recently received renewed attention." —Milton Friedman, Hoover Institution

227 pages. Foreword, preface, appendix, bibliography, index.
Hardcover $20.00 0-86597-086-6
Paperback $ 8.00 0-86597-087-4
Liberty*Press*, 1990

ALSO AVAILABLE

WHAT SHOULD ECONOMISTS DO?

By James M. Buchanan
Preface by H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison

This volume, a collection of sixteen essays, provides relatively easy access to a wide range of work by a founder of the burgeoning subdiscipline of public choice. His work has spawned a methodological revolution in the way economists and other scholars think about government and governmental activity.

292 pages. Preface, index.
Hardcover $14.00 0-913966-64-9
Paperback $ 6.50 0-913966-65-7
Liberty*Press*, 1979

THE THEORY OF MONEY AND CREDIT

By Ludwig von Mises
Foreword by Murray N. Rothbard
Introduction by Lionel Robbins

"In continental circles it has long been regarded as the standard textbook on the subject. . . . I know few works which convey a more profound impression of the logical unity and the power of modern economic analysis." —Lionel Robbins

544 pages. Foreword, introduction, prefaces to earlier editions, appendices, index.
Hardcover $30.00 0-913966-70-3
Paperback $10.00 0-913966-71-1
Liberty*Classics*, 1981

Please send me:

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price	Amount
	Rationale of Central Banking	Hardcover	$20.00	
		Paperback	$ 8.00	
	What Should Economists Do?	Hardcover	$14.00	
		Paperback	$ 6.50	
	Theory of Money and Credit	Hardcover	$30.00	
		Paperback	$10.00	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

We pay book rate postage.
Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery.
All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your current catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.
Department EE101
7440 North Shadeland Avenue
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

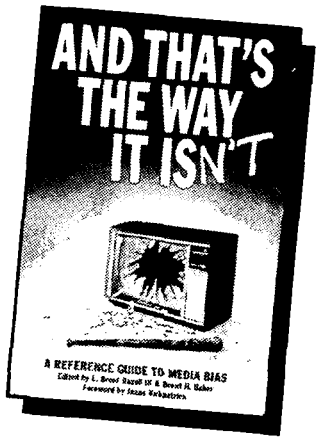
"Settles once and for all the question of media bias in America." -- Mona Charen, former speechwriter for President Reagan.

From the publishers of ***MediaWatch***, a new book. ***And That's the Way It Is(n't)*** provides 350 pages of summaries, excerpts and reprints of more than 45 studies that demonstrate the media's liberal bias. Finally, a one-stop resource containing all the facts and figures, examples and quotes you'll need to prove the media's bias to your friends and colleagues.

"This book ought to be assigned reading in every journalism school in America. Every conservative should buy one and mail it to an anchorman." -- Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary of State.

"...a thorough, thoughtful and altogether judicious study. Its dispassionate and well-documented review of bias and tendentiousness in mainstream journalism ought to be examined -- and can't be ignored." -- Eric Breindel, *New York Post* editorial page editor.

"Fresh intelligence on one of the most boring industries in America from some of the liveliest media critics in the Republic. Highly recommended." -- R. Emmett Tyrrell.



$14.95, including shipping and handling. To order by Visa or MasterCard, call 1-800-346-BIAS (346-2427)

Or send check (Va residents add 67 cents sales tax) to:
Media Research Center Book
111 S. Columbus St.
Alexandria, Va. 22314

ELVIS DON'T LIKE FOOTBALL: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE NFL'S MOST OUTSPOKEN COACH
Jerry Glanville with J. D. Miller/Macmillan/189 pp. $18.95

TOM LANDRY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Tom Landry with Gregg Lewis/Zondervan (dist. by HarperCollins)
302 pp. $18.95

Joe Queenan

By the time he got around to writing his autobiography, Tom Landry had guided the Dallas Cowboys to two Super Bowl victories in five attempts, had led his team to twenty consecutive winning seasons, and had revolutionized professional football several times over, introducing the flex defense and reviving the shotgun formation. By the time Jerry Glanville got around to writing his autobiography, he had served as assistant coach with the cellar-dwelling Detroit Lions and Atlanta Falcons, guided the not-so-legendary Houston Oilers to three consecutive early exits from the playoffs, coached his squad to a 61-7 defeat a week before the 1989-90 season ended, and earned a reputation for teaching dirty, stupid football.

For starters: the Houston Oilers? I don't know how the rest of you feel about it, but I don't lose much sleep wondering what's going on with the Houston Oilers franchise these days. Months and months go by without the words "Houston Oilers" turning up in conversation; years and years go by without my running into anyone wearing a Houston Oilers sweatshirt. When it comes to professional sporting franchises for which the heartbeat of the Republic is not throbbing, the Houston Oilers rank right up there with the Utah Jazz, the New Jersey Devils, and the Seattle Mariners. Forget about America's team—they're not even Texas's team. And now they don't even have Glanville; he moved to Atlanta in the off-season. To put a fine point on it, Glanville has written a fourth-rate book about a third-rate franchise whose second-rate coach now works for a fifth-rate team. Get those remaindered racks ready.

Elvis Don't Like Football: The Life and Times of the NFL's Most Outspoken Coach is the work of the self-important Glanville and the apparently talentless *Sport* magazine editor J. D. Miller. Sure, coaches' autobiographies tend to be swamp-dredge, but this affair is pure gator poop. Dedicated to Kris Kristofferson, Jerry Jeff Walker, and John Cougar Mellencamp, "the last true rebels of our time" (I would still give the edge to Pol Pot), Glanville's magnum opus is short on inside football, long on talking trash. A marginally successful coach whose teams choke in the big games—not unlike those of the NFL's second-most outspoken coach, Buddy Ryan of the Philadelphia Eagles—Glanville uses his book as an excuse to tee off on the competition, particularly Chuck Noll of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Noll, of course, has four Super Bowl rings on his fingers; Glanville has little knobs of pudge on his. Talk about chutzpah.

Like all true rebel poseurs, Glanville is a fan of Willie Nelson, guys who hit after the whistle, and scab football players. His idea of rebelliousness is to attack the referees, always a daring thing to do when there are 75,000 other people in the arena who share your opinion. His jokes aren't funny, his influence on the game is slight, and his co-author writes such lines as: "Finally, my thanks to Roy Exum and all the other insecure people in my life who attempted unsuccessfully to harness my drive and desire. Kicking me from the snug security of the nest taught me to fly, thereby pushing me to heights I never dreamed possible." Co-authoring a book called *Elvis Don't Like Football* with an ex-coach of the Houston Oilers is a height you never dreamed possible, Mr. Miller? Just for the record, what's your idea of abject failure?

Tom Landry: An Autobiography is the very opposite of Glanville's fetid offering: thoughtful, intelligent, and surprisingly funny. A legend several times over—in high school, in college, as an All-Pro defensive back with the New York Giants, and as one of the greatest coaches in the history of the game—Tom Landry *is* the history of big-time professional football. Unlike Glanville, who drops names like Buddy Brister and Alan Pinkett, Landry played with Frank Gifford, defensed Johnny Unitas, worked with Vince Lombardi, and coached Don Meredith, Drew Pearson, Tony Dorsett, Bob Hayes, Roger Staubach, and countless other monsters of the game. As a defensive back, he not only played in the Giants' 23-17 overtime victory over the Colts in the 1958 championship game, which put pro football on the map, but even carpooled to New York with a young lawyer named Howard Cosell. This is a guy who paid his dues.

Gregg Lewis, who co-authored the book, has done a fine job of capturing Landry's familiar drawl: reserved, dispassionate, self-deprecating. Although, like many NFL coaches, he goes a bit overboard on the Jesus-is-my-defensive-coordinator stuff, Landry mostly sticks to football, some of it pretty funny: a menaced quarterback signaling for a fair catch before each handoff; a Dallas sportswriter suggesting a new statistic (Yards Lost Attempting to Live); lollapalooza running back Duane Thomas turning up for training camp in a dashiki and insisting that a friend he brought along be given a tryout. As for Landry's trademark fedora, a hatmaker originally supplied him with the natty items in the hope that all the TV exposure would spark a fedora craze. Mercifully, it did not. The quintessential Landry anecdote reveals how the Man in the Hat, while serving as player-coach in his final seasons with the Giants, once scampered fifty yards downfield to scold Gifford, who had just returned an interception for a touchdown. "Frank, you were out of position on that play." No high five for Frankie-Boy.

Because the Cowboys were so successful for so many years, it is easy to forget that Landry did not have a winning season until his sixth year, and at one point had a 15–43–3 record. If we throw out the 1–15 and 3–13 years he posted in his last two seasons, we find that between 1966 and 1988 the Cowboys compiled an amazing 252–109–3 record. All of which was conveniently forgotten when a new owner took the reins and chucked Landry out onto the street.

Landry, like Lombardi before him, was the sort of coach whose genius enabled him to transcend the hatred fans from other cities would direct toward his swaggering teams. This became apparent last year when even the sportswriters in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia began writing furious articles denouncing his ignominious firing.

Glanville is unlikely to elicit similar sympathy when the axe falls on him for the final time. In an inadvertently illuminating passage, he recounts how he once shook Landry's hand after a Houston-Dallas game.

"Great game, Gary," said Landry.

"Gary? Who's Gary?" Glanville wanted to know. Easy one, Jerry: some guy from the Oilers. Or the Falcons. Or the Lions. But certainly nobody important. □

Joe Queenan is a frequent contributor to Barron's *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACTS OF RECOVERY: ESSAYS ON CULTURE AND POLITICS

Jeffrey Hart/University Press of New England/260 pp. $19.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Jeffrey Hart has achieved distinction as a scholar, editor, teacher, historian, and conservative thinker. Central to all of his attainments, however, and key to the value of his work in each discipline or vocation, is his critical faculty. Appropriately, it is as an accomplished critic that he presents himself to us in his latest book, *Acts of Recovery.* Much of what he has to say in these generous gleanings from his essays and reviews, wide-ranging and engaging pieces on everyone from Belloc, Chesterton, Lewis, and Burke to Boswell and Johnson, Frost, Eliot, Hemingway, and Allan Bloom, is as much about criticism itself as the names in the chapter heads.

This is not as narrowing as it may sound, for Professor Hart's brand of criticism is a far cry from the niggling, incestuous variety common to much of modern academia, a problem the author addresses in his preface:

> The critic . . . [should be] closely acquainted not only with the range of English literature and the literature of other languages, but with the classics of his Western civilization. But for all of this, his work remains essentially sociable and accessible and therefore likely to be rooted in journalism, a sign not only of its accessibility but of its involvement in both the larger and the commoner concerns of the world.

Which is precisely as it should be but, alas, there are other beasts lurking in the contemporary academic forest:

> The appearance and growing influence of another sort of criticism in the academy, however, represents a different and contrary intention altogether, and it has been good neither for the academy nor for the culture at large. It has virtually nothing to do with journalism or public discourse and by its very nature could not, because it tends to be esoteric and exclusive. It does not address itself to a common intelligence or to a shared civilization, but to the specialist and the initiate. It exhibits a powerful hostility, strange to say, toward both the individual work of literature and to the very idea of literature, positing circumstances under which, for example, Shakespeare is no more "privileged" than a television commercial or statistical survey. Under these auspices, literary criticism exhibits an aspiration to become philosophy, linguistics, psychology, a quantitative and exact science, an ideology, and a private esoteric vision.

Critical or artistic "relevance," that often-abused word, is thus, in its truest sense, both timely and timeless, the application and elaboration of civilized values and aesthetics to a critic's existing audience in his contemporary setting. Few critics writing today meet this standard better than Hart, and he manages to take even the most basically sympathetic subjects with a grain or two of salty critique.

Thus, in his chapter on Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, aptly titled "Bloomsday," Hart encapsulates Bloom's central message better in one concise sentence than his subject managed to do in his windy, winding tour de force. Bloom's great theme throughout, writes Hart, "is that ideology has invaded the academy to an absolutely unprecedented degree, *closing* the American mind—at least the American academic mind—to the truths about human nature as it actually is and has aspired to be." He also pinpoints the Achilles' heel of Bloom's work, the fact that its "brilliant dissection of the ills of relativism is weakened by his inattention to religious truth," without which everything would indeed be relative.

In a true "act of recovery" in his first chapter ("Out of It 'ere Night"), Hart lovingly resurrects the figure of Hobey Baker, a once-famous but now virtually forgotten WASP hero of the early 1900s. Handsome, modest, a Princeton gentleman athlete and the epitome of Ivy League sportsmanship, Baker was the *beau ideal* of his pre-World War I peers, and the virtual idol of aspiring outsiders like the young F. Scott Fitzgerald. He may also have had a strong death wish, never wearing a headguard in football and ultimately dying in a suspect 1918 plane crash after having cheated death during wartime service in the Lafayette Escadrille (perhaps he thought that death had cheated him).

Hart manages to take a rather wooden, uninteresting hero—a gallant but self-contained and probably incomplete man—and make him interesting in the context of his times and the framework of a story (the case for the traditionally chivalrous English/American gentleman) skillfully told. He also evokes the mixture of stoicism, idealism, and emotional reticence or blandness that has characterized a certain type of WASP hero, from Hobey Baker through George Bush. It would be difficult to think of anyone else who has written so clearly and understandingly about a dwindling but far from vanished elite that is little understood by others because it seldom bothers to articulate any understanding of itself, to the degree it possesses any.

It is a sad commentary on the times that Hart included this essay only after the repeated urging of Dartmouth colleagues and past students; even the author may have been unsure how many contemporary readers were capable of appreciating the subject.

If there is any fault to be found in this collection, it is that occasionally, when Hart writes about one of his literary hobbyhorses, the quality of his mercy *is* strained. For example, he bends over backwards to make excuses for a prickly pet eccentric like Hilaire Belloc, pleading that "Belloc was so much the natural don that he even had some of the weaknesses of the academic mind. As a historian and as a moral and religious thinker, he was admirably concrete, but when he wrote on current political and social matters, a don-like abstraction took over." Isn't this really just a diplomatic way of saying that, in dealing with contemporary reality, Hilaire Belloc was often his own *reductio ad absurdum?*

With G. K. Chesterton, Hart is on much more solid ground, perhaps because Chesterton was a much more solid artist and thinker than Belloc. He even chooses his Chestertonian quips well, viz. "G. K.'s" gently dismissive characterization of his friend "G.B.S." ("Shaw is like the Venus of Milo; all that there is of him is admirable.")

One could continue to sample and praise this highly enjoyable collection of leavings from a magnificent and generally amiable mind. It might be more useful, however, to end with the author's closing words in his last chapter ("The Ivory Foxhole"), an amusing tour through the joys and jeopardies of modern and, for the most part, liberal-dominated academia. Some of our more dour conservative readers might profit from Jeffrey Hart's conclusion that, philosophy aside:

> . . . some people manage to get along, and some just do not. Civility and good humor rank high with me. My personality does not resemble that of Thorstein Veblen. I am sure that I am detested by some, mostly silently, and that many regard my opinions as deplorable, but in the latter group, many also like to ski, play tennis, or hang around football practice with me. Existence, thank God, includes much more than opinions. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr., a member of the National Council on the Humanities, writes and broadcasts on politics, history, and the arts.

The recent re-unification of Berlin is only the latest reversal of fortune for this city, which has experienced extremes of triumph and desolation throughout the turbulent 20th Century. IHF is proud to offer four films that capture various aspects of life in this city from the Weimar Republic of the '20s to the fall of the Wall in 1989.

ODE TO JOY AND FREEDOM: THE FALL OF THE BERLIN WALL

Germany's all-time best-selling non-theatrical video traces the history of the infamous Berlin Wall from its construction in 1961 to its dismantling in 1989. This program covers the historic events that lead to the fall of East Germany's Communist Government; the events of November 9th, 1989, when East Berliners crossed the Wall freely for the first time in almost three decades; the destruction of the Wall; and the subsequent New Year's Day celebrations, which featured massive fireworks displays. Color, 54 minutes, English commentary. $29.95 #R280

BERLIN: A LESSON IN SURVIVAL

Made by the West German Government in 1976, this film highlights the cultural and economic vitality of West Berlin, an island of freedom in a sea of totalitarianism, during the Cold War. Color, 25 minutes, English commentary. $19.95 #282

THE FALL OF BERLIN

Made by Soviet Army cameramen, this remarkable film records the Battle of Berlin and the city's complete devastation at the end of World War 2. B&W, 72 minutes, English commentary. $29.95 #149

BERLIN-SYMPHONY OF A GREAT CITY

In this renowned silent film, directory Walter Rutman creates a classic expression of everyday life in the city during the 1920s. B&W, 70 minutes. $19.95 #007

Please send me the following videocassette numbers:

SPECIAL OFFER—SAVE $10.00
Buy all four programs for only $89.95

Available in VHS only

SHIPPING AND HANDLING $4.00

TOTAL ENCLOSED
(Illinois residents add 7% sales tax)

☐ My check is enclosed. Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

NAME (SHIPPING ADDRESS) PHONE NUMBER

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

ACCOUNT NUMBER (VISA & MASTERCARD ONLY)

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE EXPIRATION DATE

1-800-726-1315

CANADIAN ORDERS CALL: 312-927-2900

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:

INTERNATIONAL HISTORIC FILMS, INC.
Box 29035, Chicago, Illinois 60629

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

DRY RUN

by Dave Shiflett

Where can a man drink a beer in peace? This is an ever-important consideration for those of us who have, for whatever reason (pounding livers, divine intervention, etc.), decided to reduce our alcohol intake. Not surprisingly, we want to make sure that every cold one counts, and we're willing to take great pains to ensure that it does.

Which is bad news for the merchants of cheap beer, and for the proprietors of most bars, especially the ones where we built up our reputations. But it is good news for the folks who sell gasoline, for sometimes a man must go a long ways to find the perfect spot.

Shall we go to the mountains? Well, to tell you the truth, the mountains are a little crowded lately. On Labor Day weekend, some 37,000 cars squeezed through the Eisenhower Tunnel, forcing long backups and otherwise taking the charm out of a high-country excursion. This isn't too hard to figure: a large percentage of Colorado's population lives in the Denver area. What we need are some real wide-open spaces, where we can escape the hordes. Momma, bring that road atlas over here.

New Mexico, which is directly south of Colorado, is famous for several things: it is the former home to Geronimo and Billy the Kid, the detonation site of the first A-bomb, and a former national leader in drunk-driving deaths (a politician wanted to put up billboards saying as much, but for some reason the motion didn't carry). It is also sparsely populated, with 11 people per square mile (Colorado has 28 per square mile, New York 358). The state motto is "It Grows as It Goes," which is surely something to think about. Yet despite these many attributes, New Mexico comes right *after* New York in the AAA Road Atlas. From our house to the border: just over three hours.

We entered the Land of Enchantment through Raton Pass (elevation 7, 834), eyes peeled for a bar. The city of Raton beckoned, but wait a minute. Look at all those people. Good Lord, 7,900 humans live here.

Onward!

Interstate 25 (our road) cuts down through the top of the state at Raton and drifts slightly west, pulling up beside the Rio Grande north of Albuquerque and finally passing over the river near Truth or Consequences (an odd name for a town, but not quite so odd as Yah-Tah-Hey). Relatively speaking, the longer we stayed on the road, the more danger we had of running into humans, not to mention drunk drivers. So we checked the atlas. Springer, the next town listed, could be the place.

It couldn't come soon enough. The 80-mph dash through the high grasslands afforded some splendid views, but grass attracts insects, and thousands ended up splattering our windshield. By the time we rolled into town, we could barely see through the mash of guts and wings. We cleaned off at the gas station (regular unleaded: $1.49) and commenced our search.

The first place we came to was right around the corner. Its name, as I recall, was the Springer House. And, as I recall, it looked something like an old-west saloon, with swinging doors and a historic western façade. I also remember that the town, with a population of 1,600, was just about the size we were looking for, but for some reason my foot refused to move from the gas pedal to the brake as we passed this oasis. Perhaps it had something to do with those big Harley Davidsons parked out front.

And, besides, the atlas showed that several options awaited us just down the road. Why, there was Roy, New Mexico, and Mills, and Abbott. And Momma, doesn't your Uncle Benny live around here somewhere? Let's drop by his place and see if he has any ideas. And who knows, maybe he's pullin' a cork himself.

This cattle ranch, says Uncle Benny, is pretty small—only 11,400 acres, while the fella across the road has over 64,000 acres on these rolling plains, which stretch east as far as you can see (which is a long, long way) and west about forty or fifty miles, where they meet the southern Rockies. The atlas says this is all part of the Kiowa National Grasslands, though Benny says the acreage under federal protection isn't as great as the atlas would have us believe. It's *his* land, dad gummit.

Besides lots of grass, bear grass, turpentine weeds, and insects (we don't have many mosquitos in Denver, perhaps because they all live at Benny's), the grasslands are full of cattle, antelope (which glow a beautiful golden brown in the afternoon sun), deer, coyotes, porcupines, rattlesnakes, and hawks. In the canyons, which are nearly invisible from the roadways but which might drop 1,000 feet in a rather dramatic fashion, live bears and mountain lions.

More to the point of our mission, this is a wonderful place to work up a thirst. The land is high and dry: 6,000 feet or so above sea level, with average yearly rainfall of 12-16 inches, and no noticeable humidity. Besides all that, there is great excitement here, despite the hypnotic vastness. We had in mind catching a rattlesnake, maybe one as large as the diamondback hanging on Benny's wall, which was six feet long and ready to strike when Benny whacked it to death with a fencepost. This would make for nice conversation when we finally found our watering hole.

The boys and I scouted a fenceline, and as I waded through some calf-deep weeds, I suddenly stepped on something that was round and firm, and which gave off a threatening hiss. Being exceedingly alert and in excellent physical condition, I made a split-second retreat—up into the air and off to the right, toward the fence. Unfortunately, the right forearm caught on the barbed wire, ripping a three-inch gash just past the elbow. But so what. At least the snake hadn't gotten me. Or, to be more precise, I had escaped the fangs of a length of black rubber hose. Well, it sure felt like a rattlesnake, and sounded like one, kinda.

Benny, after seeing the problem I'd had with a stationary fence, strongly advised against hitting the bar down in Roy. "I don't think you'll come out of that one alive," he counseled.

So we looked elsewhere. From a distance, Mills seemed a possibility, but it turned out that Mills was a post office located at a wide place in the road. Lest anyone fear for this great metropolis's dedication to modern values, however, it should be pointed out that a single parking space had been marked in the widest part of the road, and at the head of that lonely parking space—the only parking space in Mills, New Mexico—stood a very large sign designating that this was a handicapped zone. The space was empty as we whizzed past.

Where can a man drink a beer in peace? Let me suggest Abbott, New Mexico, which stands at the junction of Routes 56 and 39. It is true that the service in Abbott isn't so great, and don't go down there looking to dance or talk sports. In fact, if you want to drink a beer, you've got to bring your own. For Abbott's population, save for the ruins of two buildings, is zero. It is very quiet there, except when a car passes, which isn't very often. □

Dave Shiflett is deputy editorial page editor at the Rocky Mountain News *and* TAS*'s Rocky Mountain editor.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

wing ideology masquerading as public interest. He harms the consumer, America's manufacturers, doctors, workers, and the economy by fighting tort reform everywhere it rears its head.

Moribund Manila

Having served at the U.S. Embassy in Manila 1981-1984, I was impressed with William McGurn's article on the Philippines ("Corazon Aquino's Poverty Pimps," *TAS*, September 1990). The only quarrel I would have with the article is that it was not pessimistic enough. It seems to hold out hope that if the policies of the Manila government and its foreign lenders changed, then things could get better. Seeing what has transpired in Eastern Europe makes one believe that anything is possible, but in the case of the Philippines I think that the country is suffering from terminal illness and nothing will stop its further decline.

It is hard for someone who has not lived there to understand just how corrupt and venal the whole system has become. From the cop on the street to the cabinet minister, everyone has his hand out and everyone is so accustomed to looking out for number one that their idea of public service or looking out for the national interest might as well be concepts imported from Venus.

Filipinos have shielded themselves from the hard facts of their sorry existence by blaming it all on the U.S. Again it would be difficult for an outsider to believe the commonly held belief that the Embassy on Roxas Boulevard calls all the shots and the CIA is behind every twist and turn in the nation's political life. Thus, the educated elite rail against this perceived domination and the multitude of Filipinos have cargo cult-like fantasies that Uncle Sam will someday steam into Manila Bay and make everything all better. On my last trip to Manila in 1988 I looked in vain for some sign that the People Power revolution had changed things for the better. As McGurn suggests, nothing has changed and nothing will.

—Robert C. Meehan
Birmingham, Michigan

The Oldest Poison

Michael Fumento's description of the deliberate misuse of laboratory data by domestic terrorists ("The Politics of Cancer Testing," *TAS*, August 1990) reminded me of a letter submitted by a wag some years ago, to a magazine for chemists. The writer urged immediate action to remove oxygen from the environment, as oxygen was clearly a highly poisonous substance. He claimed that when laboratory animals were made to breathe oxygen in concentrations as small as one-tenth of one percent, they died in a matter of minutes.

—Paul Nix
Summit, New Jersey

Defending Deconstructionism

In her amusing report on the June Conference of the National Association of Scholars ("Penta Hostilities: Deconstructing the NAS," *TAS*, August 1990), Martha Bayles falls into the common error of many conservatives in seeing deconstruction as an ally, if not the source, of current attempts by radical feminists and new-Marxists to politicize literature. Ms. Bayles, who is generally a perceptive critic, should know better, as is evidenced by a remark at the beginning of her report about the feminist professor's view that Derridean "irony" would subvert her own view of literary works as reflections of the ideology "established by Dead White European Males." And this feminist, and other radicals who feel that their teaching should be part of an ongoing revolution to overthrow the capitalist, male, Eurocentric hegemony, are quite right in recognizing that a critical method like deconstruction, which emphasizes the resistance of any novel or poem to a determinate meaning, subverts any political meaning that they find in a literary work.

But, Ms. Bayles might object, doesn't this fact make deconstruction even more dangerous than political criticism, insofar as it is better to have a mistaken meaning than no meaning at all? The answer to this objection is that to resist a determinate meaning (or "closure") is not to deny meaning but only to insist that other meanings, meanings unintended by the writer, are also present. Thus, in interpreting "The Wreck of the Deutschland," J. Hillis Miller certainly responds fully to the poet's explicit belief that there is a unity between nature and God, and that the poet can find the right words to express this unity. But Miller also finds evidence in the tortured language of the poem that Hopkins doubts this possibility; and that the fear of atheism which haunted Hopkins can be felt in his very attempt to overcome it.

We do not have to agree with this interpretation of the poem, or with the general method of reading that sees "certain relationships, unperceived by the writer, between what he commands and what he does not command of the pattern of the language he uses" (to quote Derrida's description of a deconstructive reading); but we must grant that such a way of reading is not nihilistic. Not only does this method reveal a richer and more complete meaning of a poem or an essay, but a deconstructionist reading attempts to win approval by citing evidence that is available to all, and by using logic that is acceptable to all. This last point may seem obvious; but it is critical to an understanding of the difference between those who aim for objectivity and those who defend their interpretations by reference to the interests of class, race, or gender. It is only the latter that the National Association of Scholars opposes because the appeal to interests rather than to evidence denies the possibility of free inquiry.

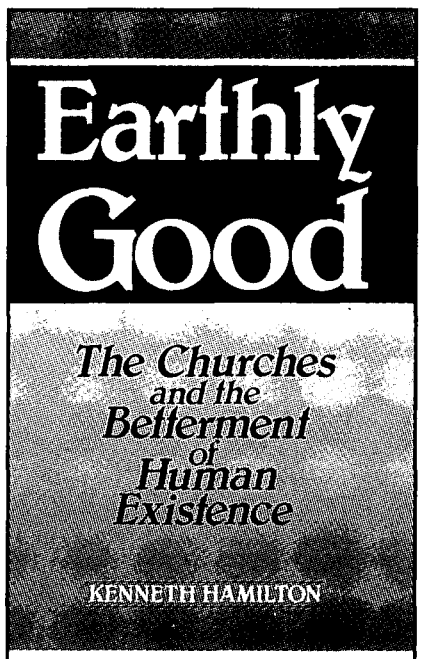
The National Association of Scholars has, for the most part, maintained this position; and several speakers at the June conference emphasized the point that the organization is dedicated to free inquiry for all. It is not concerned with supporting conservative as against liberal or radical views in any discipline. What is needed in the colleges and universities today is not any particular theory, but an atmosphere in which all inquiry can be conducted on the basis of evidence and logic. In this effort, advocates of all theories are welcomed, except for those whose views would end the very process of free inquiry.

—Lawrence Hyman
Professor Emeritus
Brooklyn College-CUNY
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Martha Bayles replies:

My dear Mr. Hyman, please be so kind as to read my article again. You will find that it does not fall into the "common error" you describe. Poor Joe K.'s dilemma—on which he is impaled throughout his report—is precisely between Professor Jack Laddida's insistence that all meanings are equally valid (and therefore equally meaningless), and Professor Paula de Woman's programmatic effort to reconstruct literature in the radical feminist mold. In the final paragraph, Joe realizes that if he accepts the latter's truth claims, then he faces the inconvenient task of weighing all the other truth claims in the world—a task for which the Earl University Non-Center for the Anti-Humanities has failed to prepare him. If only today's college students would look for such meanings as the undercurrent of doubt in Hopkins's religious poetry—you don't have to be a deconstructionist to do that! Instead, Joe's "education" has instilled in him the lazy habit of seeing whatever "truth" he fancies in whatever "text" happens to plop down in front of him—for instance, a vile lunch served by the Penta Hotel. (Take my advice and never schedule a conference at that Augean establishment.) At the end, Joe is teetering on the brink of rejecting his foolish "education" and accepting the principle to which the NAS is, or ought to be, dedicated: not just free inquiry for its own sake, but free inquiry for the sake of truth. □

COMING NEXT MONTH CHRISTMAS BOOKS



Why are so many churches today stepping to a worldly drumbeat, telling members how to pursue a "good" life here and now? In this hard-hitting book Kenneth Hamilton maintains that churches everywhere are making the mistake of commending the gospel primarily on the grounds of the personal and social good it can bring about on this earth. He argues that abstract utopian theories and Gnostic ideals have infiltrated and infected the modern church, undermining its effectiveness. Hamilton's critique of the modern church is penetrating, and his analysis of the meaning of *tradition* and *modernity* is clear and thought-provoking.

Paper, $12.95

At your bookstore, or call
800-633-9326
In Michigan, call collect
616-459-4591
FAX 616-459-6540

024 WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

AUDIO CASSETTES

Listen monthly to some of our greatest thinkers who shape the events of our time on a sixty minute audio cassette. Send $3.00 to cover postage and handling for a sample. AUDIO VIEW, Box 6, Springfield, VA 22150.

BOOKS

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located. No obligation. Whitted Books, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1777 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

Out of Print Bookfinder - 2035 (AS) EVERDING, Eureka, CA 95501. Send Wants.

JAYNE'S BOOKSEARCH

OLD & RARE BOOKS

Bought • Used • Sold • Searched

Estate Libraries

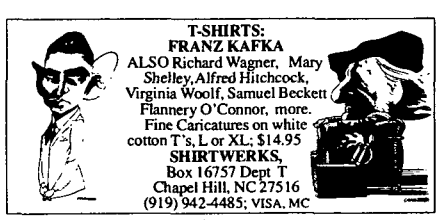
325 Valley Rd.
Havertown, PA 19083
(215) 449-1679

Adam Kaplan, Prop.
Open 9-5:30
Monday-Saturday

MERCHANDISE

BUMPER STICKERS

Annoy your liberal neighbors & co-workers with slogans like: "Do The Right Thing, Dump Dem. Dum Dums." "I Love Animals. They're Delicious." "AIDS, Drugs, Abortion. Don't Liberals Just Kill You?" More issues on a monthly basis. Send a $2.00 check or M.O. for each heavy-duty plastic sticker to Forthright Comunications, P.O. Box 134, Merrifield, Virginia 22116.


T-SHIRTS:
FRANZ KAFKA
ALSO Richard Wagner, Mary Shelley, Alfred Hitchcock, Virginia Woolf, Samuel Beckett Flannery O'Connor, more.
Fine Caricatures on white cotton T's, L or XL; $14.95
SHIRTWERKS,
Box 16757 Dept T
Chapel Hill, NC 27516
(919) 942-4485; VISA, MC

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

HOME STUDY COLLEGE DEGREE PROGRAMS
60 Sem. credits req'd. Finish BS, MBA, MA, PhD, JD/Law Degree. BA Challenge Exam (3 yr. prior college req'd). Year round. No classroom attendance. Free information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388
1-213-382-3801

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 611, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

PUBLICATIONS

Sexism ***Fight it!!***
Beat the divorce racket and other anti-male discrimination

Read ***The Liberator***
Monthly newsmagazine has the answers. Conservative commonsense on all gender issues. Hard hitting answer to feminism! It's about time!
$20/yr. *Men's Rights Assoc.* Dept. TAS
Route 6 St. Forest Lake, MN 55025

Monograph titled: ***Dialogos*** by J. Settanni regarding thinking of Leo Strauss, Eric Voegelin, Michael Oakeshott, Gerhart Niemeyer, Hannah Arendt, John Rawls, and Robert Nozick; also, Allan Bloom, Thomas Molnar, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Willmoore Kendall, Thomas Pangle, Russell Kirk, Norman Podhoretz, Richard M. Weaver, Harry V. Jaffa, Friedrich A. Hayek, and many others.

Discussions cover classical *versus* modern political philosophy: statecraft, statesmanship, capital punishment, *Realpolitik*, rights theory, foreign policy, tyranny, modern terrorism, just war theory, and propaganda; also, constitutionalism, democracy, representation, public opinion, virtue, utopianism, Machiavellianism, geopolitics, and many more associated political subjects, both theoretical and substantive.

• Settanni has been published in: *Modern Age*, *The University Bookman*, *New Oxford Review*, *Chronicles of Culture*, *Faith & Reason*, *The Chesterton Review*, and elsewhere. 372 pages (8½ x 11 format). *Caution:* Requires a reader with an above average intelligence. Make check or money order for $25 (includes postage and handling) payable to: **Joseph Settanni.** Mail to: **P.O. Box 6068, Yorkville Station, New York, NY 10128-0001.**

THE PHOENIX
Conservative commentary, from Canada and the U.S., in defence of freedom and liberal democracy. Investigative reporting. $1.50 for a sample copy (enclose ad or a photocopy). For a one-year bi-monthly subscription; $16 in Canada; $20 overseas (surface); $30 airmail. Write to:
THE PHOENIX, P.O. Box 1122, Postal Station 'Q', Toronto, Canada M4T 2P2

SOLUTIONS ON DRUGS: Don't get mad, get clever. 19,000 words documents new approaches for self financing programs, treatment, and destroying traffickers. Cassette $8, text $6, listings $1. R. Carlson Publications, 1150 Iowa SE, Huron, SD 57350.

PUBLICATIONS

From Baby Boomer Churches to Soviet Christian Democracy—***Religion Watch*** objectively monitors over 1,000 periodicals for trends in religion. "A most helpful source of religion trends and very well done."—Gerald Renner, *Hartford Courant*. Money back guaranteed if dissatisfied with first issue. Five-year subject index included free. Send: $17.50 (11 issues) or $8.75 (5 issues) to: ***Religion Watch***, P.O. Box 652, N. Bellmore, NY 11710.

POSTERS

The Federal Deficit and the biggest financial disaster ever and Congress gets a raise. Poster, "Congress needs a blood transfusion, vote in new blood." Send $4.50 to Vote Reform, 202 Burwell Apt. 68, Bremerton, WA 98366.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRCRC IN NYC. A Truly *Reformed* Christian Reformed Church in New York City! And—we laugh a lot! CALL 718-332-4444.

CLEAN BLOOD PROTECTION
Be in Control of Your Life

More people now believe they can build strong blood quality and, thereby, protect themselves from "social diseases."

This non-profit organization assists its members, provides reliable information and fosters dependable support.

For FREE MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION WRITE:
BLOOD LINE, INCORPORATED
P.O. BOX 7219
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90212-7219

PERSONALS

"SINGLE, WHITE, MALE, 28 years old, never married, non-smoker, non-drinker, desires correspondence/companionship with goal of establishing a long-term relationship with a literate woman with interests in literature, film, music, politics, and personal growth. Good sense of humor a must. Send replies to Box CR, c/o TAS, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, VA 22216.

JAPANESE WOMEN seek friends, marriage. Other Orientals too! Free brochure: PACIFIC CENTURY, 110 Pacific #208-JX, San Francisco, CA 94111. (816) 942-1668.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1.00 per word
($5 extra for TAS box number if desired.)
$30 per column inch for classified display ads.
Pre-payment required for all ads.

Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is: $_____ for ____ insertions.
Ad classification: _____
Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____
Zip: _____

Send ad copy with this form to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549

PERSONALS

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience (since 1984), Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415) 897-2742.

COMPUTER SOFTWARE

WISDOM OF THE AGES

First electronic book to give PC users easy access to quotes and sayings from over 1,000 great minds - Eastern & Western.

Find excellent ideas, clearly expressed, on any subject, with pinpoint accuracy and ease. 'Point and Shoot' interface. Intuitive organization.

A vivid parade of 'wisdom of the wise and the experience of the ages,' from 6,561 carefully selected thoughts - some quite rare - can be used to act, write and speak better; learn more in less time.

Output can be customized with filters; sorted by subject, author, subtitle or section; and sent to screen, printer or disk.

New Version 4.0 - Still only $79.00
30 day money-back guarantee.
Add $2.00 S/H. CA residents add 7% tax

MCR Agency
6116 Merced Ave. #81A
Oakland, CA 94611
1-800-767-6797
FAX 415-444-6561

MOVING?
Don't forget *TAS*

Address Changes Made Easy

1. Please write your new address in the space provided.
2. Attach the mailing label from your most recent issue.
3. Return this form to us at the address listed below.

That's all there is to it. Just be sure to allow six weeks for your change to take effect.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, VA 22216-0549

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change.

☐ Renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$33)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
_____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____
Date of change: _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Cat Lovers Against the Bomb

What happens when one stops reading newspapers and changing the kitty litter:

CAT LOVERS AGAINST THE BOMB is an informal network of cat-loving peace activists and their companions. A core group first met in Lincoln, Nebraska, in November 1982, inspired by a Cat Lovers Against the Bomb button from England. Since that time, the group has become widely scattered. Anyone who owns a CLAB calendar can be considered as part of the Cat Lovers Against the Bomb network. The creation of the 1984 Cat Lovers Against the Bomb wall calendar was a project the group initiated to further the work of Nebraskans for Peace. The calendar has continued to be published, with the help of New Society Publishers, and CLAB's share of the profits is still donated to Nebraskans for Peace. A Cat Lovers Against the Bomb mug is now available for cat lovers. For information, contact Nebraskans for Peace.

[Calendar 1990]

New York Times

Proof that a common thief can be an instrument of simple justice or that time wounds all heels, in this case Professor Doktor Slavin:

It was at noon on Sunday, Aug. 5, that Dr. Slavin parked his car near Park Avenue and 54th Street so that he could view the exhibition of "Matisse in Morocco" at the Museum of Modern Art.

The exhibit, he said, "relates to the whole question of European attitudes towards North Africans," and that question was central to the book and the articles Dr. Slavin had nearly finished writing about the Rif War in Morocco—an uprising against Spanish colonial rule in the 1920s.

"I went to put the catalogue in the trunk and as soon as I opened it, I knew," Dr. Slavin said. Gone were a multitude of lecture notes, an article he said he was about to send to a journal "that had been through eight or nine drafts," and had hundreds of pages of his book, all stored on 3½-inch floppy disks. Gone too was the computer's hard disk drive.

"I was hit with a sense of dread," Dr. Slavin said. . . . "The main thing that I feel is that society has been transferring income from the poor to the rich for a long time, and with a vengeance for the last decade," he said, "and this is in some way revenge."

"I've got to face that this is just stuff. I'm still here. My brain and my creativity are still here. But there are people who have been cast away by the rest of us. I really feel they are simply playing by the rules of the game, rules they didn't make."

Is he being too magnanimous?

[August 22, 1990]

Vanity Fair

John Cardinal O'Connor as rendered by the irenic and enlightened Leslie Bennetts:

O'Connor is not only a fanatic, in the sense that any religious zealot unquestioningly committed to a rigid set of beliefs is a fanatic; he is the most effective and therefore the most dangerous kind of fanatic—warm, personable, humorous, eminently reasonable in conversation, and extremely skillful at manipulating both ecclesiastical and secular power structures and the media that interpret them for the masses. Like all zealots, he is so obsessed with his chosen ideology that he refuses to deal with the world as it really is, apparently believing that if he holds his ground it will be magically transmogrified into the world as he wishes it could be. Those convinced that God is on their side and everyone else had better get with the program are always dangerous. . . .

[August 1990]

Kansas City Star

Another feminist prodigy amok in a philosophical orgasm:

As a firm advocate of sexual freedom and equality, I am outraged at the response and lack of response from equal rights advocates concerning the Iraqi release of hostages in the Mideast crisis. Having stood up to male chauvinism the majority of my life, I find it disgusting that the American women hostages would allow Mr. Hussein to equate them with children and force them to leave his country on the same boat, apparently unworthy of being considered valuable hostages.

I am further appalled at my so-called sisters for not standing up for equality and demanding they be held side by side with American males as hostage bait.

This ignorant flight for self-preservation has set back the women's movement at least 50 years, and has undermined our credibility in the eyes of our sisters in oppressed Third World countries like Iraq.

—Becky Ekiss
Gladstone, MO
[September 4, 1990]

New Yorker

Old Maids of America, unite, and sell that goat cheese:

On a recent Wednesday morning, the feminist goat-cheese maker Anne Topham left her farm, in Ridgeway, Wisconsin, and, bringing with her a little cooler that contained samples of her three varieties of wholesome, bright, fresh chèvre—the boulot, the chèvre provençal in olive oil, and the pepper chèvre—came to Manhattan to enter her cheeses in the highly competitive ripened- and unripened-goat's milk divisions of the American Cheese Society's annual judging. . . . "There's a natural connection between goat cheese and the women's movement," Topham says.

[August 6, 1990]

New York Times Book Review

Whilst reviewing Ms. Susan Rubin Suleiman's latest tome, Professor Perry Meisel deposits still more evidence that as long as the American system of higher education is in place there is no reason for maintaining a system of state insane asylums:

It is something of a commonplace to observe that the conjunction of three trends of thought over the last two decades—feminism, psychoanalysis, and deconstruction—has produced a powerful style of American academic criticism that cannot be ignored . . .

What Ms. Suleiman is saying at any given time, however, is hard to summarize; her prose reflects the kind of fluid feminist poetics for which she argues thematically. Feminist criticism, it appears, like feminist fiction, must be a kind of writing that refuses the straightforwardness of male writing, including its armory of values such as clarity, concision, and pointedness, all of which can be interpreted as masquerades for the male lust for power, replicating the structure of male sexual pleasure.

[August 5, 1990]

Nation

The peaceful sough of an editorial mind blissfully remote from reality and a sense of shame:

New York is a city about money and death, the two things that America has mastered in this century.

[October 1, 1990]

New Republic

The theory of historical inevitability taken to extremes, thence—understandably—to the bartender:

There are quite a few young revolutionaries around Washington these days. To a child of the '60s like myself, they look countercultural enough, but of course there's a twist. They are not American but Eastern European. Talking with one scruffy Czech dissident at a party, I was overcome by the spirit of ex-student solidarity and mentioned that I'd marched in protests against the Vietnam War. "I think you should have won that war," he said in halting English. I wasn't quite ready for this, and mumbled something about how, well, it was complicated, you had to have been here. "Yes, but Communists are bad. And they are very hard to get rid of." I excused myself to get a stiff drink.

What I wish I had told my Czech friend is this: communism's collapse makes America's involvement in the Vietnam War look more foolish, not less. That's because communism will eventually collapse in Vietnam too.

[September 10 & 17, 1990]

Nation

In case you thought that everyone in the Republic was acting adult when faced by the rapacity of Generalissimo Saddam Hussein:

The uses of President Bush's uncontrolled military buildup in the Persian Gulf were chillingly manifest in his pep talk to a joint session of Congress. He arrived wearing his popularity like a cowl. Sounding much like a boarding-school dean addressing students on their return from summer vacation, Bush giggled and grimaced, and warned his charges of the consequences of disobedience. House majority leader Richard Gephardt then demonstrated what passes for "bipartisanship" in foreign policy these days—surrender to the lies and deceptions of conspicuous imperial intervention.

[October 1, 1990]

Mother Jones

The scientific mind as it exists among readers of an illustrious journal of the New Age:

Gifts

Penis poster (23" x 35") depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. Send $10 postpaid to: Poster G, PO Box 673, Bloomington, IN 47402.

[August 1990]

New York Times

Fighting words from *Times* columnist Anna Quindlen, another of America's two-fisted viragos:

Barbara Ferraro and Patricia Hussey are no longer nuns. They did not leave the convent as so many others did, finding fulfillment within the smaller circle of marriage and motherhood. These two spent years finding reasons to stay: to serve the poor, to fight for social justice. They resigned from Sisters of Notre Dame in 1988, four years after a full-page advertisement appeared in the *New York Times* under this headline:

A DIVERSITY OF OPINIONS REGARDING ABORTION EXISTS AMONG COMMITTED CATHOLICS.

Ninety-seven people signed it.

Barbara Ferraro and Patricia Hussey were two of them.

They have written a book about what happened after that day, and what their lives were like before it. It is called *No Turning Back*, and it is sure to be seen as an attack on the church. . . . "The Vatican's version of Catholicism is a culture of oppression," they write, "a church that is only about itself." Those are harsh words. These are harsh times. And faced with harsh laws of the church and of state, women like these will continue to speak, no matter what the consequences.

Barbara Ferraro and Patricia Hussey shouldn't have been nuns in the first place.

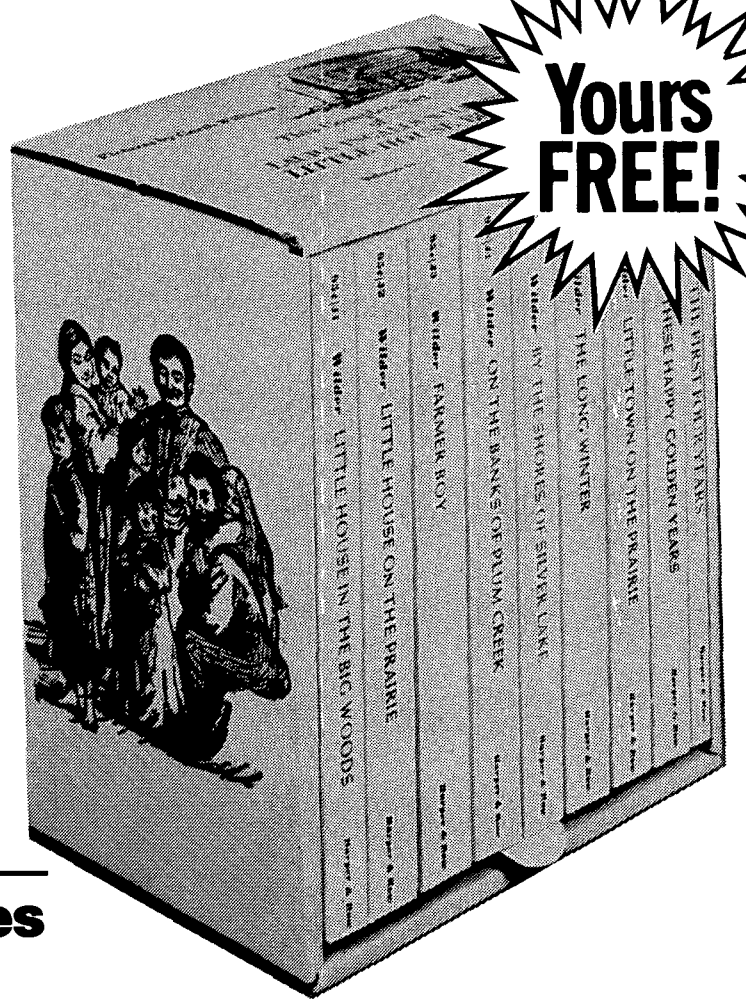
They should have been priests.

[September 16, 1990]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The finest firsthand picture of American pioneer life ever written for children."

—San Francisco Chronicle



The LITTLE HOUSE Stories
by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Retail $29.95 • 9 quality paperbacks in handsome illustrated slipcase

Beloved by children for generations, these books portray an America where family, hard work and traditional values were taken for granted. Each volume includes Garth Williams' charming illustrations that first appeared in the 1953 editions. Every volume in the series is here, including *The First Four Years*, first published in 1971:

Little House in the Big Woods ★ Little House on the Prairie ★ Farmer Boy ★ On the Banks of Plum Creek ★ By the Shores of Silver Lake ★ The Long Winter ★ Little Town on the Prairie ★ These Happy Golden Years ★ The First Four Years

Show Your Children a Better America

"One of the phenomenal achievements in modern literature for children, a genuine chronicle of American life and of family life at their equal best. Through these books Laura Ingalls of the 1870's and '80's has stepped from the pages of the past into the flesh and blood reality of a chosen friend."—*The Horn Book*

"Any boy or girl who has access to all the books in the series will be the richer for their firsthand record of pioneer life in the opening West and for their warm-hearted human values."—*New Yorker*

"It is a matter of great satisfaction and a cause for gratitude that we can turn to such a group of stories as those of Mrs. Wilder. They ring true in every particular. Their authentic background, sensitive characterization, their fine integrity and spirit of sturdy independence, make them an invaluable addition to our list of genuine American stories."—*New York Times*

How to get this 9-volume $29.95 set FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing, it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send, FREE and postpaid, the *Little House* set by Laura Ingalls Wilder — all 9 volumes in the $29.95 slipcased set. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club price over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon. AS-95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED